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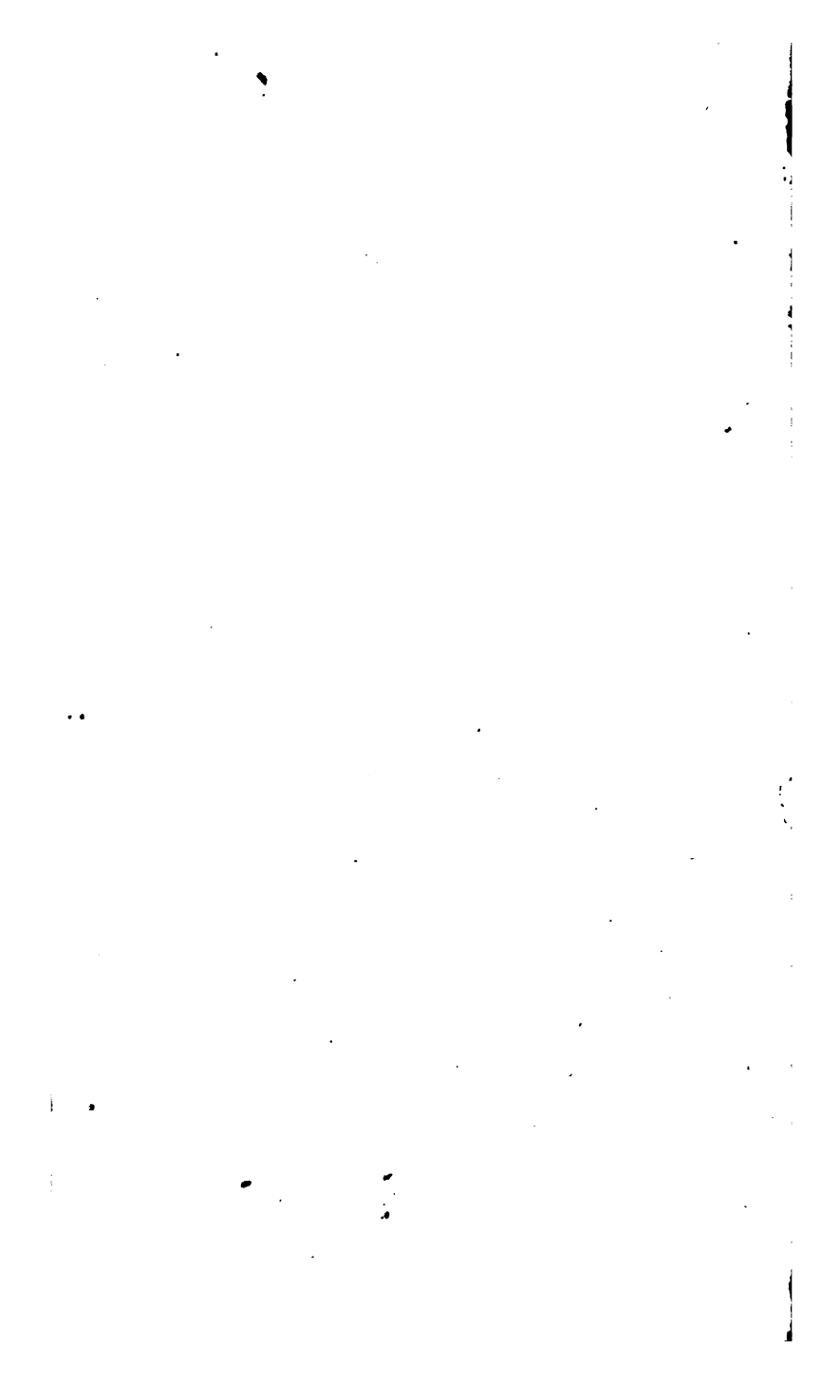
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THE

READER'S MANUAL.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF COMMON SCHOOLS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN HALL,
LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE ELLINGTON SCHOOL. AUTHOR OF "THE READER'S
GUIDE," AND "PRIMARY READER."

HARTFORD.
GURDON ROBINS, JR., 180 MAIN-STREET.
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PREFACE.

THAT a great, and even the primary object of a reading book for schools, is to enable children to call their words correctly, and without hesitation, that is, to read with fluency, is a truth which will not be denied. But nature itself may teach us that this is, by no means, the only object at which such a book should aim. A correct modulation of the voice, so as to express sentiment, feeling, emotion, ought to be considered as constituting an essential part of good reading. No combination of mere words, however volubly, or audibly uttered, can ever express the full force and extent of an author's meaning. "Read so as to be understood," says the teacher; and this is very well so far as it goes. But what is the actual purport of this often repeated injunction? No other than that the *reader himself* shall be *understood*, by calling his words so distinctly and audibly that a listener shall have no difficulty in hearing all he says.—Read so that the *author* shall be understood, is an injunction which, in most cases, would throw both teacher and scholar into quite a dilemma.

Bad reading, after all, is not more the fault of teachers than of the books which they are compelled to use in that department of instruction. Among the many reading books which are used in common schools throughout the United States, where do we find one which affords the teacher any such assistance as he needs for the purpose of conveying instruction to his pupils, and of duly exercising them in the various modulations of the voice? Two or three have been prepared to assist maturer scholars to read with rhetorical propriety; and even these have been adapted to the purposes of declamation, and public speaking at large, rather than to reading taken by itself. But the author of the present work is not aware that a single reading book, with appropriate instructions, has ever been published for the special use of that grade of scholars which is embraced by the middle and upper classes of our common schools. Every teacher of this grade of scholars is left to his own unassisted faculties in this matter; and we need not wonder that, without previous instruction on his own part, and without any assistance from books, he should fail to convert his pupils into accomplished readers. We might as well wonder that a teacher, without previous instruction in arithmetic, and without books to help him, should fail in his attempts to make good arithmeticians.

Some compilers seem to have supposed that nothing more is necessary for constituting a reading book, than a collection of pieces taken at random from such authors as may happen to be at hand, provided the selections have a good moral, and religious tendency.—Sometimes an author prepares a book—perhaps a geography, or historical compend, some treatise of a moral kind, a biography, or something else that is very well and very

proper in its place, or that is neither—and then, to promote its sale, himself and publisher recommend it to the world, and induce others to recommend it, as a reading book to be used in schools.—Or, again, a person has been the author of detached essays, sentimental fragments, and other fugitive productions both in prose and poetry, turned out in haste, and scattered through most of the periodicals in the land; and then, to turn them to more profitable account, the author collects them into a volume and sends it forth to the public as a *reading book* of superior merits. In these days, indeed, almost every thing that is published for the instruction or entertainment of the young, is recommended by the author, or publisher, or both, as an admirable *school book*. The press is continually teeming with productions of this character; and were all the books, which are thus recommended, to be actually introduced into schools, and studied, the term of childhood, and of going to school, would need to be lengthened out to antediluvian dimensions. Yet, as though all this were not a sufficient source of multiplying school books, we are occasionally furnished with one set for girls, and another for boys. Parents, who have both sons and daughters, are in this manner compelled, so far as the principle goes, to provide a different set of books for each sex, even in the same studies. But what is there so peculiar to the female sex, either as it regards their mental faculties, or their sentiments, feelings, and emotions, as to require a distinct *reading book* for their special advantage? Are not the great principles of vocal modulation the same in both sexes? Is it necessary, or is it proper, that a female should read a given passage with one set of vocal inflections, and that a male should read it with another? We may as well believe that the two sexes require different books for learning the rudiments of music, or that they need differently constructed organs for laughing and crying.

A reading book, for the use of scholars who can already read with tolerable fluency, ought to contain some appropriate instructions, and to have some kind of notation* for the different inflections and modulations of the voice. Without such a notation, the teacher must find it impossible to convey intelligible instruction to his pupils in relation to these particulars. The lessons for practice ought to contain a great variety of style and matter. They should exhibit specimens of what is colloquial, sprightly, humorous, didactic, grave, gentle, pathetic, winning, repulsive, in order that the voice may be practiced so as to give expression to these several characteristics. Yet where shall we find a reading book, for the use of common schools, at all answering to this description!—The truth is, to prepare such a reading book as the exigency of the case demands, requires more time, labor, and experience, than are usually employed by that class of authors by whom our schools are principally furnished with books of instruction. It has been quite a common opinion that almost any book will answer well enough to *read* from; and that a scholar reads sufficiently well when he can read without boggling. But there is such a thing as *PROPRIETY* in reading; and to obtain a knowledge of it, and to teach it, there is need of much patient inquiry, and a careful investigation of those principles on which it is founded. A reading book ought to be the *result* of such an investigation, though the *process* by which it is obtained should not be exhibited.

*A mode of expressing modulations of voice by the use of artificial marks or characters.

In those reading books which are in common use, there is a great want of variety in the lessons, both as it regards matter and style ; so that little scope is given for the expression of that diversity of feeling which all readers have occasion to exhibit. On account of this general monotony, together with the tameness of the pieces selected, and their want of adaptation to the taste of the young, the lessons soon grow irksome ; whereas they ought to be of a character which will allow them to be read again, and again, without producing disgust.

Sufficient attention has not always been given to punctuation ; but when this is neglected, learners must often be troubled to arrive at the true meaning of what they read, and, of course, to express it by giving the proper connection between the parts of a sentence, together with the right modulations of voice.

We sometimes find in reading books grammatical inaccuracies, and modes of expression which, in other respects, are not accordant with correct usage. But when we consider to what extent children acquire a knowledge of their mother tongue while they are at school, and from the books which are there put into their hands, how important it is that these books should be free from all improprieties of language. If any books whatever should be written in good *English*, those, surely, which are used in schools ought to be so written ; and inattention to this important particular is altogether inexcusable. On this account, the author has not scrupled to make such corrections, as he judged proper, in the punctuation, orthography, and phraseology, of the selections which he has made from various writers. For so doing he makes no other apology than what may be found in the considerations now suggested. After all, these corrections have been made as sparingly as the nature of the case would well admit, and many passages have been left unaltered from an unwillingness to appear fastidious, or unfair. The alterations, in no instance, vary an author's style or sentiments ; and they are such, it is believed, as the writer himself would have adopted, in most instances, had they been suggested in season for that purpose.

Much has been said, of late years, about the importance of a free use of *definitions* in reading books. Some have been prepared on this plan, and have, for this reason, been strongly recommended to public favor. But the author must take the liberty to dissent in opinion from those who advocate such definitions. In his judgment, their tendency is to evil rather than to good. We all learn the correct use of our native language, if we ever do learn it, by hearing it spoken, and from books. In this way we learn the meaning of separate words, of phrases, and combinations of words in every form ; and in this manner, we learn it correctly, and in the least possible time. Those greatly mistake who suppose that the defining of words in school books will accelerate the acquisition of language. For every single word thus learned correctly, and retained by the mind, twenty may be so learned in the ordinary mode. Were it not so, and were the opinion here controverted correct, *dictionaries* ought to be studied, and recited in our schools, in preference to such meager vocabularies as the plan in view contemplates.

These remarks have been made on the supposition that the definitions alluded to are even tolerably correct ; but very many of those which have fallen under the observation of the author, are palpably wrong, and serve only to mislead a scholar into the use of bad *English*. Oftentimes, the

word defined is more easily understood than the one which is employed in the definition ; and oftentimes, and indeed generally, many words in a lesson receive no definition, while they need one as much as those that do. —From what has been said it does not follow that children should *never* resort to a definition of a difficult, or unusual word. Such a resort may sometimes be proper ; but it should be much less frequent than the plan which is recommended seems to contemplate ; and whenever it becomes proper, let a regular dictionary, written by some competent author, be resorted to, and not such glossaries as too often deform the books which are put into the hands of our children.

To remedy, in some degree, the defects which have been noticed, the author has prepared a series of reading books, adapted to scholars of various grades, and capacities. The Reader's Guide, which was published two or three years since, is designed for scholars of an advanced standing, and requires considerable maturity of mind to be used with advantage. The Reader's Manual, (the present work,) is designed for scholars less advanced than those, but sufficiently so to be taught some of the general principles of vocal modulation.

The Primary Reader is intended for a still younger class of learners, who are already able to read sentences with some degree of readiness, but are not old enough, or advanced enough, to profit by the study of rules, and principles. —In the gradation here observed, the same general plan is maintained throughout, and a great variety of style and subjects has been introduced. In the selection of lessons no pains have been spared to exclude every thing of an immoral, or impure tendency, and to introduce moral and religious instruction, as far as it could be done in consistency with the general object in view, and with keeping up a feeling of interest, on the part of children, in the subjects presented. In the opinion of the author, *moral* purity in school books is not less important than purity of language, and diction ; and he has, therefore, endeavored to secure both these objects along with the one more immediately in view.

The author neither believes, nor professes, that his reading books are perfect. Still, he hopes that he has made some improvement on those which have hitherto been used ;—had he thought otherwise, he would have spared himself the labor of preparing, and the public the trouble of proving them.

Ellington, Conn., May, 1839.

TO TEACHERS.

As most teachers, at present, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with the Rules, or the Notation, contained in this work, it is recommended to them that they should become early familiar with both. This is obviously important in order to their qualification to give the requisite instruction to their pupils. It will require some attention and practice to obtain an entire familiarity with the application of the Rules, and with the use of the Characters which point out the modulations of voice. But no teacher, it is hoped, will fail to give the subject the necessary attention on this account. By doing it, he will derive profit to himself, and receive a pleasure in teaching this branch of education which the old method cannot afford.

Pupils should be required to commit all the rules to memory, and recite them; and they ought to practice on the several examples which are given for the illustration of the Rules, until they can give, with perfect ease, the exact modulation intended. To do this effectually, they should be made to understand the meaning and use of all the *marks*, or characters, which are employed to point out different modulations of the voice; and they should be made to perceive the object and design of each character, as readily as they know the sound which is represented by each letter of the alphabet.

It is proper to caution both teachers and scholars against making *every* inflection *intensive*. This error is very common with those who are beginning to learn their use. All the inflections can be made with a very slight variation of voice; and, in most cases, they ought to be so made. As a high note in music does not necessarily require great force, or loudness of expression, nor a low note very little sound, so in speaking, or reading, the same things occur with regard both to notes and inflections.—Although the substance of

these remarks is contained elsewhere, the great proneness of learners to transgress against them is the occasion of inserting them here.

Every teacher is requested to bear in mind that his scholars need *drilling* in learning to read, as truly as they do when they learn to sing; and he ought not to forget how much the former exceeds the latter in real importance.

CHAPTER I.

REQUISITES FOR READING WELL.

THE very first thing to be acquired in reading is to be able to call every word right, just as soon as it meets the eye. A mere glance of the eye at any word should be sufficient to enable the reader to tell what it is, without stopping to spell it out. Nothing appears so bad, so awkward, and so vulgar, in a scholar who is old enough to read with fluency, as to be continually boggling on words of more than one syllable, and hesitating what to call them, or calling them wrong. The first rule, therefore, should be this :

CALL EVERY WORD RIGHT; AND CALL IT RIGHT AS SOON AS YOU SEE IT, WITHOUT STOPPING TO SPELL IT.

Many readers make nonsense by leaving out words which are in the book, or by inserting words which are not found in it. This fault is a very great one, though it is very common. It does great injustice to the author who is read; it disappoints and misleads those who listen to the reader; and it shows that the reader himself does not understand what he reads, and that he does his business in a careless and slovenly manner.—The second rule then is :

NEVER LEAVE OUT ANY WORDS WHEN YOU READ, AND NEVER INSERT ANY WHICH THE BOOK DOES NOT CONTAIN.

Another fault, very common among young persons, is that of reading much too fast; of strangely huddling words together, so that one cannot be distinguished from another. Some persons seem to have the faculty of throwing out a whole phrase, or sentence, in a lump, like so many shot discharged at once from a musket. Or, it may be, a single word, consisting of many syllables, is thus discharged. These persons can hardly be said to *read*—they rather sputter, and fling out words without regard to sense, or propriety.—A third rule, then, appears to be :

NEVER HUDDLE YOUR WORDS TOGETHER, BUT LET EVERY WORD AND EVERY SYLLABLE BE DISTINCTLY HEARD.

A fourth rule, and one which should be rigidly observed, is this :

WHENEVER A FAULT IS POINTED OUT, IMMEDIATELY SET ABOUT CORRECTING IT, NOT WAITING TO BE TOLD AGAIN, AND AGAIN.

I shall now explain what is meant by ACCENT, before I give any further rules.

ACCENT is a strong and firm enunciation of a *consonant* after a vowel in the same syllable. It is heard in such words as *men, met, top, beset, befit, dispel, enact, desist*. In each of these words there is *one* consonant which is uttered with a firmer compression, or contact, of the proper organs, than either of the others, thus giving to that consonant a superior prominence and effect ; and it follows a vowel which immediately precedes itself in each of the syllables where the accent falls. Thus, in *men*, the accent is on *n* ; in *top*, it is on *p* ; in *dispel*, it is on *l* ; and in *enact*, it is on *c*. In consequence of this firmer compression of the organs in sounding the accented consonant, some delay is occasioned ; hence, although the vowel which precedes it is short, the syllable, taken as a whole, may require as much time for its pronunciation as it would if the preceding vowel were long, and the consonant unaccented.

It is usual with writers on this subject to speak of *vowels* as being accented. Thus they would say, that in the word *abode*, an accent is placed on the last *vowel*, and on the last *syllable* ; yet all that can be properly affirmed of that vowel is, that the *o* is long, or protracted in the utterance of it. To show the difference between a syllable which is long because the vowel which it contains is long, and one which is long because the *consonant* which follows the vowel is *accented*, take the two words *late* and *let*. The *vowel* sound in both words is precisely the same, only it is *long* in the first, while it is *short* in the second. In the first word it is pronounced slowly, in the other rapidly ; in the first, the final consonant is *slightly* enunciated ; in the other it is enunciated *strongly*, with a firmer compression of the organs. The same thing holds true of *mane, men ; tale, tell ; bought, bot ; pool, pull ; seen, sin*.* A striking difference in the sounding of those consonants which have the *accent*, and in those which do not have it, is observable in all these contrasted words ; and a consonant after

* The *sounds* which are heard by the ear, not the *letters* which meet the eye, are to be regarded in all these examples.

a *long* vowel in a syllable is always distinguished, in the like manner, from one which is *accented*.

From the foregoing remarks we derive the following particulars. An *accented* syllable, strictly speaking, is one which contains an *accented consonant*—a *long* syllable is one which contains either a *long vowel* or an *accented consonant*—a *short* syllable is one which has neither a *long vowel*, nor any *accent*; that is, its vowel is short, and it has no accent;—and lastly, the *vowel* in every *accented* syllable is *short*, although the *syllable* itself is *long*.

When a reader huddles together words and syllables, he does it by *clipping* particular letters; that is, he drops them, or leaves them out, in his pronunciation. This huddling of words and syllables stands opposed to reading *distinctly*. In order to read *distinctly*, therefore, no *letter* should be *clipped*, but should be completely sounded.

A reader never clips a *long* vowel, nor a vowel that is followed by an *accented consonant*; and he seldom clips the *consonant* which begins a syllable. The *vowels* which he clips, sinks, or confounds, are those which are *short*, and which belong to a syllable that has no accent; the *consonants* which he clips are those which *terminate* a syllable. In *ivory*, for example, the vowel of the middle syllable is the one which is liable to be sunk in reading that word; in *reputation*, it is the sound of the second syllable, that is thus exposed. In *treason*, *covert*, *rover*, it is the last consonant in the last syllable of each word, that persons are most prone to clip. If a person will clearly enunciate every *short vowel* of an unaccented syllable, and the final *consonant* of every syllable, he will be sure to read *distinctly*. This being the case, there are but *two chief points* to be mastered in order to read with distinctness, and clearness; and these may be expressed in the two following rules:

CLEARLY ENUNCIATE, OR PRONOUNCE, THE SHORT VOWEL IN EVERY UNACCENTED SYLLABLE.

CLEARLY ENUNCIATE, OR PRONOUNCE, THE FINAL CONSONANT OF EVERY SYLLABLE.

Besides the clipping, or sinking, of a short vowel, there is a great proneness among indistinct readers to substitute one vowel sound for another. Thus, for calculate they will read calkelate; for barbarous, barberous; for stimulate, stimelate; for victory, victery; for exasperate, exaspurate. A reader of

good taste will give every vowel, however short it may be, its true sound, and its due amount of force ; but in doing this he will not, like some, turn a short syllable into a long one. —*Stimulate, emulate, garrulous*, should be so pronounced as to give the syllable *u* in each word the short sound of the vowel, the long sound of which is heard in *tune, music, duty*. So in *petulent, virtuous, arduous, natural*, and many similar examples, the correct sound of the *u* should be given without inserting the *y* before it, so as to pronounce them *petyulent, virtuyous, arduyous, natyural*. The latter pronunciation is contrary to polite usage in England, and is a corruption of the English language. Give the *u* its correct sound, and nothing more is demanded by the ear, in all similar cases.—*Every* and *ivory* should be so pronounced that the second syllable of the one may be readily distinguished from that of the other.—These are only a few specimens of what is continually occurring in regard to vowel sounds.

We have a great many words in our language which contain an *l* preceded by another consonant without a vowel between ; and instead of a vowel we use merely a *simple breathing* between the two letters, as we pronounce them. Again, we have many words which contain a *vowel* between two consonants in a short syllable, as those words are *written*, but in *pronouncing* them we merely use the same simple breathing. Of the former class of words the following may serve as examples. *Able, addle, ruffle, wriggle, ankle, apple, brittle, dazzle*. But many persons, and their number has much increased in late years, pronounce these and similar words, as though a short *e* were between the two letters in question ;—thus, they say *abel, addel, appel, cattel, dazzel, &c.* Of the other class of words take the following specimens :—*heaven, often, even, evil, stiffen, glisten, parcel*. The correct pronunciation of these words is *heav'n, oft'n, ev'n, ev'l, stiff'n, glist'n, pars'l*, with only a simple breathing between the two consonants which are marked with a comma above the line ; yet many readers and speakers give each of the vowels alluded to its distinct sound. The error pointed out, in both cases, is a gross provincialism, and seems to have been introduced among us by those who did not speak pure English as their mother tongue. But the English language should be taught in our schools in its *purity* ; and all provincialisms and foreign accents should be carefully excluded.

In some parts of our country the letter *v*, in reading and spelling, is substituted for *w*, and *w* for *v*; as *weal*, for *veal*, and *vent*, for *went*. This is too gross a vulgarism to receive any favor. Again, there are those who suppress the aspirate in nearly all words which are spelt with *wh* at their beginning. Thus, *whale*, *wheat*, *which*, *white*, *whence*, are pronounced *wale*, *weat*, *wich*, *wight*, *wence*. This is an error, too, which should be avoided by all who make pretensions to speak good English.

Most persons are prone to give the letter *r* too faint an articulation. In the words *liberty* and *government*, this fault is particularly noticeable. Many readers almost entirely sink this letter in pronouncing these two words. In some words it is made to do little more than to lengthen the vowel which precedes it; as in *bar*, *star*, *more*. But this letter should never be so suppressed as to be inaudible; the consequence of doing so, is a feeble and indistinct utterance of other letters with which it stands connected. On the other hand, our ears do not tolerate that full vibration of the letter which is given it by foreigners. It should have a *distinct* enunciation, and a little more.

Some persons deem it polite to give the pronoun *my* the short sound of *e*. Thus, in the passage,

My God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,

they would read it,

Me God, me king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of me days.

But such a pronunciation appears affected, and is wholly anomalous. We might just as well call *i*, *e*, and *thy*, *the*. Besides this, *my* is a *possessive*, or adjective, pronoun, while *me* is a *personal* pronoun; but this mode of pronunciation destroys the distinction between them.

CHAPTER II.

INFLECTIONS.

WHEN a person sings, he sometimes keeps his voice on the same level through several successive syllables, and some-

times raises or depresses it to the amount of a semitone, or of one or more full tones; so that the interval between one note and another is never less than a tone or semitone; and however long the voice dwells on a particular note, it maintains just that elevation until it passes on to another. But when a person reads or speaks, the voice never dwells on any syllable, whether high or low, without ending somewhat higher or lower than it begun it; that is, the voice, while pronouncing that syllable, turns either upward or downward. But this upward or downward turn of the voice on the same syllable never amounts to a tone, or even a semitone. In singing, the voice leaps, as it were, from note to note; but, in speaking, there is something like a continuous wave of the voice, except where it is interrupted by those pauses which the sense, or the convenience of respiration, demands.

These turns of the voice are called *slides*, or *inflections*; and they are called *upward* or *downward* slides or inflections, according to the upward or downward tendency of the voice.* In the sentence, "He must soon be better, or worse," the rising slide is used on the word *better*, and the falling slide on *worse*;—the former is denoted by this mark ('), and the latter by this one (").

Sometimes when the voice turns upwards on a syllable, in the manner just described, it again turns downward as much as it rose. This upward and downward turn of the voice on the same syllable, is called a *circumflex*, and is thus marked (^). In the expression, "I will do it if *you* desire me," meaning that I would not do it if another desired it, there is a circumflex on *you*.

Sometimes, too, when the voice turns upward on a syllable, producing the upward or rising slide, it again turns a little downwards, but not so much as it rose. This is called the *secondary* upward, or rising slide. Again, when the voice has turned downward on a syllable, producing the falling, or downward slide, it sometimes turns up again, though less than it fell. This is called the *secondary* downward, or falling slide. The former is thus marked ('); the latter thus, ("). It requires more critical attention to perceive these *secondary* slides than it does to perceive the *primary* ones; but much of what constitutes *good reading* depends on using them with propriety.

* *Rising* and *falling* are quite as often used as *upward* and *downward* slides. Both are also called *primary* slides or inflections, to distinguish them from the *secondary* ones mentioned farther on.

Further examples for illustrating these several modulations of voice.

It was neither black', nor white'.

Unless we do it 'quickly', we shall not do it at all'.

I that denied thee gold', will give my heart'.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives', and in their deaths' they were not divided.

Boys' and girls'; men' and women'; old' and young'; parents' and children'; love' and hatred'; hope' and fear'.

If the case stands thus, there is no more to be done.

I never thought that he would act in this manner, (whatever others might do.)

It is bad enough to be betrayed by an enemy'; but to be betrayed by a friend, is hard indeed.

If I could persuade James', I should soon gain the consent of John'.

I can be there by ten' in the morning', but not sooner.

As things are now', there is no remedy; as they were then', there was some chance of improvement.

I know not what others may think', but as for me' I long since gave up every hope.

It should be observed that all the inflections vary greatly in degree. Sometimes they are very strongly marked, and they are then called *intensive*. Sometimes they are so faintly made as to be scarcely noticeable; yet, by careful attention, they will be discerned on even the shortest syllables, and in a rapid utterance. The learner should have his attention first turned to those which are strongly marked; after this he will gradually become able to distinguish those which are fainter. —The inflections, whenever they are intensive at all, are always made on those syllables in a word which are either long, or accented.

MONOTONE.

Although, in reality, the voice in reading is never kept on an exact level, so far as the inflections are concerned, but will in all cases turn somewhat upwards or downwards, yet there are cases where it will not vary from a level, for several words in succession, to the amount of a *tone*, or *semitone*. This uniform level of the voice, for several words in succession, is called a **MONOTONE**. It is chiefly used in the utterance of some grave or lofty sentiment, and in making formal comparisons. Sometimes it is employed for the sake of emphasis.

EXAMPLES.

For thus saith the hīgh ānd lōfty Onē thāt inhābītēth
ētērnītȳ, whōse nāme īs Hōlȳ, "I dwēll īn thē hīgh ānd hōlȳ
plāce."

Sōft ās thē slūmbērs ōf ā sāint fōrgīven',
And mīld ās ōpenīng glēams ōf prōmīsed hēaven.

Thōu shālt nōt tāke thē nāme ōf thē Lōrd thȳ Gōd īn vāin.

NOTE 1. A monotone is pointed out, in this book, by a short horizontal line drawn over a vowel.—See the foregoing examples.

NOTE 2. Whenever a similar line is drawn over a vowel in a single word or syllable only, without being repeated, it denotes that the voice is *prolonged* on that word or syllable.—

EXAMPLE. We recovered the gōods that were stolen, but the thief escaped.

CADENCE.

One of the greatest difficulties that most readers have to encounter, is to close a sentence properly. This difficulty arises chiefly from a mismanagement of what is called the *cadence*. In sentences which are not interrogative, and it is of such that I am now speaking, the voice must commonly *fall* at the close; and it falls *only on the last syllable*, whenever it drops gracefully and naturally. If it begins to fall further back, it is weakened, made tremulous, and dies away unpleasantly.—Let it be remembered, then, that

A CADENCE IS A FALL OF THE VOICE ON THE LAST SYLLABLE OF A SENTENCE.

From what has now been said, it is evident that the last syllable but one in a sentence, where there is a cadence, must always be higher than the one on which the cadence is made, and must always govern it. To avoid, therefore, a feeble cadence, we must raise the voice preparatory to its fall. If we do this we shall not fail to make a vigorous close. But if the reader begins to lower his voice before he arrives at the final syllable, he will inevitably depress it at the close so as to make it faint.—This undue falling of the voice is a principal cause of that want of vivacity, of that monotony, and melancholic tone, which we so often hear.

A cadence is commonly attended with the downward slide, but not always. In sprightly, animated, discourse, and in the language of conversation, the rising slide is very often

used, although the voice makes, in every respect, a full cadence.

The reader must be careful to distinguish properly between a *cadence*, and a mere falling inflection. A cadence causes the voice to drop to the full amount of a tone or semitone, and sometimes even more ; while a mere slide, or inflection, never amounts to either. Without attending to this distinction, the downward *slide* and *cadence* are often mistaken for each other.

NOTE. A point placed *over* a syllable denotes that the voice is *raised* on such syllable, at least, a full note.

A point placed *under* a syllable denotes that the voice is made to *fall* on that syllable, at least, a full note.

EXAMPLES. Did you do that ? Here the voice rises a note on the word *that*.—It was John who did it. Here the voice falls a note on *John*, and on *it*.—REMARK. The voice as truly rises or falls on a short, or unaccented syllable, as on a long, or accented one ; and on a syllable that is not emphatic, as well as on one that is.

INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

An interrogative sentence is one which asks a question.—Questions are not always put for the sake of being answered. Sometimes they are put for the sake of emphasis merely ; as,—What would I not give to see my friend ?—Sometimes they express a strong negation ; as,—Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? In all such cases no *answer* is expected from the person, or persons, to whom the questions are addressed.—Again, questions are often asked with the expectation that they will receive a *mental*, though not a *formal* answer ; as in these examples,—Who can refuse to believe that he is mortal ? Yet who is there in this assembly, I ask, who lives as though he realized this great truth ? Were a speaker to put these questions to an audience, he would not expect that a direct and formal answer would be given him *aloud*, but he would expect that a silent, *mental* answer would be returned.—Finally, questions are often put, when a direct and formal answer is demanded and expected—when the person interrogated is strongly pressed, and urged, to make a reply. For example :—Charles, did you take my penknife ?—Was the friend, whom you called to see, at home ?—I do not ask whether you thought, or supposed, or believed, that the prisoner struck this man ; I ask, did you *see* him strike ?

In all interrogative sentences, whatever may be the nature of the question asked, and whatever may be the design of the speaker in regard to the answer, the *close* is just the reverse of a cadence ; that is, the last syllable of the sentence will be on a higher note than the syllable which immediately precedes it. In those cases of interrogation where no answer is expected, or desired, the last syllable is not raised to so high a note as in those which demand a reply ; and it is usually raised in proportion to the urgency with which the question is asked. In the former class of questions the voice is seldom raised higher than the key note of the sentence ;* and in order to bring it there, and prevent its rising higher, the last syllable but one is dropped below the key note, and thus the relative position of the two syllables is preserved. When an answer to a question is really demanded, and the voice at the close of the sentence rises above the key note, the last syllable but one must be on that note ; or on a still higher one if the elevation of the last syllable requires it, as it may, if the question is very forcibly put. The general rule for reading interrogative sentences may now be stated as follows :

AN INTERROGATIVE SENTENCE SHOULD BE SO READ THAT THE LAST SYLLABLE SHALL BE ON A HIGHER NOTE THAN THE ONE WHICH IMMEDIATELY PRECEDES IT ; OR, what is the same thing, THE VOICE SHOULD BE SO MANAGED THAT THE LAST SYLLABLE BUT ONE SHALL BE A NOTE LOWER THAN THE LAST SYLLABLE ITSELF.

In interrogative sentences, the voice sometimes rises for a number of syllables before the close ; particularly so, when an answer is very strongly urged. In other cases, the voice may begin to fall for several syllables before the close, and then rise on the last one only, or on the last two. But whatever course the voice takes previously, the last syllable must be higher than the one which immediately precedes it.

When a question is put with the intent to have it answered, either audibly or otherwise, the *rising slide* is used at the close ; if no answer is to be given, the *rising slide* is not required, but the relative position of the last two syllables must be maintained, as already pointed out. The *secondary* rising slide may sometimes be employed instead of the primary, but no certain rule can be given in regard to it. This, and

* The *key* note is the medium note of a sentence ; and is the one on which the voice ought to be pitched.

many other particulars, must be left to the discretion and good taste of the reader.—So, too, *emphasis* will sometimes require the downward slide to be used; for emphasis often reverses a general rule, as will be shown hereafter.

No sentences are usually read worse than interrogative ones. For this reason the reader should be early accustomed to right views on this subject, and should be guarded against the formation of bad habits in relation to it. If he will endeavor to understand correctly the general principles here laid down, and accustom himself to practice according to them, he will be saved from committing many blunders which are quite too common.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is any mode of utterance which draws the special attention of the hearer to some particular thought, word, or part of a sentence.

It is wholly a mistake to suppose that emphasis consists, as we are often told that it does, only in a greater *stress* of voice which is laid on some particular word, or number of words, in a sentence. A mere whisper is sometimes very emphatical. When a number of persons are engaged in loud conversation, if some one should suddenly speak in an audible whisper, or under tone, the attention of the whole company would be sooner turned to him, than if he were to speak in a high tone of voice. *Hush! hark! be still!*—if spoken in an under tone, will much sooner command the attention of all present, than if uttered on a high note.

A word, or phrase, is often made emphatical by a *pause* immediately following it. EXAMPLE. "There are tears'—for his love', joy'—for his fortune', honor'—for his valor', and death'—for his ambition."

Emphasis is sometimes produced by a change of the inflections; that is, by using an inflection the opposite of the one which would have been employed without any emphasis. EXAMPLE. "Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason—because they understand every thing too soon'." The emphasis, and inversion of the slide, are on *soon*.—Why do you postpone till to-morrow', what you ought to do to-day? Here *to-day* is made emphatic by inverting the slide.

A word at the close of a sentence is often made emphatical by inverting the cadence. EXAMPLE. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." Here, the voice is *thrown*

up on the last syllable, instead of being dropped, as in a cadence, and the preceding syllable is lowered.

There are other modes of producing emphasis—as by greater loudness of voice, giving intensity to the inflections, protracting the sound of a syllable or vowel; but these, as being more obvious, I shall not particularly illustrate.—To remove a quite frequent error, that of emphasizing only a *part* of a phrase which is emphatical, I add the following general rule:—

ALL THE WORDS WHICH ARE EMPLOYED TO EXPRESS AN EMPHATIC IDEA, THOUGHT, OR SENTIMENT, SHOULD BE READ WITH AN APPROPRIATE EMPHASIS, AND NOT A PART OF THEM ONLY.

READING OF POETRY.

The reading of poetry requires the same general rules as the reading of prose. Poetry, however, employs rising inflections rather more frequently than the latter, as it deals more in the language of tender emotion; and for this reason it also deals more in semitones.

At the close of every line in poetry, where the sense is incomplete, and no *grammatical* pause is required, there should be made, what is called, the pause of suspension; that is, such a pause as is produced by a moderate stopping of the voice, together with the rising slide.

EXAMPLE.

Who that hears the mellow note'
From my robin's little throat'
On the air of morning float',
 Could desire to kill her' ?
Who her beauty can behold',
And consent to have it told'
That he had a heart so cold',
 As to try to kill her' ?

READER'S MANUAL.

LESSON I.

FRANKNESS.

THERE are some persons who are never willing to acknowledge that they have done wrong. Whenever they are blamed for any thing, they will be sure to have some excuse or palliation to offer, or they will continue to turn the attention to the share which somebody else had in the wrong. James Benson was just such a boy. "Why, what a looking place you have made of this room, children," his mother said, as she entered the parlor one day.

"Why, William took down every one of those books," vociferated James; "I didn't touch one of them—and Emily tore up that paper into little bits, and threw it upon the floor—I could'nt help it: I told her nōt to."

"I should like now to have you gather up those quill tops and put them out of the way," interrupted his mother; "you know that I have always cautioned you against letting your pen-cuttings fall upon the carpet."

"Well, William has been cutting tōo,—they are more than half his," replied James, instead of stooping at once to pick them up.

Now, such a disposition as James here showed, is far from being the right one. James had a hand in putting things into disorder, and his own blame was all that he had any concern with. It was nothing to him what his brothers and sisters had been doing; he ought to have acknowledged his own fault, and obeyed his mother's directions immediately, instead of stopping to look up excuses, or to tell what the others had done. It is very mean and ill-natured to wish to bring others into difficulty, or to expose their faults, when it

will answer no good purpose. It is very absurd, too, for any person to suppose that he himself is any the less to blame, because somebody else has also been to blame. Suppose that a man who is brought to trial in a court of justice, for the crime of stealing, should say in self-defence—"Why, to be suré, I have been guilty of stealing", but then, such a person stole tōo,—he stole just as much as I did." This would be foolish enough, and yet nothing is more common than for boys and girls, when they are reproved for any misconduct, to begin to tell what some of their brothers, or sisters, or companions, have done that is quite as bad.

It is always a bad sign for persons, and especially for young persons, to be very forward to defend themselves when they are reproved. It is better to bear a little more censure than we really deservé, than to shield ourselves when we know we are to blame. Nothing is gained by making excuses. James, for example, was often supposed to be more to blame than he really was, for he was so backward about acknowledging his faults, that his friends could never rely implicitly upon his statement of the matter, when he had been guilty of any misconduct. They always suspected him of making the best of his own story, or of withholding the part most important to be known. His father said to him, one evening when they were sitting by themselves, "James, your teacher tells me that you have not seemed lately to be doing your best at school. I am really sorry to hear it."

"It is only because I hav'nt done all my sums in arithmetic for some days, that Mr. C. says that," replied James, with his usual readiness at self-justification. "We are in the very hardest part of the book, and scarcely any of the boys can get them all right."

"I should suppose that Mr. C. would be quite ready to make allowance for the difficulty of the sums," rejoined his father. "Do you make réâl faithfûl éffôrts to do as many as you can?"

"Why, I always try to do them, of coursé," returned James, in the tone of one who felt himself accused unjustly.

"Well, how is it with your other studies, with your geography, for examplé? Are you prepared with your lessons generally?"

"Why, I miss sometimes, and so do the other boys.

Mr. C. gives sũch lĩng lĩssĩns that I can't always get them; and besides', my maps are so torn and blotted that sometimes I can't find half the places. John always tears them when ne uses them'; and the other day he tipped over a whole inkstand full of ink on them', and blotted them all over."

"You ought to have stated the case to me before this'," replied his father', "and I should have seen you furnished with a new atlas. It seems, then," he continued', "that you are excusable for your bad recitations. Has Mr. C. nothing else to complain of'? Is your deportment' such as to give him no unnecessary trouble'?"

"I don't know'," replied James, rather languidly.

"It seems to me that you might very easily tell," said his father. "Don't you know' whether you are always diligent', and quiet', and orderly', in school timė, or whether you sometimes sit idlė, or play and whisper with the other boys', or do any thing to make disturbancė?"

"Why, I have been called up sometimes to Mr. C.'s desk'," replied James'; "but two or three times he sent for me when I was not doing the lėast thing that was wrong. He very often speaks to a boy because he happens to be barely looking off from his book for a minute." In this way James would go on to justify himself', even when he knew perfectly well that he had done wrong. He was never willing freely and fully to acknowledge himself to blame. He never would be heard to say directly', and frankly', "I was very negligent', or unfaithful'," or, "I think that I showed an improper spirit in such and such a casė; but it would always bė, "why, I couldn't help it"—I am sure, I wasn't to blamė," or, he would bring to view the share of the blame that belonged to somebody else.

Now, nothing was gained by this. No person was any more ready to overlook his faults' on account of his being so ready to excuse and defend himself. On the contrary, as has been said beforė, his friends in many cases supposed him more to blame than he really was', and they were far less ready to make allowances for him, than if he had been willing to be convinced of his faults', and to make efforts to correct them.

How much pleasanter it is to see boys and girls frank', and ingenuous', and candid'—ready to be convinced of their faults', and to yield their opinions when they see them to be wrong. This is the spirit which every body ought to show.

James's teacher once assigned it as an exercise to his class', to find the texts in the Bible which inculcated frankness. When the class met for reading their texts, James said that he was not prepared with any', for he could not find the word frankness' in the whole Bible. It is true that precisely that' word does not occur in the Bible', but the virtue itself' is enjoined upon us in a great many places. We would recommend it to those who may read these pages, to search their Bibles for the passages which relate to a willingness to be convinced of their faults', and a readiness to acknowledge them freely', instead of trying to cover them up', or to find excuses for them.

LESSON II.

DECEIVING PARENTS.

LOUISA MORTON, and her class-mate, Ellen Sturgess, were returning from school together one afternoon.

"What book is that which you have with your history'?" inquired Ellen', perceiving that her companion was carrying a volume which seemed not to be a school-book—"Rô-mâncè of the Forest'?" she inquired with some surprise, as she looked at the lettering upon the back. "Does your mother let you read such books as thât', Louisà?"

"Why, nò; she doesn't like to have me read such books when she knows it'," replied Louisà; "but I am very careful not to let her see me reading them. She little suspects how many volumes I contrive to despatch in the course of almost every week'," continued the heartless girl', with a laugh.

An expression of unaffected surprise escaped from Ellen. She never had suspected her companion of deceit', and, least of all', would she have supposed her capable of boasting openly of her success in deceiving her mother. She almost involuntarily withdrew her arm from Louisà's, and, for a few minutes, their walk was pursued in silence.

"Why, what is the matter', Ellen'?" said Louisà, at length', as she affected a laugh. "Do you think there is really any thing wicked in reading novels'?"

"I have always considered it wrong to do any thing that my parents would be unwilling to have me do," replied Ellen, gravely. Here they reached Louisa's house, and the conversation was dropped.

Louisa had been as well instructed as Ellen, and she understood her duty to her parents as well. The only difficulty was, that she did not always care to perform it. She knew that she had the kindest of parents, and she would not have denied that they cheerfully allowed her every indulgence that they thought would be for her good. They provided amply for her improvement and amusement. She was abundantly supplied with materials for reading; but her parents were desirous, as every judicious and considerate parent would have been, that her books should be such as would afford profitable employment for her mind, and to this end, they wished that her reading should be under their own direction. They had no other object than their daughter's good in view, when they withheld from her a book which they supposed would be an injury, rather than a source of improvement, to her. What other possible motive could they have had? What reasonable, considerate, daughter would suppose her parents would deny her a gratification, in any case, for any other reason than that they judged it not to be, on the whole, for her interest or happiness? And with this view, where is the affectionate, dutiful daughter, who would be willing to abuse a parent's kindness by indulging in a gratification which they might wish to withhold? What can be the feelings of a girl while she is perusing, clandestinely, the pages of a book which she knows that her parents would not wish her to read? It must be that there is not much thought about it. The time will come, however, with every such individual, when she will be brought to think, with bitterness, of the deceitful or undutiful part which she may now be thoughtlessly practicing.

But to return to Louisa, and the Romance of the Forest. It was not until she had retired for the evening, that she had opportunity to pursue her reading without interruption; for it would happen, as often as she drew forth the volume, when for a minute she was left to herself in the parlor, that she would be startled by approaching footsteps before scarce a paragraph was finished, and then, with trepidation, the book would be hurried out of sight. But in her room, with

the door fastened', she felt secure. It was a winter's night'; she threw a shawl over her shoulders', and then sat poring over her book', until completely benumbed with the cold. She began by this time to feel a little soreness in her throat', and some uneasy sensations attending her breathing. The book was reluctantly laid aside'; some little palliative was applied for the relief of the throat'; but it was in vain that she tried to sleep'; a violent cold had seized upon her system', and every moment increased. It was a time when distempers of the throat were prevailing, and Louisa was apprehensive that she might be in danger. Her mother's anxiety was greater than her own', when, on entering her room in the morning', she found her feverish, and suffering from a pain in her head and throat.

"You have taken a violent cold'," remarked her mother', as she stood bending over her'; "were you exposed in any way yesterday'?"

Louisa hesitated, at first, and then framed some kind of reply which, perhaps, amounted not exactly to a direct falsehood, and yet was not the honest truth. This additional piece of duplicity she had to reflect upon during the days and weeks that she continued ill'; and, until it had been freely confessed and forgiven', it remained a heavy burden on her conscience. The very sight of her mother, from whom she was receiving unceasing attention and kindness', brought to her bosom a feeling of self-reproach', which she tried in vain to banish. She sought the forgiveness of her fault', and resolved, in reliance on the Divine assistance', that she would never again be guilty of acting a deceitful or undutiful part towards the parents who had so high a claim upon her love and obedience. She did finally recover, and the lesson which she had so dearly learned was faithfully remembered. Perfect openness now characterizes Louisa's manners towards her parents. She feels a greater pleasure in referring every thing to their decision', than ever she received from any stolen gratifications'; and so will any daughter feel who will try the experiment.

Never do any thing which you are unwilling should come to your parent's knowledge'—never be guilty of deceiving them in the most trifling case. Undutiful behavior, on the part of children', is not always attended with a punishment like Louisa's'; but this, at least', is certain',—it never goes unpunished. The pangs of remorse and self-reproach are,

sooner or later, to be its punishment', whether there is any other or not.

LESSON III.

FUN.

IT seems strange that any person should ever take pleasure in occasioning suffering, of any kind or degree, to any body else. And yet there are many persons whose highest delight seems to be in curtailing somebody's enjoyment. There are a great many boys, for example, who would not wish for any better fun, than to have a good chance to *plague* somebody. There are boys who would rather go without their dinner, than forego the pleasure of pushing a fellow down hill', pulling a chair from under him just as he is about to sit down', or hiding his ball at play. All this is very good fun to the one who performs the feat', and fun is certainly a very good thing'; nobody would wish to deprive boys of fun'. But is there not fun enough to be had, without any such means as these? Is it ever necessary that one boy should seek his enjoyment at the expense of another'? It certainly is never fair', at any rate. No boy has any more right to put another to pain or trouble, or to deprive him of any enjoyment for the sake of sport for himself', than he has to rob him of any article of his property for the sake of using it.

We are not speaking of what may be termed malicious kinds of sport, that is', of contrivances for occasioning trouble, for the mere love of inflicting suffering. How any body should find pleasure in such acts as these, is certainly beyond all comprehension. How it was, for example, that James Bennet could find it in his heart, wantonly' to trample down William Sterly's melon vines', just for the pleasure of witnessing his mortification and disappointment', when William never did him an injury in his life, is hardly to be accounted for, except by the conclusion that his heart was very wicked.

There are few, comparatively', who would be guilty of tricks like this. But how is it with all tricks'? Is it not the design of every thing that comes under this name, to

give a little vexation to one of the parties concerned, for the gratification of the other? And how is there gratification in giving vexation? It certainly does afford a kind of gratification, or else it would not be so universally practiced. But, as we have already said, it is a very unfair kind of game.

Some boys have such dispositions, that it seems they can take delight in real mischief. But, setting these aside, there are few who, if they would try the experiment, would not derive more real enjoyment to themselves from some plan they might devise for increasing the pleasures of their companions, than from any tricks for vexing them.

One Saturday afternoon, when hundreds of boys were assembled for play upon the Common, one tall boy, with a bat and ball in his hands, took it into his head to have some fun, as he called it, with a smaller boy, who also carried his bat and ball, but had not found any body to play with. "Play with me, will you?" said the tall boy to the other, putting his own ball in his pocket, and taking that of the other out of his hands. The other agreed; and the ball was tossed back and forth half a dozen times, when, suddenly, the tall boy gave it a throw behind him to as great a distance as he could send it, and then ran off exulting to a great degree. The boys around him raised a laugh; and the poor little fellow, who had been deprived of his ball, stood looking vexed and mortified. After a moment, the tears came into his eyes, as he muttered to himself,—"I'll tell my father of you, sir, you see if I don't."

Now, is this what the boys call fun? Surely, there is enjoyment to be purchased at a much easier rate than that, at which that tall, mean-spirited fellow obtained his. Suppose he had gone to the boy, in the first place, with the design of having a play with him, as there seemed to be no one else inclined to do it, and had continued the game for half an hour, or until he became tired; would he not probably have felt quite as well after it, as he did after having mischievously deprived the little fellow of his ball? He would not have had his laugh, to be sure; but is there pleasure in nothing but laughter?

And suppose again, that instead of standing and laughing at the poor boy's vexation, some one of the other boys had come forward, and offered to help him look for his ball; and thus have done what he could, to relieve him from his mortifying predicament; would not such a boy have enjoy-

ed quite as high a satisfaction, as in indulging his inconsiderate merriment'?

Let any boy, who really wishes to enjoy as much from his plays as possible', try some such plan as we will describe. Let him, once in a while, engage', for some afternoon when there is no school', to show some half a dozen or more boys, perhaps younger than himself, to play some good game', or help them make some kites', or some balls', or any other plaything'; and then, when the time comes for using the balls, or flying the kites', let him take notice how they succeed, and show some interest in the business. If the thing is done with a great deal of show', or simply for the sake of acquiring popularity', the motive will be likely to be seen through', and, of course', it will not be liked'; but, if the real object of the boy, in such a case, were to promote the happiness of the others', the enjoyment he would himself realize in the employment would be greater, or, at any rate, it would be more solid and lasting', than any which the most mischievous boy would find in playing his most ingenious tricks.

LESSON IV.

PUNCTUALITY.

EVERY body likes punctuality'; and there is no person who does not get out of patience with negligent, tardy, loitering people, however negligent, tardy, and loitering', he may happen to be himself. I heard Mr. Dilatory say, the other day, that he must be for starting pretty quick, or he should not find Mr. Prompt', for Mr. Prompt never waited a second after the time for any body. "Well," thought I, "that' Mr. Prompt is just the right sort of man, I know." We shall always find it to be the case' that a man, or a boy, who makes it a rule to do every thing in just the right time', is what he ought to be in a thousand other respects.— "There is my boy all ready to take my horse to the stable," said a gentleman to his companion', as he approached his house on his return from an afternoon's ride. "I told him to be down here by dark', and I should have been as much surprised not to have found him on the spot', as at the most

remarkable occurrence. I do not remember that I ever knew him to neglect or forget an appointment', or to fail of being punctual to the precise moment', since I employed him." There is a boy worth having. Any body might know',—or, at least, they might be pretty sure', from only this short account of him', that he was a boy to be trusted in all respects';—that he would not take what was not his own, or tell untruths', or be inclined to any of the kinds' of mischief that some boys delight in.

We do not pretend to say that it follows, of course', that a boy who is not faithful to his appointments, or punctual in his attention to his duties', is a thief', or a liar', or a mischievous fellow. But we *do* say, that such a boy is never good for much'; or, if that is saying too much', we will only maintain that there is sure to be a great deal that is bad about him.

Take Ned Lounger', for example. Did you ever know him be in season at any place in your life'? It is true, he is a lazy sort of fellow'; and it would be as easy to start a side of the house', as ever to get him to hurry' at all; but then hurrying is not what we want. Punctual people are scarcely ever in a hurry. They calculate to be in season about every thing'; they set about things at the right time', and so it is seldom that they find it necessary' to hurry. Ned Lounger, we were saying', could not be expected to hurry, if it were to save his life. But it would be very easy for him to set out for school in good season in the morning' without' any hurry. He has nothing in the world to do, except to play, and eat his breakfast', from the time he gets up', till it is time for school. And now look at him', as he is setting out', just enough after the hour', to make sure of being late. He must have time enough', while he is latching the door', to look up' the street, and down' the street, and perhaps to stop some boy who is passing', to ask him some question about his hoop, or his ball. That would be well enough at some other time'; but doesn't Ned know that it is time he was making a little quicker movement'? In truth, he seems not to be thinking much about it. With his satchel slung over one shoulder, and a stick in his hand', with which now and then to give a good rap under people's windows', he goes sauntering along.

And now, having observed Ned on his way to school', might not any body judge pretty well how he would behave

when he had arrived there?—It is quite certain that he doesn't care any thing about school; for if he did, he would take more pains to have it go on well. Every body knows, in the first place, that *punctuality* is the life and soul of a good school. It makes no difference how well the lessons are learned, if the boys are not ready to recite them at the proper time. There must be regularity, and there cannot be regularity, without punctuality—punctuality in attendance—punctuality in the preparations of lessons—punctuality in every thing. Punctuality should be the school-boy's watchword. A tardy scholar is almost always one who has a thousand other faults. Our Ned Lounger, in fact, has scarcely a good quality to be named, or, at any rate, scarce a good quality that ever gives him any credit; for, if he does a thing ever so well, it always comes, as people say, "the day after the fair." He has had to stop after school, many a time, to recite a lesson that might have been learned in season just as well as not.

There is Harry Bustle;—he is another of your behind hand folks;—always a little tardy at every place, and about every thing. He is a very different character from Ned Lounger, it is true. Instead of never being in a hurry, you will never see him when he is not in one. It is really amusing to observe how he manages to be always a little too late. If his father wishes him to call upon some gentleman with a letter or a message, precisely at some given hour, he will be sure not to think of setting out till that hour arrives;—and then he will hurry along, and feel very much surprised, on his arrival, if he does not find the person, when he set out 'exactly at the time.' It is just so about going to school. He always thinks there is time enough, till the very moment comes when he ought to be there; and then he begins to turn the house upside down, to find his books or slate; and sets off, at last, in the most violent hurry. It seems very strange that experience does not teach him any better, when the same thing happens morning after morning.

Harry would be worth twice as much as he is now, with one half the abilities he possesses, if there was such a thing as placing any dependence on him. But this cannot be done. He scarcely does such a thing as punctually to keep one engagement out of fifty. His teacher would sometimes say, when he wanted any thing done for the school—such as copies set for the younger classes,—“There is Harry Bustle”,

he would be just the one for the business', if we could be sure of having them ready at the right time': but I am afraid he would never be about them in season.

Harry lost a great many pleasures' by his tardy habits', besides giving a great deal of trouble to other people. A little while ago the boys started a plan for taking a sail to Nahant together. Harry was to be of the party', and he anticipated a great deal of pleasure', for he had never been in a steam-boat in his life. But alas'! Harry must needs manage to be at the wharf just in time to be left behind. He has met with many similar disappointments'—enough', one would think', to cure him of his negligent habits. But alas! it did him but little good. The worst of such habits is', that it is almost impossible to break them up after they are once formed. The only way to avoid the evil, is to avoid forming them in the first place.

There are a great many *men* who have the same failing with young Harry. They will be sure not to set about a piece of business' till the time when it should be done. Mr. Dilatory is one of these characters. If there is to be a public meeting', Mr. Dilatory never thinks of starting till the time when he ought to be there'; and then he begins to bustle about for his hat and cane.

Perhaps Harry thinks that he is not so very bad, after all', if there are so many *men* who are no better. Do not think of consoling yourself in that way, Harry'. There are bad men enough in the world', and I would not imitate them. There is this, too, to be considered. If you are already' such a negligent, tardy sort of character', what will you be when you are grown up'? If you are bad already', you will of course be worse hereafter.

LESSON V.

YATES AND DOWNING.—AN INDIAN STORY.

SOME of the adventures of our countrymen with the Indians of the West are so striking', that, though true', they have the appearance of fiction.

In August 1786, two young men, near the Slate-Creek Iron Works in Kentucky', by the names of Yates and Down-

ing', set out together in pursuit of a horse which had strayed into the woods. Towards evening they found themselves six or seven miles from home', and, at that time, exposed to danger from the Indians. Downing even began to fancy he heard the cracking of sticks in the bushes behind them', but Yates, who was somewhat experienced as a hunter', only laughed at his fears.

Downing, however, was not satisfied. He still thought that the Indians were following them', and at last' determined to find out. Gradually slackening his pace', he allowed Yates to get several rods before him', and immediately after descending a little hill', he suddenly sprung aside and hid himself in a thick cluster of whortleberry bushes. Yates was humming over a song just at the time', and did not think of Downing or the Indians any more for several minutes.

No sooner was he out of sight, than Downing saw two savages come out of a cane-brake', and look cautiously after Yates. Fearful that they had seen him secrete himself, he determined to fire on them', but his hand was so unsteady that he discharged his gun without taking aim', and then ran. When he had run ten or twelve rods, he met Yates', who, having heard the report of the gun', was coming back to inquire what was the matter. The Indians were now in full pursuit', and Yates was glad to run with Downing.

Just at this place the road divided', and, at some distance farther on', the divisions came together again. Yates and Downing took one' road, and the two Indians, probably to get ahead of them', took the other. The fogner, however, reached the junction of the two roads first. But, coming nearly at the same time to a deep gulley', Downing fell into it', while the Indians, who crossed it a little lower down', not observing his fall, kept on after Yates.

Here Downing had time to reload his gun', but he did not think of it; for he was busy in climbing up on the banks of the ditch to learn the fate of his companion. To his surprise, he saw one of the Indians returning to search for him. What should he do now'? His gun was no longer of use', so he threw it aside', and again plied his heels, with the Indian after him.

Coming at length to a large poplar tree which had been blown up by the roots', he ran along the body of the tree upon one side', while the Indian followed on the other to meet him

at the root. It happened, however', that a large she bear was suckling her cubs in a bed which she had made at the root of the tree', and, as the Indian reached the spot a moment first', she sprang upon him', and a prodigious uproar took place. The Indian yelled, and stabbed with his knife'; the bear growled', hugged him closely', and endeavored to tear him', while Downing, not anxious to stand long to see the end of the battle', took to his heels with new courage', and finally reached home in safety'; where Yates, after a hot chase', had arrived some time before him.

On the next morning they collected a party', and returned to the poplar tree to ascertain what had become of the Indian and bear'; but they could find no traces of either. Both, they concluded, escaped with their lives', though not without injury.

LESSON VI.

CAPT. GREG AND HIS DOG.

"Soon after the British and Indians, under General St. Ledger, raised the siege of Fort Schuyler,* Capt. Greg, one of the American officers left in the garrison, obtained permission to hunt', accompanied by a brother officer. As they were on their return to the fort, they were suddenly fired upon by an ambush of Indians', who then knocked them down', and scalped them from the forehead to the back of the neck', leaving only a couple of small locks of hair by the side of the ears. Capt. Greg had the resolution to lie perfectly still, during this horrible operation'; though he afterwards said, that he felt as if hot lead were poured over him. The Indians, supposing he was dead, left him.

On attempting to rise, Capt. Greg found his backbone severely wounded', and his forehead bruised by the stroke of the tomahawk. Alone, and mangled as he was, he had no hope of life. In some measure to mitigate his intense sufferings, he crawled along to his dead companion', and, opening his vest', he laid his throbbing head upon the soft bosom', not yet cold in death'; for the stones and sticks, among which he had lain, were torture to him.

* Pronounced *Sky-ler*.

While he was enjoying the little relief which his new position afforded him, he met with trouble from a new quarter. A small dog which belonged to him, and had accompanied him in his hunting, but to which he had hitherto been wholly inattentive, now came up to him in apparent agony, and leaping around him, yelped, whined, and cried, in an unusual manner, greatly to the disturbance of his master. Greg was not in the situation to bear the disturbance, even of affection. He tried, in every way which he could think of, to drive the dog from him; but he tried in vain.

At length, wearied by his cries and agitations, and not knowing how to put an end to them, he addressed the animal as if he had been a rational being. "If you wish so much to help me," said he, "go and call some one to my relief." At these words, the creature instantly left him, and ran through the forest, at full speed, to the great comfort of his master, who now hoped to die quietly.

The dog made his way directly to three men, belonging to the garrison, who were fishing at the distance of a mile from the spot where his master was wounded. As soon as he came up to them, he began to whine and cry, in the same afflicting manner; and advancing near them, he turned and went slowly back towards the point where his master lay, keeping his eye continually on the men. All this he repeated several times.

At length, one of the men observing to his companions that there was something extraordinary in the actions of the dog, proposed that they should try to find out the cause. His companions agreed to go with him, and they immediately set out with an intention to follow wherever the dog should lead them. But after they had accompanied him some distance, and found nothing, they became discouraged. The sun had set, and the forest was dangerous. They therefore determined to return.

The moment the dog saw them wheel about, he began to cry with increased violence, and, coming up to the men, took hold of the skirts of their coats with his teeth, and attempted to pull them towards the point to which he had before directed their course. When they stopped again, he leaned against the back part of their legs, as if endeavoring to push them onward to his master.

Astonished at this conduct of the dog, the men determined to follow him until he should stop. The animal conducted

them directly to his master. They found him still living. After burying the dead officer, as well as they could, they carried Capt. Greg to the fort. Here his wounds were dressed, and such assistance rendered to him, as proved the means of restoring him to perfect health. I will only add, what I am sure you will regret, that, not long after, a brutal fellow wantonly shot this meritorious and faithful dog.

LESSON VII.

EVILS OF BEING LATE AT SCHOOL.

Do you see those boys on the ice yonder? The clock struck nine, long ago, and there they are yet! Every one of them knows that the school begins at exactly nine o'clock; why then do they linger?

I will tell you why it is. They stopped a minute, just to try the ice, to see if it would bear them; and finding it would, and that the sliding was excellent, they wished to stay a minute or two longer, and then a minute or two more, and so on, till they had been there a whole quarter of an hour.

Had any one of them been told, when he first went upon the pond, that he would stay there fifteen minutes, I doubt whether he would have gone there. They do not mean to be bad boys. But they love play a little too well, and their books not quite well enough; and when there is a fine pond of ice to go upon, they are greatly tempted just to try it; and when they begin to slide, the time passes more rapidly than they imagine.

Now if those boys should be punished when they get to school, for being fifteen minutes too late, would it be just, or unjust? Their parents sent them from home early enough, why, then, did they not arrive seasonably? Do you say, that as they did not think the time passed so swiftly while they staid on the ice, they are not greatly to blame? Ay, but they should not have gone there! There was the wrong. It was in taking the first wrong step. They knew their business was to go directly to school. The ice looked tempting, but they should not have yielded to the temptation. Conscience, the monitor within, told them so, but

they did not mind what she said. Now see them sneaking into school, a quarter of an hour too late! Well, if they get punished, there is no help for it. *They should not have taken the first wrong step.*

It is an evil to be punished; but that is not the worst evil that will follow from these boys' misconduct. "What, not if they should get whipped?" you will say. Nō, not if they get whipped. Do you ask what worse evil there can be?—In my next lesson, I mean to tell you.

LESSON VIII.

GREATER EVILS THAN THAT OF BEING WHIPPED.

WHAT evil, greater than being whipped, can grow out of the practice of arriving late at school?

1. *You make the teacher trouble.* When the house is well warmed in the morning, and the hour of nine o'clock has arrived, the teacher wishes to close the doors, and have every thing quiet. Perhaps a class begins to read. Well, they have scarcely begun, before Harry comes in, leading Jane and Samuel. The opened door lets in a stream of cold air, and perhaps a quantity of snow. The scholars look away from their books, to see who has arrived, and some of them lose their places. Harry, who belongs to a class, now interrupts the reading by a dispute with Richard about precedence;—insisting that he is "abōve Richard." The teacher has hardly settled the question before Jane, who had waited for Richard at the pond till her fingers were almost frozen, has warmed them so rapidly at the fire that they begin to ache, and she cries. Now they ache harder, and she roars lustily, so that the whole school is disturbed, and the exercises hindered. Perhaps, too, Harry is called to an account for his tardiness; and then the whole school is hindered several minutes longer.

2. *You occasion great waste of time.* Suppose you hinder the master and the whole school—(for the scholars will look away from their books to see what is going on—) suppose, I say, you hinder them all only five minutes. Now if the school consists of 60 scholars, and every one loses five minutes, the whole loss of time is 300 minutes, or five

hours. I leave it to you to say for yourselves', whether it is not a sore evil to cause a loss of 300 minutes of that valuable time which God our Father deals out to us to use', just for the pleasure of a little sliding'. Do not think, however', that I have any objection to the sliding', in itself', if done at a proper time.

3. *You are unkind to your parents.* They wish you to go directly to school', and please the teacher', and behave well', and do all in your power to make yourselves' and the school respectable. They furnish you with school house', and books', and teacher', and clothes', and food'; and they-expect that you will learn to read and writé, and behave properly. They expect you to acquire good habits', and good feelings. And is it not the height of unkindness in you to disappoint them', just for the sake of yielding to a momentary gratification'?

When will boys and girls learn to deny themselves those things which their parents and teachers do not wish them to have, or do'? When will they learn to do what their consciences'—those monitors within them'—say is right, and avoid what their consciences tell them is wrong'?—Of one thing you may be certain', young reader'; you never can be very useful in the world, or very happy, till you have learned all this. Do not think that becoming men and women in size, merely', will make you happy. Unless you learn to govern yourselves', and dō and bē, and feēl right', your misery will increase as fast, at least, as the size of your bodies'; and probably much faster.

LESSON IX.

THE SAGACIOUS SWAN.

THERE is a nice little amusing toy which is sold in some toy shops', called the Sagacious Swan. This swan is made of very thin tin plate', or other light substance', and is hollow within. Near its mouth, in the inside, is fixed a small magnet', or loadstone. The swan is placed in a large basin full of water', in which it swims. A small rod of metal about five or six inches long, with a piece of bread fastened to one end of it, is held out to the swan', at the distance of an inch

or two from its mouth. The swan then moves forward after the rod, as if it wished to take hold of the piece of bread. If you move the rod gently from the swan, it will swim after it all round the basin', and from one side of it to another, as if it were a living swan swimming after its food. But if you present the other end of the rod to the swan, it will swim backwards, and try to avoid it', as if you were wishing to mock or insult it. The rod on which the piece of bread is fastened is also a loadstone.

A loadstone attracts or draws to it needles, and any small bits of iron or steel that are near it. Every loadstone has two ends, which are called its north and south poles. When the north pole of one loadstone is brought near to the south pole of another, they will attract each other. But when the north pole of one is brought near to the north pole of another', they will repel or move from each other.

When a small loadstone is placed on a piece of cork or light wood, and made to swim in a basin of water, it will turn itself round', till it point nearly north and south. The compass which directs sailors in their course along the sea, consists of a small loadstone, which moves upon a pivot. It shows them how to steer to the East', and the West', to the North', and the South. By means of this small bit of loadstone, they can find their way over great seas and oceans', to the East Indies and America', and round the whole world. God created the loadstone for this purpose; and if we had never known its properties, we should never have been able to bring tea from Chiná, or sugar from the West Indies', or to send Bibles to the people that dwell in the far distant isles of the sea.

LESSON X.

THE EAGLE.

THE Eagle, among birds, is what the lion is among quadrupeds. His strength and swiftness give him the mastery over nearly all the feathered creation. Like the lion, the eagle is said to be generous', and sometimes so merciful' as not to attack small and weak animals, when he can find those that are larger and stronger. It is not until he has long

suffered the insulting cries of the rook and the magpie, that this noble bird thinks fit to punish them for their folly. Like the lion, the Eagle disdains to share his plunder with any other animal; and, unless pressed with hunger, will not eat any thing which he has not himself killed. Like him, also, the eagle is solitary, always driving away all other rapacious birds, and keeping the desert where he lives to himself. It is as uncommon to see two pairs of Eagles in the same mountain, as it is to see two lions in the same desert. Both the lion and the Eagle have fierce, sparkling eyes; their claws are of the same form, and the cry of both is equally terrible to the beasts of the forest and the fowls of the air.

The Eagle is tamed with great difficulty; and even when taken young and treated with kindness, he will sometimes turn upon his master, and wound him in a terrible manner.

Of all birds, the Eagle flies the highest, and can see to the greatest distance; but his sense of smelling is not so good as that of the Vulture. He is so strong as to fly away with lambs, kids, geese, and sometimes even with children. In Scotland, a child happening to be at play out of doors, an Eagle flew down, took it up, and carried it to his nest. But fortunately, the poor infant received no injury on the journey, and the affrighted parents pursuing after the robber, went to the nest in time to take it away before it was in the least hurt.

The Eagle is at all times powerful and ferocious, but is particularly so at the time when he is bringing up his young. At this time the pair make use of all their courage, strength and fierceness, in order to provide meat for their brood.

The quantity of provision which these birds carry to their young, is sometimes sufficient to maintain a family. Mr. Smith, in his history of Kerry, a county in Ireland, relates that, during a season of famine, a poor man obtained nourishment for himself and children by robbing a pair of young eagles of the food which was brought them by their parents. When the young birds became large enough to fly, the poor man clipped their wings, so as to keep them in the nest, and thus make the old ones continue to bring them food. In this manner was this poor family supported with kids, lambs, geese, and hens, during the summer.

It was fortunate for this man that the Eagles never caught him at their nest, for had this been the case, his life would have been in danger from their fury, as may be seen by the following story.

A man in the county of Kerry determined to rob an Eagle's nest, which was on an island', of its young. He accordingly swam to the island', at a time when he saw that the old birds were away', and', having secured the young ones, was returning to the land', having waded into the water nearly up to his neck. At this moment the old Eagles returned', and finding that their young were not in the nest', but in the hands of the man', they fell upon him with such tremendous fury as to kill him in the water.

LESSON XI.

THE TWO ROSES.

ON the borders of a pond, situated in a beautiful flower garden', two roses grew side by side. They were both lovely, but not equally modest. One of them never thought of her beauty and attractions', but the other one thought of little else', and constantly admired her fair face', as it was reflected in the clear bosom of the pond.

"My dear friend'," said the modest rose to her one day', "how can you be vain of what is so transient? The beauty, of which you are so proud', you may be deprived of in an hour: some fair hand may pluck you from the stem, to aid in adorning her bouquet*'; or a strong wind may come, and scatter your pink leaves on the gravel-walk'; or even a worm may feast upon them, and deface them."

"I do not fear any of these threatened evils'," said the other rose: "if I am' plucked', I shall still be lovely and admired'; and as for the wind or the worm', they would not have the presumption to approach me." As the silly flower thus spoke, a strong east wind suddenly rose', and', stripping off its leaves', sent them whirling over the bosom of the pond.

This story may show young people the folly of admiring themselves', and of being vain of that which sickness or death may destroy in an hour. Let them rather wish to make their minds' lovely; for these are imperishable, and may flourish forever.

* Bouquet, a nosegay; pronounced, *bookay*.

LESSON XII.

THE FOX AND SPANIEL.

A fox and spaniel met each other frequently, till, at last, they became acquainted, and were so fond of each other's society, that they were seldom separated. The spaniel followed the fox in all his rambles, and was the witness of all his depredations. Sometimes the fox went into the hen-roost, and stole a hen or chicken; sometimes he stole a lamb from the hill-side; and sometimes he ran off with a pig that was astray in the woods. On all these occasions, he was attended by his playmate, the spaniel.

One day the fox entered a fine barn-yard, where there was a great deal of poultry of all kinds,—(hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks,—) attended, as usual, by his companion, the spaniel. Prowling along carefully, so that he might not be seen, the fox slyly drew near a fine fat goose, which he intended for his dinner.

Just as he had seized the poor bird, and was bearing him off, the poultry set up so loud a cackling as to call the attention of the farmer, who was at work in a field close by. Seeing the mischief, he seized a loaded gun and fired at the fox and dog, just as they were leaving the yard.

The shot wounded both the animals, and they instantly fell. The farmer came up, and, seizing the fox, knocked him on the head, saying, "Rogue, and thief that thou art! this is the last goose of mine which thou shalt steal, and I know well that it is not the first meal you have made from my poultry-yard."

Then, turning to the dog, he said, "And you too, shall die!" "O, dear sir," said the poor spaniel, "dō nōt kill mē. I do not deserve to die. I never stole a goose in my life." "How can I believe what you say?" said the farmer. "I find you in company with the fox, and therefore you must suffer with him." So saying, he killed him without more words.

If children do not wish to be thought wicked and bad, they should not keep company with others who are so; for, if they do not become as bad as the latter, they will suffer disgrace by being found in their company.

LESSON XIII.

THE RAT AND HER YOUNG ONES.

AN old rat, that lived in a snug hole under a wood-house, one day went out to find food for her young ones; but, before she went, she gave them particular orders not to leave their home till she returned, as she feared they might get into trouble.

This advice the young rats were determined not to follow. They longed to leave their hole, and see the world, and thought that their mother was foolish to be afraid of danger.

"What harm can there be," said one of them, "in going a little distance? If we should see a cat, we can surely scamper away; and, as there are four of us, we can warn each other of any evil. So let us go out, and we will get home before our mother returns, that she may not know of our disobedience."

So they all left the hole with great caution, looking to the right and left, to see if any cat was near. But they saw none, and ventured into a large room in an out-building, where there were several sacks of grain. This was just what they wanted, and they congratulated each other upon their good fortune.

They immediately advanced towards the grain, pricking up their ears to listen for any sounds, and moving very cautiously. Suddenly, one of them gave a dreadful shriek, and his companions, hastening to him, found him caught in a trap, which had been concealed under some bran.

In great fear, they all fled. The one that was caught tried in vain to draw the trap after him; but it was so heavy that, in pulling it, he tore off his leg. But, though he was in terrible pain, he did not scream, for fear the cat should hear him, and catch him; so he limped after the others as well as he could.

As soon as he got home, the young rats began to lick his wound, that he might be cured before his mother's return. For these foolish creatures forgot that she must see that he had lost his leg.

While they were thinking of what they should say, to deceive their mother and hide their disobedience, she came in,

and, seeing one of them in great distress', asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, mý dēār mōthēr'," said hē, "while you was gone', a strōng īrōn trāp came into the hōlé, and snapped off my leg." "Yes'," said all of them together', "it came in', and sēizēd ōur pōor brōthēr's lēg', ānd bīt īt ōff', in spite of all we could do."

"Ay', ay'," said the old rat', "I see how it is'; if you had not gone to the trap', it', certainly, would not have come to yōū. You may be thankful that you have not been killed by the cat', that I have seen watching for you not far off.

"As for yōū," said she to the one which had lost his leg', "yōū are punished severely enough for your fault', and I do not think that you will ever forget the lesson'; but your brothers' I shall punish severely'; in the first place', for being disobedient', and then' for telling me a falsehood to hide it."

Children may not only learn the danger of disobedience' from this story', but they may see from it', that one sin generally leads to another. If they are so wicked as to disobey their parents', they are very often tempted to tell falsehoods to hide' their disobedience'; and thus they commit twō very bad and serious faults.

LESSON XIV.

A FOWL BROUGHT UP BY A CAT.

THE next morning, Mrs. Mills, having some business at a neighboring farm, proposed a ride thither to her young friends'; who, every hour more charmed with the society of their aunt', expressed the pleasure which they felt in the thought of attending her. The carriage was therefore ordered, and soon after breakfast they set out for the farm'; the mistress of it, who was the picture of neatness and good humor, with a train of little ones came out to meet them. Mrs. Mills, with her usual affability, inquired after the rest of their family', and said that "she had brought her nephew and niece to see the farm."

The good woman, at the request of Mrs. Mills, conducted them into an adjacent meadow, to view a brood of beautiful ducklings. Clara admired the delicacy of their plumage, and, as she saw the little creatures enjoying the coolness of the running stream that watered the meadow, expressed her surprise that their feathers did not appear wet.

"Providence," observed Mrs. Mills, who embraced every opportunity of informing the minds of her young friends, "has furnished birds, and especially water-fowl, at the extremity of the body, with a little bag containing a kind of oil with which they anoint and dress their feathers, to render them impenetrable to wet. You must certainly have observed how frequently all kinds of birds draw the bill over their feathers: it is a very necessary employment, for without it, their flight would be obstructed by every shower of rain, as the feathers, by imbibing the water, would become heavy and unfit for use. It is observed that poultry, which live under a covert, are provided with a less quantity of this oil than those birds which inhabit the open air."

From hence Mrs. Goodman took them to her granary—her dairy, which was neatness itself—her hay-ricks—nor did she forget her pig-sties, which were perfectly clean, and littered with straw, wishing her guests to observe a fine fat sow, which lay basking in one of them, with a litter of pigs scarcely a fortnight old. She next conducted them to the poultry-yard, where, taking a basket, she scattered some corn, and called the feathered tribe about her. At the well known sound, they came trooping from all parts; but scarcely had they arrived, when a candidate of a different kind put them to flight. This was no other than a tortoise-shell cat, which made way for a fine white hen that followed her. The hen, without ceremony, fell upon the grain, and puss, like a faithful guard, stood by to keep off intruders, until she had eaten her fill: after which, she walked off in triumph with her charge, leaving the coast clear to the rest of the poultry, which immediately succeeded. This scene was not more new to the young people than to Mrs. Mills. That an animal should discover such affectionate solicitude for a creature which it was its nature to destroy, surprised her; and her surprise was not lessened by the account which the farmer's wife gave of this

EXTRAORDINARY CIRCUMSTANCE.*

"You must know, madam'," said she, "that our puss has been the nurse to that fowl. When first hatched it was a poor, little, puny thing. I took it from the hen, seeing it did not thrive, wrapt it in a bit of flannel', and kept it in a basket by the fire, hoping the warmth would revive it. I took a world of trouble; but it grew worse and worse, until at last its poor eyes closed', and I really thought it dying. I was so vexed to think of the time which I had spent upon it to no purpose', that I threw it, in a pet, to the cat' which lay asleep by the fire, in my husband's arm-chair. I thought, to be sure, that she would have snapt it up', and put it out of its pain in a moment'; but, would you believe it, madam'? she lifted up her paw, and received it as though it had been her kitten'. Yes, madam', she purred over it', and the little creature seemed to revive by her warmth. I was so surprised that I could scarcely believe my eyes'; and my husband was not less so, when he came home from work', to see the cat nursing the chicken with as much tenderness as if it had been her kitten. You may be sure, madam', we did not take it from her', except to feed it', which was a part of the business puss could not perform. In short, she seemed to receive it in the place of a litter of kittens we had just before drowned', and to grow fonder and fonder of it every day. You see, madam', the chicken is now grown to a fine hen: puss still continues her attention'; you have just seen a proof of it. She no sooner hears me call the poultry' than she appears with her chargè, which attends to her voice as it would to the cluck of the hen', and will not suffer one of the other fowls to touch a grain until her favorite hen is satisfied'; then she walks off, and leaves the rest in quiet possession of what remains."

"Well," said William, "I am much amazed; I could not have believed a cat' capable of such tenderness'; I always thought them malicious and revengeful', and at school have played them many a wicked prank."

"I have been told'," said Mrs. Mills, "that cats furnish much cruel diversion to school-boys'; but surely not to my William! he cannot tyrannize over a poor animal, merely because it has no power to defend itself', and delight in tortures at which every heart, not callous to the feelings of humanity', must recoil."

* Which is really a fact.

"I cannot deny'," replied William', "that I have joined our boys in many a wicked prank which they played', and especially in hunting of cats'; but indeed, aunt', I never reflected on what the poor animals must have suffered. I thought only of my own amusement'; but, I assure you, I will never again join in such cruel sports."

"Remember, my dear boy'," said Mrs. Mills', "that God commands you to be merciful to all creatures', and that he hears the cry of the weakest animal'; then reflect on the happiness which results from communicating pleasure', and I am sure you will not seek it in inflicting pain."

"But aunt', I always thought cats very malicious and revengeful."

"Cats, William', like other animals', are sensible of good or bad treatment': if you use them well', they will caress you; if ill', they will endeavor to retaliate."

"But they are certainly less faithful than dogs'," replied William'.

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Mills', "but there are many instances which prove them not deficient in point of attachment. I remember reading in a magazine, a few years ago about a cat which discovered so strong an attachment to a dog that, seeing him one day engaged with another before her master's house', she flew into the street', and fell upon the antagonist of her favorite with such fury', that she forced him, in the sight of numerous spectators', to quit the field."

"But is there not, in general'," said Clara', "an antipathy between cats and dogs'?"

"It appears so'," replied Mrs. Mills'; "but when they are bred together it seems to subside; and I have known many instances in which it has given place to cordial affection', and this makes me the more readily give credit to the anecdote which I have just related; but, without forcing nature from her general course', repeated instances prove that cats are capable of very strong attachments."

"Well, aunt'," said William', "though you are such an advocate for cats', you must allow, after all, that they are of little use."

"I could tell you," said Mrs. Mills', "of cats that were taught to hunt and destroy serpents'; for so, it is recorded', they did in the island of Cyprus'; but the services which they render us in England are, in my opinion', sufficient to exalt their fame', and entitle them to kind treatment."

"I do not'," said William', "recollect any service which they can do us', except the killing of a few rats and mice."

"Do you not think that'," said Mrs. Mills', "an essential servicé?"

"Truly', aunt," returned William', "if cats can render us no greater' service, I do not think that we have so much reason to value them. What harm can such insignificant creatures as rats and mice do us'? To be suré, they make free with a little of our bacon and cheesè—but that is not worth the thinking of."

"Very true, William'," said Clara.

"These insignificant creatures'," said Mrs. Mills', "as William calls them', may be more formidable than either of you imagine'; I once knew a gentleman whose house, in Scotland, was undermined', and the foundations shaken by rats."

"Indeed!"

"Yes'; they came from a ship that touched at the port', and infested his house in such numbers, that the foundation of it actually gave way'; and the damage which he sustained from them, in this and other instances', was estimated at upwards of five hundred pounds."

"Was it possible?" said Clara.

"There was scarcely a chest or a drawer in his house into which they did not penetrate. The linen was gnawed into holes'—and as to the provisions', sugar'—meat'—bread'—ricè—corn'—nothing escaped the ravages of these merciless spoilers!"

"Well," said William', "could one have thought it possible for so small an animal as a rat to do such mischief?"

"So it was'," said Mrs. Mills', "and you cannot but confess the utility of the cat', which preserves us from creatures which are capable of being so formidable."

"I seé," said William', "that Mrs. Puss is of more consequence than I thought her."

LESSON XV.

ANECDOTES ABOUT RATS.

"As I have acquainted you'," said Mrs. Mills', "with the plunders of these mischievous rats', I must not forget the ingenuity with which some of their feats are executed. What do you think of their conveying eggs, unbroken', from the top of a house, which was three stories high, to the bottom'?"

"Why, I think'," said William', "it was absolutely impossible."

"I should myself'," said Mrs. Mills', "have thought so', had I not been told it was a fact by my friend and his lady', upon whose veracity I can place the firmest reliance."

"Well," said William', "I think that it could be effected by nothing less than a miracle: do tell us, aunt, how it was."

"I am myself'," said Mrs. Mills', "ignorant how the business was performed': I can only tell you, that at the season of the year when eggs are plenty', my friend, as it is customary in the north, greased a number', and put them into a large stone jar', to preserve them sweet for use. A short time after, she was much surprised to find the eggs, which were in the jar at the top of the house', considerably diminished', though none had been used in the family. It was thought impossible that this could be the work of rats'; but so it proved. On a strict examination, the eggs', in part whole', and in part with the contents sucked out', were found in burrows made by the rats at the bottom of the house."

"How could they possibly carry them, without breaking'?" said Clara.

"That is a mystery, my dear'," said Mrs. Mills', "which I cannot explain: I can only assure you, upon authority which I cannot doubt', that the fact really happened."

"They must have rolled' them down the stairs'," said William'.

"Nay'," said Mrs. Mills', "in that case, they must inevitably have broken."

"Oh," said William', "I have just thought how they managed the business'; I remember hearing my papa tell of a friend of his, who once watched', and saw one of these

ingenious gentlemen hop down stairs upon his hind legs', with some corn', which he had taken from the garret', in his fore paws': I dare say, the rats which you have been telling us about', conveyed the eggs down in the same manner."

"It is very likely they might'," said Mrs. Mills', "but I think it equally probable that the business was effected by combination'; that is to say', that more than one was concerned in it', though I cannot say whether they performed it exactly in the same manner as *Æsop* represents in his fable of the two rats and the egg. Since I have known the anecdote of my friend's eggs', it has more than once occurred to me that it is possible that the fable in *Æsop* might be founded on a fact. I am persuaded that all animals have a language, or sign, by which they understand each other as far as it is necessary for their mutual benefit and preservation'; and that rats have a language, and act in concert', is evident from a curious anecdote that I will relate to you.

"A gentleman having a present of some Florence oil, the flasks were set in his cellar, in the bottom of a shallow box. The oil not being wanted for use', they remained there some time. The owner going one day, by chance, into the cellar, was surprised to find the wicker work, which inclosed the flasks, gnawed from the greater part; and, on examination, the oil was sunk about two, or two inches and a half, from the neck of each flask. It soon occurred to him that it must be the work of some kind of vermin'; and being a man of a speculative turn, he resolved to satisfy the curiosity raised in his mind. He accordingly found means to watch, and actually detected three rats in the very act'; but how, do you think, they managed to get at the oil'? You know the neck of the flask was long and narrow'; it required therefore some contrivance."

"Indeed it did'," said William'; "but, I dare say, the rats found out a better expedient for themselves' than I could for them."

"I told you that three rats were engaged in the business," resumed Mrs. Mills. "One of these stood upon the edge' of the box, while another, mounting his back, dipped his tail in the neck of the flask', and presented it to a third to lick. They then changed places'; the rat which stood uppermost descended', and was accommodated in the same manner with the tail of his companion' until it was his turn

to act the porter', and then hē took his station at the bottom. In this manner the three rats alternately relieved each other', and banqueted upon the oil', until they had sunk it beyond the length of their tails."

"Well," said Clara', "if they were equal to such a contrivance', they could be at no loss how to convey their eggs to their burrows without breaking'; one may believe them capable of any thing'; but is the story really to be relied on'?"

"I had it from the mouth of the gentleman who was himself witness of the fact'; he was a man of character and observation, on whose veracity I can rely."

"Well," said William', "it is a most extraordinary story', but nothing can surprise me after puss and her chicken'; that exceeds every thing that I ever heard of."

"It was a singular circumstance'," said the lady', "but I think Mrs. Goodman told us that puss had just lost a litter of kittens."

"Yes, madam," said the farmer's wife, who had been listening with silent attention to their discourse', "she had kittens a few days before', and my husband had drowned the whole litter."

"This circumstance, then," said Mrs. Mills', "accounts, in some measure, for an attachment that appears, otherwise', so foreign to the nature of the animal. We can find no difficulty in supposing that the instinct which nature had awakened in the cat, for the preservation of her own young, was, when deprived of its object', easily transferred to the chicken', on which it acted with equal force."

"Well," said William', "whatever might be the cause', it was a droll sight to see puss march up the yard' with her feathered attendant'; it was worth riding five miles to see her."

LESSON XVI.

THE COTTAGER.

THERE was a laboring man who built a cottage for himself and his wife. A dark gray rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds. When his cottage was finished, he

thought he would paint it gray, like the rock'; and so exactly did he get the same shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprung from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold. Accordingly, he built a barn for her. It was so small, it looked more like a shed than a barn, but it was quite warm and comfortable. When it was done, a neighbor came in and said, "what color will you paint your barn?" "I had not thought about that," said the cottager. "Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black'; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."

Soon another neighbor, coming in, praised his neat shed', and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. "White is by far the most genteel color," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."

While he was in doubt which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good, as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said, "he who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend, and desires you to make more show than is wise. Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split;—and the white will look well but for a little while, and then become soiled, and need painting anew. Now, take my advice, and mix the black and white together."

So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes—and it made the very same gray color which he liked, and used before upon his house.

The man had, in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hopvine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary. It had always twined round two poles, which he had fastened in the earth to give it support.

But the cottager was fond of building, and he made a little arbor for it to run upon, and cluster about. He painted the arbor gray. So the rock and the cottage, and the shed and the arbor, were all of the same gray color, and every thing around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together in their arbor at the sunset of the summer's day. A stranger, who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired how every thing around that small habitation happened to have the same shade of gray.

"It is very well it is so," said the cottager,—"for my wife and I, you see, are gray also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and gray to us now."—Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate look ridiculous when he was young.

"I have thought of this circumstance," said he, "so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good. Those who love us too well are blind to our faults—and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white—the other, all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the gray paint made of opposite colors. If, then, neither the counsel of our foes, nor that of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which, mixing both together, would avoid the evil and secure the good."

LESSON XVII.

THE HEEDLESS GIRL.

Mrs. Seaford was exceedingly fond of her children. On going out to pass the evening at some distance from her own house, she one day said to them, "My dears, amuse yourselves together, but do not be rude: let me not, on my return, have any complaint against you, Rosalind, nor against you, Ameliá. You have both a little task to learn against the

morning'; so, before you go to play', each of you must finish it. George has already begun his' part; Edwin must go and complete his' lesson; and then both may come here and play with their sisters."

The children were in reality very good': they played at several games'; they made no noise', nor entered into any quarrels'; every thing was in the best order'; and they would have passed the evening very happily', if little Rosalind, on entering her papa's room', had not committed a sad fault.

Rosalind was pretty', gentle', and amiable'; but she was so extremely heedless', that she thought little of what she said', and still less of what she did. Having occasion to look for something in a closet in her father's library, she lighted a candle', but forgot to extinguish it when she found the object of her search'; indeed, she thought so little of the matter', that she actually left this lighted candle on a table among several letters', and a large heap of papers.

It was not till a quarter of an hour after this, that Rosalind, smelling something burning', recollected having left the candle in the next room', and immediately ran to find it.

Alas! what was her fright when she opened the door! The candle had fallen on one side and communicated the flame to the papers', and these had set fire to the table'; so that poor little Rosalind, on opening the door, was completely enveloped in smoke.

She cried out loudly': immediately her brothers and sisters, as well as the servant, hastened to her', and seeing the flames, they all at once exclaimed', "The house is on fire! Alas! the house is on fire!"

If any one had the presence of mind to fetch some water', the fire might at this time have been quenched'; for there was nothing yet on fire except the table and the papers. But the fright had so alarmed the spirits of every one, that they thought of nothing'; they only wept, and cried', "Oh! what a misfortune! We are lost!"

Whilst they were thus lamenting, the fire spread rapidly to the curtains, the drawers, and the wainscot', and presently all the room was in flames. The neighbors who saw the fire ran and sounded the bells'; an engine was brought, and a great crowd gathered.

The tumult now was dreadful'; on all sides, people were crying out', "Fire! fire! Water! water!"—"Here is the fire," said the neighbors, "we must knock at this house."

Carpenters forced open the windows, in order to play the engine', and cut away the wood-work to prevent the fire from increasing. This lasted for two hours', after which the fire was extinguished'; but there remained nothing of the house beside a heap of ashes and embers. Clothes', linen', books', furniture', and articles of every description', were consumed by the destructive element'; the pretty canary-bird, which was the delight of the house', was burnt to ashes'; and Rosalind herself received, in the confusion, so many hurts' that she was hardly able to stand.

At this juncture, Mr. and Mrs. Seaford arrived', and were, of course, overwhelmed with consternation. Their first object was to seek their children among the crowd'; and, having found them, they led them to the house of a friend', begging that they might be lodged there during a few days. This friend was a very obliging man', and he received them with a hearty welcome: "My unfortunate friends'," said he, "my house is open to you', and is entirely at your service. I should have found an asylum with you, if the fire had happened here."

The children, with many tears', related the way in which this sad accident had happened. "My dear children," said Mr. Seaford', "why did you not immediately throw water upon the fire', or call immediately for the assistance of our neighbors? See to what a sad condition you have reduced me! With a little courage and presence of mind', you might have prevented my house from being burnt'; but, by abandoning yourselves to alarm', you have rendered the heedlessness of Rosalind irreparable.'

Rosalind grieved much on hearing this observation', as she felt and knew that all the terror which had been excited', had been occasioned entirely by her heedless conduct.

LESSON XVIII.

INTRODUCTION TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

THE wanton boy that sports in May'
Among the wild flowers', blooming, gay',
With laughing eyes and glowing cheeks',
The brightest, freshest, fairest, seeks';

And there, delightedly, he lingers',
To pluck them with his rosy fingers';
While, like the bee, he roves among
Their sweets', and hums his little song.

He weaves a garland rich and rare',
And decorates his yellow hair':
The rose, and pink, and violet',
And honeysuckle, there are set';
The darkest cypress in the glade
Lends to the wreath its solemn shade',
And sadly smiles', when lighted up
With daisy', and with butter-cup.

Thus fair and bright each flow'r should be',
Culled from the field of Poesy';
But with the lightsome, and the gay',
Be mix'd the moralizing lay
Of those, who', like the cypress bough',
A thoughtful shade of sorrow throw
On transient buds', or flowers light',
That smile at morn, and fade at night.

LESSON XIX.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely, as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills',
When, all at once, I saw a crowd',
A host', of golden Daffodils',
Beside the lake', beneath the trees',
Flutt'ring and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine',
And twinkle', on the milky way',
They stretched, in never-ending line,
Along the margin of a bay';
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance',
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced', but they'
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee';—
 A poet could not but be gay
 In such a jocund company.
 I gazed'—and gazed'—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft', when on my couch I lie
 In vacant, or in pensive mood',
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude';
 And then my heart with pleasure fills',
 And dances with the Daffodils.

LESSON XX.

THE RAINBOW.

Beautiful bow'—in mercy given',
 A token of love to earth from heaven',
 When thou art beaming bright and fair',
 May I ever behold the promise there.

Beautiful bow'—I will look on high',
 For thou wilt appear to paint the sky',
 And bid earth's mourning children see'
 The sign of a covenant God in thee.

Beautiful bow'—when the rain-drops fall,
 And the cloud is dark like a funeral pall',
 When the sun has hidden his shining ray,
 And the birds seek shelter beneath the spray.

Beautiful bow'—a brighter one'
 Is shining round the eternal throne';
 And when life's little storm is o'er,
 May I gaze on that bow for evermore !

LESSON XXI.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

A BROOK went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping',
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream
Broke not the spell which bound him',
Like music breathing, in his dream',
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view,
Within this world of sorrow',
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from heaven may borrow';
And such was this—a scene so fair—
Arrayed in summer brightness',
And one young being resting there',
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams, fair child, are 'given',
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites thy soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For, wondering smiles of cloudless mirth
O'er thy glad features beaming',
Say, not a thought—a form of earth'—
Alloys thine hour of dreaming.

Sleep, lovely babé, for time's cold touch
Shall make these visions wither';
Youth, and the dreams which charm so much',
Shall fade and fly together.
Then sleep', while sleep is pure and mild',—
Ere earthly ties grow stronger',
When thou shalt be no more a child',
And dream of heaven no longer.

LESSON XXII.

WISHES.

Anna.

I wish I was a small bird,
Among the leaves to dwell',
To scale the sky in gladness',
Or seek the lonely dell';
My matin song should celebrate
The glory of the earth',
And my vesper hymn ring gladly
With the thrill of careless mirth.

Ellen.

I wish I was a flow'ret,
To blossom in the grove,
I'd spread my opening leaflets'
Among the plants I lovè.
No hand should roughly cull me
As I looked up to the sky';
I silently would ope to life',
And quietly would die.

Mary.

I wish I was a goldfish,
To seek the sunny wave,
To part the gentle ripplé,
And amid its coolness lavè;
I would glide through life delighted',
Amidst the glow of day',
And when night came in softness',
Beneath the starbeam play.

Mother.

Hush`! hush`! romantic prattlers',
You know not what you say',
When *soul*, the crown of mortals',
You would lightly throw away.

What is the songster's warble',
And the flow'rets blush refined',
To the noble thought of Deity
Within your opening mind'?

LESSON XXIII.

LETTER FROM A FLY.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a poor little fly. Do not, on this account, turn a deaf ear to the voice of my lamentations. Listen but this oncè, I pray', to the tale of my griefs'—and I'll never trouble you again.

It was on a beautiful warm day in the month of June, that I came into existence. I was at first astonished at the novelty of every thing around me. The warmth of the beautiful surface upon which I stood—the thousands of waving colors which seemed to touch mé, and the variety of noises around mé, quite bewildered my weak senses. I lay for some time in my snug corner', watching the movements of many of my species', in perfect wonder at the dexterity and velocity with which they moved themselves from place to place. Ah! how happy they seem', thought I. In a few days my wings will be large, and strong enough to carry me about. Then I'll play catcher' in the sunbeams with the rest', and I shall have nothing to do but fly about all day', full of enjoyment. How glad I am that I was made a little fly!

Thus ever think the young and inexperienced. Life seems nothing to them but a dream of pure happiness. But days rolled on, and I grew large and strong. My mother left me to take care of myself', and, proud of my liberty', I flew round and round the room, which then seemed to me a large world. Being rather tired one day, I sought a resting place on the head of an elderly lady. What was my astonishment at my reception! I was rudely, and cruelly, brushed off immediately. This blow disabled me so much, that I had but strength sufficient to enable me to alight, once more, on the head of a little girl who stood by. Here I remained quietly for a few minutes, nestling among her pretty ringlets. Soon, however, she put up her soft hand, to brush me off, and I flew away.

Wondering to myself what all this could mean, I went immediately to inquire the cause of my mother', in whose judgment and knowledge I had unbounded faith.

"My dear daughter'," said she', after I had told my story', "my dear daughter', you must know that without any just reason we are universally disliked by the race of human beings. You will find them your greatest enemies. Forgetting all the services which we render them by removing obnoxious things, which would otherwise create disease', they never fail to give us blows when we come near them. They have exerted all their ingenuity to invent traps, and machines, to put us to death by thousands. Never since the days of my Uncle Toby', a good man who, when one of our companions lit upon him', gently took him up', opened the window', and said to him as he flew gladly away',—'Therè, gò—there is room enough in the world for both you and mè;—never since then have I seen the least kindness exercised towards us poor flies.'" Just at this moment, the child that I have mentioned approached the window with an infant in her arms'. "Catch the fly', darling'," said shè, and before my poor mother could escape, she was torn limb from limb, by the dimpled hand of the *little darling*. Horror struck', I retired to my hole, loudly lamenting my mother's fatè—and secretly mourning' that I had been born a fly. Still I am' one, and a poor little onè—and the only way in which I can give vent to my feelings is to send this little tale, Mr. Editor', to you. Will you have compassion enough for our oppressed race to give it a place in your columns, that all your readers may know our sufferings', and that all, especially the younger part, may refrain from torturing us'—poor flies.

LESSON XXIV.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

LITTLE ANNIE* and her mother had been to make a visit to Annie's grandmother. "Oh mother'," said Annie as they were returning homè, "grandmother has given me a nice, new silver half dollar'; how hard I shall have to think what I

* Pronounced An-ny.

had better do with it." After this the little girl kept quite silent for about five minutes, walking along by the side of her mother. At length she spoke, and by her very fast talking, showed that her thoughts had not been still, if her tongue had been. "Oh mother, I have thought what I can do with my half dollar; it will buy a new head for my doll; the old one, you know, is rubbed and soiled. But then, on second thought, I do not know that I will spend it so; for though old Dolly's head is a little the worse for wear, yet I am used to her face, and I believe that I love her better than I should one of those smart, prim ladies, which I see up at the shop windows."

"I think that Dolly looks pretty well when you take care to have her dressed neatly," said Annie's mother; "and I agree with you in liking old faces better than new ones."

"Well, mother, if I should not do that, I might help the boys to buy their chessmen; they are, you know, saving their money for it. Or, I might let it go towards a silver pencil-case for sister Mary; I heard her say, the other day, that all the girls but herself had silver ones, and I am sure that she is as good as any of them, and ought to have as nice a pencil. Or I might"—what other plan Annie might have brought forward I cannot say, for, just at that moment, they came in sight of the cottage of poor old William. He was sitting in the porch of his house, looking to see the sun which was very pleasantly setting.

"How pleasant and cheerful old William's cottage looks," said Annie, who, at the sight of it, forgot for a moment her plans for disposing of her cash.

"It does, indeed, look very pleasant," said her mother, "this mild, warm evening, but it is a sad cold place in winter, and poor William suffers from the rheumatism; you see that his face is all bandaged up. I have been talking with your grandmother about him this afternoon, and we determined to try to get him a stove, which will keep him warm and comfortable this winter. Your grandmother and I will both give what we can afford, and I shall ask some other of our neighbors to contribute; and I do not doubt that we shall be able to get enough for the purpose."

"Oh mother," cried Annie, "that settles the question. Perhaps if grandmother had not seen me looking so sharp at the half dollar, when she took out her purse to give you the money for William, she would have added this half dollar to

to what she gavè; and, if you please, I will give it to him for my part', and you can stop at his door, as you go by', and just drop it into his hand', and tell him what it is for'; because," (and Annie looked a little ashamed'), "if I do not give it to him quick', I might, perhaps, have some new plan."

Her mother, though she did not exactly approve of little Annie's hasty manner of deciding', yet gave her consent. She stopped', and told her plan of the stove to poor William', who was ve y thankful to her for her kindness. She gave him little Annie's half dollar, for which he thanked her most heartily', and begged her to come, in the winter', and sit in his warm cottage', and listen to some of his stories', which all the young people were fond of hearing'. Little Annie trotted home beside her mother', happy that she had been able to contribute something to the comfort of the good old man', and relieved from the burden which the possession of money sometimes gives to older persons than shē was.

LESSON XXV.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

My son', hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother'; for they shall be an ornament of grace to thy head, and chains about thy neck.

My son', if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

My son', forget not my law, but let thy heart keep my commandments; for length of days, and long lifè, and peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee. Bind them about thy neck', write them on the table of thy heart'; so shalt thou find favor, and good understanding, in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the LORD with all thy heart', and lean not to thine own understanding'; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes. Fear the LORD, and depart from evil.

Take fast hold of instruction'; let her not go; keep her', for she is thy life.

Enter not into the path of the wicked', and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it'; pass not by it'; turn from it', and pass away. For they sleep not except they have done mischief'; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some one to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness', and drink the wine of violence. But the path of the just is as the shining light', that shineth more and more to the perfect day.

Keep thy heart with all diligence', for out of it are the issues of life.

Put away from thee a froward mouth', and perverse lips put far from thee.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard', consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler', provideth her meat in the summer', and gathereth her food in the harvest.

How long wilt thou sleep', O sluggard'; when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep'?—yet a little sleep', a little slumber', a little folding of the hands to sleep'; so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth', and thy want as an armed man.

These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination to him—a proud look', a lying tongue', and hands that shed innocent blood', a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations', feet that are swift in running to mischief', a false witness that speaketh lies', and he that soweth discord among brethren.

My son', keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments', and live'; and my law' as the apple of thine eye. Bind them on thy fingers'; write them on the table of thy heart.

LESSON XXVI.

EXTRACTS FROM EXODUS, CHAP. XIX. AND XX.

AND it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud on the mount', and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud'; so that all the people who were in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God', and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the LORD descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount shook greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spoke, and God answered him by a voice.

And the LORD came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount; and the LORD called Moses to the top of the mount, and Moses went up. And the LORD said to Moses, go down, charge the people, lest they break through to the LORD to gaze, and many of them perish. And let the priests also, who come near to the LORD, sanctify themselves, lest the LORD break forth upon them. And Moses said to the LORD, the people cannot come up to Mount Sinai; for thou didst charge us saying, set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it. And the LORD said to him, away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee; but let not the priests and the people break through to come to the LORD, lest he break forth upon them. So Moses went down to the people, and spoke to them.

And God spoke all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, who have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

Thou shalt not make to thee any graven image, or the likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation of them who hate me, and showing mercy to thousands of them who love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt do no work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made

heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is', and rested the seventh day'; wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

Honor thy father and thy mother', that thy days may be long on the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant', nor his maid-servant', nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing' that is thy neighbor's.

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet', and the mountain smoking'; and when they saw it, they removed and stood afar off'; and they said to Moses', speak thou with us, and we will hear'; but let not God' speak with us, lest we die. And Moses said to the people, fear not', for God has come to prove you', and that his fear may be before your faces', that ye sin not.

And the people stood afar off'; and Moses drew near to the thick darkness where God was.

LESSON XXVII.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND AND THIRD CHAPTERS OF THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN.

My little children', these things I write to you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father', Jesus Christ' the righteous'; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only', but also for the sins of the whole world. And hereby we do know that we know him', if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him', and keepeth not his commandments', is a liar', and the truth is not in him. But whosoever keepeth his word', in him', verily, is the love of God perfected';—hereby know we that we are in him.

He that saith he is in the light', and hateth his brother', is in darkness even till now. He that loveth his brother abi-

deth in the light', and there is no occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness', and walketh in darkness', and knoweth not whither he goeth', because darkness hath blinded his eyes.

Love not the world', nor the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life', is not of the Father', but of the world'; and the world passeth away', and the lust thereof; but he that doth the will of God abideth forever.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us', that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth not us', because it knew not him. Beloved', now are we the sons of God', and it doth not yet appear what we shall be', but we know that when hē shall appear wē shall be like him', for we shall see him as he is. And every man who hath this hope in him purifieth himself', even as hē is pure. Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law', for sin is the transgression of the law. And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins'; and in him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in him' sinneth not'; whosoever sinneth hath not seen him', nor known him.

We know that we have passed from death to life', because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer'; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. Hereby we perceive the love of God', because he laid down his life for us'; and wē ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoever hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him', how dwelleth the love of God in him'?

My little children', let us not love in word', nor in tongue, but in deed and truth'; and hereby we know that we are of the truth', and shall assure our hearts before him. For if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart', and knoweth all things. Beloved', if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God. And whatsoever we ask we receive it of him', because we keep his commandments', and do those things which are pleasing in his sight. And this is his commandment', that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ', and love one another', as he gave us commandment. And he who keepeth

his commandments dwelleth in him', and hē in him'; and hereby we know that he abideth in us', by the Spirit which he hath given us.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE APPLE.

GEORGE SANDERS was the most selfish boy that I ever knew. He never seemed to think it of any sort of consequence whether his brothers, or sisters, or schoolmates', were gratified or made happy in any way', provided hē could only do as he liked', or have what he wanted, himself.

His mother came into the room one day, bringing in her hand an apple apiece for Georgé, and his little brother and sister. George eagerly took the apple from his mother', but, looking at those given to the other children, he exclaimed', "Why, mother! Jane's is a good deal larger than minè ;—you have given mē the very smallest one of all."

"Well, here, George', I will change with you'," said his sister mildly', as she extended her ōwn apple and offered to take his.

"But stop',—let me see which is the best'," said George, as he took a large mouthful from his ōwn, and then tried Jāne's. "Yours is the largest', but mine is the sweetest', so you must let me keep a piece of mine into the bargain."

What a mean spirit this showed! A generous, noble minded boy would not have done such a thing for all the apples in the country. But George never seemed to consider', or care for the appearance of such things'; if he could only get what he wanted', that was all he thought about it.

At school he showed the same disposition. He would always secure a good place in the entry for hanging up his ōwn hat and great coat', even if he had to knock down those of some other boy for the purpose. At recitation time, George would be seen hurrying and pushing along', so as to be sure to get the end seat by the open window. This seat was a very pleasant one', and all the boys liked it'; but no one but George Sanders' ever thought of rŭshing towards it to prevent any other boy from getting it.

When the weather was cold, George would be sure to be stationed at the best place he could find by the fire, and there he would sit, sometimes during a whole recess, without so much as offering to make room for another boy, though he looked ever so cold.

I might go on and mention twenty ways in which George manifested that selfish disposition for which he was so much disliked by his companions; but those which I have given will answer as specimens.

Now, we would not have it understood that we are blaming George for liking to occupy a pleasant seat at recitations, or for sitting by a comfortable fire, or for placing his clothes where they would be safe from injury. The selfishness consisted in his wishing to secure these advantages to himself, without thinking or caring about any body else. It is perfectly proper for every person to have a regard to his own convenience, and pleasure, or comfort; but he ought to have a regard to that of other people besides.

Selfish people are always disliked by every body around them, and they are never happy themselves; or, at any rate, they never enjoy a hundredth part as much as those who take an interest in promoting the enjoyment of others. George Sanders, perhaps, scarcely ever experienced in his life, a feeling of higher satisfaction and pleasure, than Alfred Morton would contrive to secure for himself almost every day, by some plan or other that he would devise for promoting the enjoyment of his younger brothers and sisters, or his companions at school. "Come, boys," said Alfred, as he was walking before school, one summer's morning, with a number of his class-mates; "I have a plan to propose;—let each of us go to work with our jack-knives, and make up a lot of whistles from these willows, for those little fellows in the third class. I saw some of them trying their skill at the business yesterday, but they didn't succeed very well. If we each make two, that will be enough for all of them."

"Agreed," said one and another of the boys, and all went to work. In less than half an hour, ten or a dozen fine musical instruments were manufactured, one for each of the little boys.

"We will keep them until recess," said Alfred, "for fear they will take the attention of the boys from their studies; and then, when play-time comes, what a whistling there will be!"

Alfred made no parade of his own agency in the plan. "Here, boys," said he, presenting the two which he had in his hand, while the others did the same, "should you like to have some whistles?" This was all that he had to do or say about it. The little boys were delighted with being able to make so much noise as the united sound of all the instruments produced; and Alfred felt quite as happy as they.

So far from wishing to secure the best of every thing to himself, Alfred would generally save the prettiest flowers, or the finest fruit he met with, for his little sisters, or for one of his companions.

Who can doubt that Alfred enjoyed as much from his manner of disposing of the largest strawberries, and the most beautiful roses which he found, as George Sanders did in eating his sister's apple, for which he bargained so advantageously?

LESSON XXIX.

THE LOST DOG.

THERE was once a dog whose name was Rover. He had a kind and indulgent master, who gave him plenty of food to eat, and milk to drink. He also allowed this favorite dog to lie on the hearth-rug before the fire, in the day-time, and provided him with a nice bed of hay at night.

The dog was therefore very fond of his master; and when he saw him approaching, he would wag his tail, prick up his ears, and jump for joy. He always went out walking with him wherever he went, and had many a pleasant ramble in the fields and woods.

But Rover loved to wander. He wanted liberty to go off to a distance from his master, who was obliged to keep him by his side, for fear he should get lost. This the dog thought very hard. "Why may I not sometimes go out alone?" said he. "Other dogs go where they please, and come back when they please; and I am determined that I will do the same."

So, on one fine afternoon, when his master had gone out, Rover set off to take a ramble in the woods. The air was very warm and pleasant, and he was delighted to roam about at his ease, and chase the birds and squirrels that came in his way.

Time flew on so rapidly that the poor dog did not observe that the sun was just setting, and that he was far from home. He, however, being at length fatigued, turned about, and set off for home. But he was quite bewildered, and could not find the way back.

Poor Rover! He now wished that he had not left his kind master and good home, for he feared he should never see either of them again. He left the woods and went into the road, to see if he could get into some house where he might sleep for the night.

While he was going from place to place, in this disconsolate manner, a poor man, who was going home to his family after a hard day's work, had compassion upon him and took him with him.

But, in this poor man's house he had nothing but a cold stone floor to lie upon; and he dared not go near the fire, because the cottager's wife, who could not bear to have a dog in the house, kicked and beat him every time he ventured near her. He had no soft bed made for him at night, and as for food, there was hardly enough for the children, so that Rover was fed but sparingly.

How bitterly did the poor dog now lament that he had left his kind master, and good home! How often did he try to find his way back! But it was all in vain. He did not live long after this change of circumstances. He pined away, and soon died of hunger and grief.

There are many little children like Rover, who do not know what is best for them, and who are discontented with what their parents and friends do for them. If they are denied any gratification which they desire, they are apt to seek it, in spite of all warning, and are sure to be sufferers for so doing.

LESSON XXX.

THE LOVE OF EASE.

IN a dirty, ruinous looking house, that stood in one of the back streets of a smoky town, there lived an elderly man of the name of Smith. Very few people knew, and fewer cared', any thing about him'; yet it was impossible to pass his abode without noticing the broken window panes mended with paper, or stuffed with rags, and the wretched courtyard overgrown with nettles', and bestrewed with fragments of earthenware'; the appearance of the whole bespeaking the sloth and misery of the owner. Smith himself' was not often visible, but occasionally he might be seen on a sunshiny morning, leaning with his arms folded over the pales of his yard', basking in the heat like his old tabby cat. And sometimes on a dark evening, his long, lean, shabby figuré might be discerned hovering over a handful of fire in his rusty grate. It is true that there are, in every town', individuals equally wretched and comfortless'; and it is also true that in most, if not in every instance of the kind', there is more of fault than of misfortune. But, in the case of Smith, it is worthy of record', that he was a man remarkable for his relish for the good and agreeable things of life. Though he was wretched', he had certainly no taste for wretchedness'; though he was destitute of pleasuré, pleasure was the thing he most desired. From his early childhood his love of gratification was so great, that whenever an opportunity offered, he never failed to avail himself of it'; whether to do so were right' or wrong', in season' or out of season', he would deny himself no enjoyment thên; by which means he is denied every enjoyment nôw. So improvident are the indulgent', even in scorning the very things that are most valued by them!

Smith was apprenticed to an honest trade', and he wanted not ability to become more than ordinarily expert in it. But whenever his master's back was turned, he thought it more agreeable to gossip over the fire with his fellow-apprentices', to crack a pocket full of nuts', to play a game of 'whist', to read a dirty novel', or even to sit resting his head on his hands, over the bench', than to go on with his work. Thus, at the end of seven years, he left his master with an imper-

fect knowledge of his business', an indifferent character', and, worse than all', with desultory and idle habits.

Now, if he had but so far denied himself while he was an apprentice, as to have applied diligently to his business', he might have earned money enough as a journeyman to procure him all those comforts and enjoyments of which he was so fond. But instead of this, he was obliged to get work at low wages', when and where he could'; so that he was poor', though he hated poverty', and he that was so fond of dainty fare' had many a scanty meal.

Having, as before hinted, read a great many worthless novels during his apprenticeship', his indolent mind was often occupied in the injurious habit of *castle building*. There was no handsome and gallant chevalier in old romance', no elegant and accomplished hero of modern tale', with whom this meager', threadbare, and dirty journeyman', would not at times identify himself. "Who knows'," he would often think', "but I may one day happen to have good luck': some do', and why should not I?" Those persons have always the highest expectations from luck' who are least disposed to make use of their cunning. The many hours, in every week, that poor Smith sat dreaming over his hopes and his wishes for prosperity, would have done a great deal, well employed', to help him out of adversity. But it was much easier, he thought', to sit still' and wish for wealth and honor', than to work hard for competence and credit. At any rate, he would not', or, as he thought', he could not', deny himself this unprofitable amusement. Besides', he knew very well, that the utmost diligence in his business would do no more than enable him to live with credit and comfort in his present' rank of life'; and that' did not at all meet the ideas of one who was so familiar with great names', and high life', as are all readers of fiction'; so he preferred to wait for the incalculably small chances of fortune', rather than to accept the certain rewards of industry. He thought the outside' of a palace' better than the inside of a cottage.

Every one who loves pleasure, knows how indispensable health is to the enjoyment of it'; yet those who most value their ease, are generally the least careful in preserving it. Little acts of indulgence' commonly introduce strong habits of intemperance. Thus Smith quickly lost one of the great advantages of honest poverty'—health. Surely, it must

have been a great denial to one who was so fond of pleasure', to be always in pain! He had better have denied himself.

But how many people live in comfort and credit, who are yet little practiced in the art of self-denial. If indulgence always reduced one to wretchedness and contempt', there would be nothing to be said for it. Nor is there any thing to be said for it', although the degrees of outward misery to which it subjects individuals are various. It is truly remarked by Dr. Johnson' that, "in proportion as we consult our ease', we part from happiness';" yes', in *exact* proportion. It is not necessary to be dirty', ragged', hungry', solitary', and despised', in order to be uncomfortable. A man, reclining on the softest couch, in the most splendid apartments in the world', surrounded with obsequious attendants, and pampered with every delicacy', may be pretty nearly as devoid of comfort as poor Smith in his miserable house.. Few persons are more uneasy than they who are quite at ease.

If, then, the indulgent, and pleasure-loving, had but a little more forethought and consideration', they would become self-denying out of mere selfishness'; from a conviction that round about is the nearest way to happiness.

How happy are they who, from better motives than their own immediate gratification, have learned to take up, daily, the light cross'; to bring every thought', word', and action', into captivity', and holy obedience'; and who thus reap the large benefit of present comfort, and satisfaction', with the good hope of an eternal reward!

LESSON XXXI.

THE MOTH.

A MILD September evening'—twilight already stealing over the landscape'—shades yonder sloping cornfield, whence the merry reapers have this day borne away the last sheaf. A party of gleaners have since gathered up the precious fragments. Now, all are gone'; the harvest moon is up'; a low mist rising from the river floats in the valley. There is a gentle stirring amongst the leaves of the tall elm that shades our roof—all besides is still. The gray and quiet scene invites reflection.

Wishing the reader to participate in our meditations', we were in the very act of committing to paper some sage considerations on the departure of another summer—but a very small and elegant moth, attracted by the candles, has this moment descended on the sheet', within an inch of our pen', and with the light stroke of his wing has broken our thread of thought—will the reader excuse it', if it break his alsó?

The delicacy and perfection of its form', and exquisite lace-work of its airy wing', its swift and noiseless movements', a body nearly as ethereal and unincumbered as if it were a soul', its independence', its innocence', awaken admiration—and', (contrasted with the inertness and languor with which our cumbrous frames are often oppressed,) might excite envy' too.

Who can guess what are its imaginings concerning the extensive plain on which it has just arrived'? Is it a field of dazzling light', an enchanted region of pleasure and brightness'? He flutters his wings as though his dreams of joy were at length realized. From the dun shades of the evening without, he has suddenly launched into a new world of magic splendor', illumined with radiant suns. How little does he think', (of this' at least we may be sùre'), that this shining plain is no other than a sheet of foolscap'!—that those glorious suns' are inglorious candles'!—such are the illusions of moths!

It would be very desirablé, some young reader may think', if it were possible', to undeceive him'; and', supposing him capable of understanding it', to rectify all his mistakes, by addressing him in some such language as this':—"You are only a moth', and you have no idea what insignificant things môths are! you know nothing at all': you can't imagine what an astonishing number of things there aré that you have not even hêard of. Wê think nothing of you'; wê are really of importancé; but you are of nô importancé—you are only an insect. You sometimes do us mischief by eating holes in our clothes'; and very tiresome it is that such little creatures as you should be able to do us' mischief': having this opportunity, I must desire you not to do so any moré, for what you eat is not at all nicè; it is cloth', not food'; why should you eat clôth? I wish that you would mention this to all your relations': and as to the place that you are now on', it is nothing in the world but a sheet of

paper' on which a person is writing': but you don't know what writing means', I dare say'; indeed; it is of no use to talk to you, you are so extremely ignorant', moth'." With a few variations, how suitable would be such an address to some things that are not moths! And to beings a little higher than ourselves in the scale of reason, how similar to those of the moth must appear the illusions of men? How many of the objects of our ardent pursuit are as destitute of intrinsic excellencé, as empty of happiness', as we know the glare of the light to be, in which an insect so joyously flutters its wings! It does not, indeed, require the intellect of an angel' to know this—experience teaches it, at last', even to dull scholars. Children can laugh at the folly of an insect': youths soon learn to ridicule the toys and sports of children'; men smile at the vanities of youth'; wise men at the pleasures of weak men'—and, not seldom', at their own'; while angels' look down with surprise and pity on all—smiling most at the mistakes of the man', and least at those of the moth!

Fortunately enough for our moral', the little hero of the piece has this moment expired in the flame of the candle, and that', in spite of the most praiseworthy exertions on our part to deter him from the rash adventure. In vain we whisked our quill in every dissuasive attitude; (an employment', by the way', to which we are but too much accustomed'); he was resolved'—and could he have given utterance to his feelings', no doubt he would have expressed his certain persuasión that it must be a desirable and a delightful thing to sport in that elegant flame. Who can witness this common catastrophe without observing the analogy', and reading the oft-told moral'? Even if it had not scorched a single feather', if he could have lived there, still, we could assure him, he could not *find happiness in a candle*. He would have been a thousand times more comfortable, as well as more safe, hid in the dark folds of the curtain', or fixed within the protection of some broad shadow on the wall', or in any of the natural and customary haunts of his species. So it is with all unsanctioned pleasures'; even if they were not dangerous' they would be disappointing'—but, we know, they are both the one and the other.

How quickly was that most complete and delicate machine destroyed! an engine, which the united sagacity and ingenuity of man' could not restore! No wonder that so

fine and fragile a creature should be liable to swift destruction:—but let not the strong glory in their strength, for behold' "wē are crushed before the moth."

THE MOTH'S SONG.

Ah'! what shall I dó,
To express unto you
What I think, what I feel, what I know, and pursue!

With my elegant face,
And my wing of lacé,
How lightly the motes of the evening I chase!

Though I am but a moth,
And feed upon cloth,
To me it is pleasant and nourishing both.

And this region of light,
So broad and so bright,
It makes my heart dance with a strange delight!

If dismal to you,
'Tis the best of the twó;
For Oh! it is pleasant, this wide-shining view!

There are lights afar,
More bright than a star;
You say there are candles—I'll see if they are.

I gó, and I fly;
And so, good-by'!—
Ah mè! what is it?—I diè! I diè!

LESSON XXXII.

SLIDING ON THE BROOK.

"GRANDMOTHER, grandmother!" said two boys in the same breath, as they rushed into the parlor with great coats on, and fur caps, and red tippets round their necks,—“we

want to go down to the brook and slide. May wé? All the boys are going."

Their grandmother was a pleasant looking old lady, sitting by the corner of the fire', mending stockings. She lifted up her spectacles from her nose', and told the little boys that she could not let them go. The ice was not very strong', and she was afraid they would break through', and get wet', and, perhaps', be drowned'; for the water was very deep in some places. They would not know where the deep places were.

The boys were sadly disappointed. John fidgeted with his tippet'; took it off'; tied it on again'; bit his lip'; but tears would come in spite of all he could do to keep them away.

Edward, the oldest', looked angry'; but he was too manly to cry. "Come, John'," said he, "if grandmother won't let us go to the brook', let's have some fun in 'snow-balling. Oh! we'll build a fort';—that will be just the thing. Come', let us be at it."

"That you may do, my boys'," said their grandmother "Put on your thick mittens', and when you get cold', come in and warm you. I shall have two little pies ready for your luncheon."

John loved good things to eat, rather more than a good boy ought to'; and the promise of one of his grandmother's sweet pies did more toward making up for his disappointment than the proposal of the snow fort.

The boys ran to the barn, where the wind, as it whistled round the corner', had gathered the snow into a pure white drift in one place, and swept the ground quite free from it in another. They thought this a grand place for their fort', and, with a light snow-shovel and two short poles', commenced operations.

Edward was the master-workman. He had helped to build a fort before. They worked very diligently for a time', and were quite gratified with what they accomplished. Several blocks of snow were soon dug out, and arranged on the ground. But it was hard work to dig into the drift', and get them out after they were shaped.

Edward was famous for beginning new things with a great deal of spirit', but not remarkable for perseverance and industry in finishing' them. It was not surprising to hear him exclaim, in a short time, as he shook the snow from his mittens', "Oh, I'm tired. We can't finish this. It's of no use to try."

John was rather unwilling to leave the fort. "Let us go into the house and get our pies', if you are tired; and then we can come back again'," said he.

Just at that moment, they heard loud shouting and laughing from the boys on the brook. Edward started and ran to the fence, a little way from the barn', where the brook could be seen. John followed. The brook had overflowed its banks, and there was quite a field of ice in the meadow. A dozen boys, or more, were scattered over it', and seemed in high glee. Some were sliding, some were looking on. One had learned to skate', and was trying to teach the art to two clumsy boys', who, for the first time, had put skates on. It was their awkward movements and falls, that caused the merriment which John and Edward heard.

They were much interested in watching the movements of the boys', and, almost unconsciously', every few minutes they would walk on a few steps', that they might see more distinctly what was going on. They were now so near, that Edward saw a boy, whom he knew very well', slide on the ice a long way. "That's a rēal good slidè," he exclaimed; "I *will* gō;" and away he ran', leaving his brother to follow or not', as he chose. John hesitated. He knew that it was wrong to go', but still he looked.

It is very easy to think of some kind of excuse for doing wrong', when we want to do it. John thought, "Well', it isn't worse for mē to go than it was for Edward." In a few minutes, both boys were sliding on the brook.

The ice was not very strong', and it was not long before it began to crack and bend' beneath the weight of the boys. The elder ones would venture on the most dangerous places', proud of their couragè; and the younger and more timid soon followed. Presently, the ice gave way. All the boys escaped but John. He, poor little fellow', was up to his neck in water', and sadly frightened. Edward seemed in agony, lest he should be drowned. It was some minutes before he got out. His feet jüst touchèd the bottom'; and several times, as he got almost out', the ice would break', and hē fall back again. At last, two boys tied their tippets together, and threw hīm one' end, while thēy held the other. In this way, he was rescued. But there he stood on the bank', crying bitterly, and shivering with the cold', while the water was dripping from his clothes.

Edward tried to comfort him. He wiped him as dry as he could with his pocket handkerchief', and generously took all the blame to himself. But John's conscience was not so easily quieted. Cold as he was', he hesitated about going home', for he was afraid to see his grandmother. Edward persuaded him, at last, to go up to the house the back way. They went softly into the kitchen. Edward fixed a warm seat for John by the fire', and then went and frankly told his grandmother all about it', begging that John might not be blamed', or punished in any way.

Their grandmother saw, at once, that no further punishment would be necessary for either. John was undressed, and rubbed with warm flannel, and put to bed. A rheumatic fever, which confined him to the house for several weeks, was the consequence. Edward never before manifested so much affection for his brother': he was unwearied in efforts to amuse him. He felt that John's sufferings were owing, in a great measure, to himself. He was the older brother', and should have been a safe example for John.

Their grandmother told them, that she wanted them both to learn a lesson from it', which was', that they should never put themselves in the way of temptation to do wrong. If they were forbidden to join the boys in any sport, they ought not to stand to look at them, lest the temptation should prove too strong for them to resist. The consequences of doing wrong, she told them', were always bad', and sometimes very dreadful.

LESSON XXXIII.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO BE LAUGHED AT.

SCHOOL was just out. A number of boys were to be seen scattered in groups near the door. "Come, boys', let's have a game of marbles'," said Charles Edwards to those who were standing idle near him. "Agreed'! that's the best game we can have';—we must each put down two'," was their ready answer.

"Come, William', come play with us'," called out one of them to William Parker, who was standing at a little dis-

tance. "You'll put down, won't you'?" William's mother had told him that very morning, that she hoped he would never play marbles again. Perhaps she would not have thought about it, had not William, the afternoon before', brought home a bag full, that he had won. When he showed them to her, he told her how angry the boys, from whom he won them, became, and how they insisted that he did not play fair. His mother asked him if he never felt angry himself', when he was playing. After thinking a few minutes, he said', "Yes', mother', sometimes I do. It is enough to make any body angry, sometimes. Should you not think it was, mother'," added he', "when we lose all our marbles', and when the others try to cheat?"

"I should think it would be a great temptation, my son', and therefore I hope that you will not play again."

The next morning, before he went to school, his mother repeated the same thing to him'; for she was afraid that he might have forgotten it. "Mind', William'," said she', "and have nothing to do with marbles to-day."

William remembered all this when the boys asked him to play'; so he said, "No', I don't wish to."

It would have been well if he had told them plainly his reason'; but he felt a little afraid to do this. He knew that some would laugh at him, and he had a great dread of ridicule; so he only said', "I don't wish to."

"I know the reason'," said Ned Roberts'; "he won a good many last night'; and he's afraid to play', because he thinks he'll lose them." "That is not' the reason," said William, calmly. It was easy for him to command his temper', because he knew that the other boys would not believe what Ned said. In fact', they asked Ned if he was not ashamed to say so', when William had given him a fine piece of red twine for his top', that very afternoon. "That is all the thanks which any one gets for doing Ned a kindness'," said they. Ned was silent', and looked mortified'; for he felt the reproof to be deserved.

"I can guess the reason'," said John Maxwell. "I guess that his mother won't let him play." Instead of frankly owning the truth, William colored', and looked confused. The other boys saw this', and were determined that he should play with them yet. "Just play one game with us. We won't ask you to play but once'. What harm can there be in just rolling a marble? My mother lets mē play."

"Are you afraid of your mother?" said one. "Oh, no, he's afraid of rolling a marble," called out another. At this they all laughed. This last was more than William could bear. "I am not afraid of playing," said he, in a decided tone. "That's right," said one of the boys; just put down two." He felt in his pocket, and then remembered that he had left his bag at home. "I have not any to play with. Who'll lend me some?" added he quickly; for he saw that the boys looked as though they thought he wanted to get off.

"I will, I will," said several; "how many do you want?" "Twenty." There was not one who could lend so many, but, getting five from one, three from another, and six from a third, and so on, he soon completed his number. "Let's put down five," said he. They agreed.

William was a remarkably good player. But the first three or four times, he lost all he put down. He felt that he was doing wrong, and could take no pleasure in it. But, remembering that he must pay for the borrowed marbles, he summoned up all his skill, and played with his usual success. He became excited and interested. He not only returned the twenty which he had borrowed, but won twenty more.

It was now late, and the boys put up their marbles. There was scarcely one who did not feel dissatisfied either with himself or others. They either blamed themselves for being careless, and envied others, or declared that there had not been fair play. William returned home with the same uneasy feelings with which he had commenced play. He felt that he had done wrong, and he was unhappy. He thought of the marbles which he had won, and wished that he could return them. "I'll never play again," thought he to himself, "though I won't tell mother this time, for it can't do any good now, and it will only make her sorry."

As soon as he reached home, instead of going to look for his mother, as he generally did, to tell what he had done at school, and how he had said his lessons, he went up into his own room, and, opening one of his drawers, took out his top. But he felt no pleasure with that. His top was his favorite plaything; he liked to spin that better than to play marbles: yet, now it gave him no pleasure. He sat down on a chair near his bed-side, sad and unhappy. He thought of his mother,—how kind she always was. He remembered how often she had told him that, when he had done

wrong', he should come and tell hër. He resolved, at length, to tell her the whole story.

When, however, he found himself alõne with his mother', he found it harder to tell her what he wished her to know', than he had thought it would be. But, making a great effort', "Mother'," said hë, in a sorrowful tonë, "I have done something very wrong this afternoon', and I am very sorry for it. I have been playing marbles', which you wished me nõt to do." "I am sorry, my son', that you forgot so soon what I told you this morning'," said his mother', seriously', yet kindly', looking towards him. William, if he had been like some boys', might have let the matter rest here'; but he knew that if he did', his mother would be deceived': so he said', "I did not forget it', mother';" and then he told her the whole story.

Mrs. Parker was surprised when she heard him say this'; for William was seldom guilty of the sin of disobeying his mother. But she was willing to forgive him', for she saw that he was truly penitent. William sat quietly by her for some timë : at last', after a silence of some minutes, he said', "Mother', I wish that the boys would never laugh at me ; I can't bear to be laughed at."

"I am not at all surprised that you do not like to be laughed at," replied his mother. "There never was a person who did. But yet we ought always to be willing to do what we know is our duty', in spite of the ridicule of the whole world. It oftentimes requires a great effort', I know'—a great deal of what is called moral courage, a term which you have often heard', and which means a readiness to do what we know is right', be the consequences what they may. 'This is a kind of courage that every body needs', and which you must take pains to cultivate. Many persons have a great deal of what may be called physical' courage ; that is', they are ready to brave almost any danger to their përsõns, but, at the same timë, they have the greatest fear of being laughed at. They are afraid to do even what they are positive they ought to dõ, if they think there is any danger that people will censure or ridicule them. But, now, I want you to rise above such feelings. Always be willing to do what is right', and refuse to do what is wrong', though every boy in school may laugh at you."

William promised that he would try.

The next day, in recess, one of the boys came to William, and asked if he would play a game at marbles.

"No," answered William, firmly, but at the same time, very pleasantly.

"Are you afraid to roll marbles?" asked Ned Roberts, in a sneering tone. "You played yesterday, and you may as well play to-day."

"I did wrong to play then," said William. "My mother is unwilling that I should play, because she knows that I am apt to get out of temper; and so she wishes me to avoid the temptation. I will play any thing else which you would like to have me."

The boys looked at each other, but they said nothing, and no one seemed disposed to laugh. Their feeling was rather that of respect for William's frank behavior.

William found it much easier to act in this manner than he had supposed. He went on acquiring, by degrees, firmness and decision of character. Sometimes, it is true, he would find it very hard to do right; but whenever he thought of the marbles, there was little danger that he would do wrong from fear of being laughed at.

LESSON XXXIV.

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOR.

"Do you think, said Clara pertly, that there ever was an instance of any one loving another as well as himself?"

"Many," said Mrs. Mills. "History abounds with examples that demonstrate the existence of such a virtue. If you are at all acquainted with history, you cannot forget the friendship of Damon and Pythias, nor the noble conduct of Leonidas, and many heroes of antiquity, who devoted themselves to death for the service of their country."

Clara, ashamed to confess that she was totally unacquainted with history, was silent; but William, who was better informed, acknowledged that those heroes might truly be said to love others as well, nay better, than themselves; but, he added, it is a long time since they lived.

"It is not on that account," said Mrs. Mills, "the less true that they did exist, and that the events recorded happened; but I could bring many examples from modern history to prove that it is possible to love our neighbors as ourselves; nay, I can cite one which happened within these

last fifty years from a people whom we hold to be uncivilized. Did you ever hear of the Cataract of Niagará ?”

“Never,” replied Clara.

“Nor you, William?”

“Never.”*

“Well, then,” said Mrs. Mills, “imagine to yourself an immense river, increased by a number of lakes, or rather seas, falling perpendicularly from a rock one hundred and thirty-seven feet high, and you will form an idea of the Cataract of Niagará.”

“I think,” said William, “that I recollect Mr. Smyth, our geographical master, describing it: is it not in Canada, a province of North America?”

“It is,” said Mrs. Mills, “and is esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in the world; for two leagues above the great fall, the river is interrupted by a variety of less ones, and runs with such rapidity, that the largest canoe would be overturned in an instant. Higher up the river is navigable, as you will find by the story I am going to relate.”

“Two Indians went out one day in their canoe, at a sufficient distance from the cataract to be, as they imagined, out of danger; but having drank too frequently of some brandy which they unfortunately had with them, the fumes of it created a drowsiness, and they were so imprudent as to stretch themselves at the bottom of the canoe, where they fell asleep.

“The canoe in the mean time, which they had been towing against the stream, drove back further and further, and would, in a very short time, have precipitated them down the fall, had not the noise of it, which is heard at the distance of six, and, at certain times, fifteen leagues, awakened them. Figure to yourselves, my dear children, what must have been the feelings of the poor creatures at this moment, and how dearly they repented the intemperance which had hurried them into such danger. They exclaimed, in an agony not to be expressed, that they were lost; but exerted their strength to work the canoe towards an island which lies at the brink of the fall. Upon this, exhausted with labor and fatigue, they at last landed; but, on reflection, they were sensible that unless they could find means to escape from this island, they had only exchanged one kind of death for another, since they must

* The speakers, here, lived in England.

unavoidably perish with hunger. The situation of the island, however, gave them some hopes'; the lower end of it touches the edge of the precipice whence the water falls', and divides the cataract into two parts'; a space is consequently left between', where no water falls', and the rock' is seen naked. Necessity supplied them with invention'; they formed a ladder of the bark of the linden tree', and fastening one end of it to a tree that grew at the edge of the precipice', descended by it to the water below', into which they threw themselves', thinking, as it was not rapid in this part', to swim to shore."

"Had it been my case'," said Clara, "I should rather have died of hunger in the island', than have attempted my escape that way."

"The Indians'," said Mrs. Mills, "acted more wisely'; while hope remains, it is our duty to exert our efforts to avert the misfortune that threatens us'; when unavoidable', it is the highest wisdom to bear it with fortitude and resignation."

"And did they reach the shore, aunt'?" said William'."

"No'," replied Mrs. Mills'. "The waters of the two cataracts, (for you know I told you that one part of the fall was on one side of the island, and the other on the other,) meeting', formed an eddy which, when they began to swim', threw them back with violence against the rock. They made repeated trials', but with the same ill success': until, at length, worn out with fatigue', their bodies much bruised', and the skin in many parts torn off', from the violence with which they were constantly thrown against the rock', they were forced to climb up the ladder again, into the island', from which they now thought nothing but death could deliver them."

"Their hopes once more revived, when they perceived some Indians on the opposite shore. By signs and cries they at last drew their attention'; but such was the perilous situation of the island, that though these saw and pitied them', they gave them small hopes of assistance. The governor of the fort, however, being acquainted with their situation', humanely conceived a project for their deliverance. He reflected that the water on the eastern side of the island, notwithstanding its rapidity, is shallow', and thought that by the help of long poles pointed with iron', it might be possible to walk to the island. The difficulty

was, to find a person endued with sufficient courage and generosity to attempt their rescue at the hazard of his own life."

"Indeed'," said Clara, "if their deliverance depended upon that, I should think that small hope remained."

"It was nevertheless effected," said Mrs. Mills'. "Two generous Indians undertook to execute the governor's project, resolving to deliver their poor brethren, or to perish in the attempt."

"Is it possible?" said William'; "what noble souls!"

"Yes'," said Mrs. Mills'; "they prepared for their perilous expedition, and took leave of all their friends, as if they had been going to death. Each was furnished with two poles pointed with iron, which they set to the bottom of the stream, to keep them steady and support them against the current, which must otherwise have carried them along with it. In this manner they proceeded, and actually arrived at the island, where, delivering two of the poles to the poor Indians, who had now been nine days upon the island, and were almost starved to death, they all four returned safe to the shore."

"What a providential escape!" said William'; "how rejoiced the poor fellows must have been to receive the poles that were to assist them in getting away!"

"Their joy," said Mrs. Mills', "on the prospect of their deliverance, must certainly have been great, but, I will venture to affirm, it did not exceed that of the generous Indians, who hazarded their lives to effect it."

"It certainly could not," said William', "but what a risk they ran!"

"True," said Mrs. Mills', "but on the other hand, what a gratification! do you think there could be a pleasure equal to that felt by the generous Indians, when they effected the deliverance of their poor countrymen?"

"They were certainly noble creatures," said Clara; "one does not often hear, even in civilized countries, of persons who act so disinterestedly."

"Though instances of such generosity," said Mrs. Mills, "do not occur daily, they are, nevertheless, more frequent than we are aware of."

"Do you think so?" said William.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mills', "the most generous actions are performed in secret, and shun the noise of public fame:

on this account it is that they do not so often come under our observation. I know, nevertheless, of several that might be put in competition with this which I have just recited: one, in particular, at this moment occurs to my remembrance."

"Dear aunt," said William and his sister, at the same instant, "do relate it."

"The fact I allude to," said Mrs. Mills, "happened within these seven or eight years in France, at a place called Noyon.* Four men, who were employed in cleansing a common sewer, on opening a drain, were so affected with the fetid vapors, that they were unable to return. The lateness of the hour, (for it was eleven at night,) rendered it difficult to procure assistance, and the delay must have been fatal, had not a young girl, a servant in the family, with courage and humanity that would have done honor to the most elevated station, at the hazard of her own life attempted their deliverance. This generous girl, who was only seventeen years of age, was, at her request, let down seven different times to the poor men, by a rope, and was so fortunate as to save two of them pretty easily; but, in tying the third to a rope, which was let down to her for that purpose, she found her breath failing, and was so much affected with the vapor as to be in danger of suffocation. In this dreadful situation, she had the presence of mind to tie herself by her hair to the rope, and was drawn up, almost expiring, with the poor man in whose behalf she had so humanely exerted herself."

"I will answer for it," said Clara, "she had not courage to venture down for the other."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Mills; "far from being intimidated, the moment she recovered her spirits, she insisted on being let down for the poor creature that remained, and she actually was; but her exertions at this time failed of success, the poor man being drawn up dead."

"Is this really a true story?" said Clara. "It is an undoubted fact," replied Mrs. Mills, "the corporation of the town of Noyon, as a small token of their approbation, presented the generous girl with six hundred livres,† and conferred on her the civic crown, with a medal engraven with the arms of the town, her name, and a narrative of the action. It is also said that the duke of Orleans sent her five hundred livres, and settled two hundred yearly on her for life."

* No-yon.

† Pronounced lee-vers.

"But to return," said Mrs. Mills, "to our first point: these, and many more examples of the same kind that I could cite, prove, that when our blessed Lord commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves, he does not exact that which is beyond the ability of his creatures to perform."

LESSON XXXV.

THE SPIDER.

"A SPIDER," exclaimed Clarà, starting on one side—"I am sō frightened!"

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, "I am not going to put the poor thing upon you, and I am sure it will sooner run from you than to you."

"Oh," said Clarà, "I am sō terrified! I have such an aversion to spiders!"

"On what account, my dear?" said Mrs. Mills. "Let us take the other path, and talk this matter coolly over. Tell me, from what does your aversion to these inoffensive insects arise?"

"Oh là!* aunt, I can't tell; they are such ugly creatures, the very thought of them makes me shudder."

"But, my dear child, if you have no better reason for disliking them, you must allow me to say, it is a prejudice which a little resolution would enable you to surmount."

"Oh aunt," replied Clarà, "it is impossible that I should ever endure the sight of a spider; I took a dislike to them when I was a very little girl, and I am certain, if one was to be put upon me, that I should fall into fits."

"If you think sō," said Mrs. Mills, "it is your duty to surmount a prejudice which accident might render fatal to you."

"Oh dear," said Clarà, "it would be in vain for me to try; when people have such an antipathy to a thing, it is impossible to overcome it."

"If I convince you," said Mrs. Mills, "that it is possible to overcome such an antipathy, will you promise me to use your endeavors to get the better of your dislike to spiders?"

* Pronounced *low*;—vulgar.

"I have the greatest opinion of what you say, Madam'," said Clarà, "but, I own, I do not think that you will ever convince me that it is possible to overcome a dislike where it is so strong as mine is to spiders."

"But, if you should be convinced, will you promise to use your endeavors'?"

"If you desire it', Madam'."

"Well then," said Mrs. Mills', "I may claim your promise."

"Yes," said Clarà, "but I have such a dislike to spiders'! I have always avoided them', and Jane, my mamma's maid, knowing how terrified I was, was always upon the watch that I might not be alarmed."

"These very precautions, my dear'," said Mrs. Mills', "have increased your dislike; by constantly avoiding the sight' of the object which disgusts you, your imagination has painted its deformity greater than the reality."

"But the spider', aunt'," said Clara alarmed',—"we must pass sô clôse—indeed', I cannot venture."

"Nay, now, my dear'," said Mrs. Mills', "do not yield to an idle conceit, which your better judgment must condemn; recollect that you are not going to encounter an Hyená, or a Rhinoceros', but to look upon an inoffensive insect', to whose existence it is in your power, in an instant, to put an end', and whose ingenuity is deserving your highest admiration."

"But may I be sûre, madam', that you will not suffer it to crawl upon mé," said Clarà, "and that you', William', will not play me any trick'?"

"I will engage for William'," replied Mrs. Mills', "and surely you may rely upon mē, after what I have said."

"Well then," said Clarà, "but let me go on this side'—now be sûre, William', you do not play me any trick'."

"Not I," said William', "but you must not be angry, if I cannot help laughing to see you so foolish." They now came in sight of the bush', where the poor spider', little conscious of the terror which it inspired', had half formed its curious web. When Clara beheld it run with such agility from side to side of the branch on which it was weaving its subtil snare', she started back', and it was some time before she could be prevailed on to avancè; however, encouraged by Mrs. Mills, and a little ashamed by the raillery of her brother', she approached so near as to see distinctly the whole progress of its ingenious labors. At first', her heart beat—she declared it made her shudder',—she had never',

in her life', looked so long on a spider. By degrees she became more calm', and, at length protested, it was not so ugly as she imagined'—really', the body was very handsomely speckled', and as for the web', it was astonishing from what the thread, with which it was woven, could come. "The spider," said Mrs. Mills', "has, at the extremity of her body, five openings', through which she distils, at pleasure, a clammy glue': this forms the thread', which lengthens in proportion to her distance from the place where she first fastens it. When she closes these openings, the thread no longer extends', and she remains suspended in the air. Observe', Clará, she makes use of the thread for her ascent', grasping it in her claws', as we should a rope with our hands and feet."

"Really'," said Clara', "it is very curious'; I should like to see in what manner the web is first begun'; this' is half finished."

"It will be well worth your attention at another opportunity'," said Mrs. Mills.

"Is the web begun in the middle'?" asked Clara.

"That cannot be practicable'," said Mrs. Mills'; you see it is suspended between two branches'; the spider, therefore, would have no resting place."

"Very true, aunt'," said William'; "I never thought about it before', but really I cannot conceive in what part of the web the spider can possibly begin."

"It is a question," replied Mrs. Mills', "that might have puzzled wiser heads than your's', William', had not experience and observation fully discovered it. When the garden spider', (for there are many kinds of spiders',) begins its web', it places itself on the end of a branch', and there fastens several threads', which it lengthens to two or more ells', leaving them to float in the air'; these threads are wafted by the wind, from one side to another', and lodged either on a house', pole', or the opposite branch', where they are fastened by their natural glue. The spider then draws them to her', to try if they are well fixed', and they become a bridge for her to pass and repass at pleasure'; she then crawls to the middle of this thread', and adds to it another', by the help of which she descends', until she meets with a solid body to rest upon', or leaves it, as the first', floating in the air', to the direction of chance'; in the same manner other threads are drawn from the centre', and there again, as you

see', crossed. But I will leave the rest to your own observation, which will inform you more agreeably."

"Well," said William', "it must be owned that the spider is a very ingenious creature'; I might have puzzled my head for a month, and not have guessed how she began the web."

"So might I," said Clara', "but pray, Madam', what is the use of the web, when it is made?"

"Why," said William, bursting into a fit of laughter', "do you not know that spiders spread their webs to catch flies?"

"If I had known," replied Clara somewhat piqued', "I should not have asked the question."

"There is no disgrace," said Mrs. Mills', "in not knowing any thing'; the disgrace is in not wishing to be informed'."

"I did not mean to offend my sister," said William'; "only it was so dröll to hear her ask what spiders spread their webs for."

"You know, William'," said Clara', "that my mamma always ordered the servants to take particular care that I should not be alarmed with the sight of a spider'; so you need not be so very sharp upon me."

"Well," said William', "I beg your pardon, sister'; I will be more careful in future."

"And do spiders really feed on flies', Madam'?"

"Undoubtedly'," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well then'," said Clara', "if the spider is an ingenious creature, you must allow that she is very cruel."

"Pray, my dear', what do you understand by the word cruelty?"

"I think," said Clara', "it is cruel to put an innocent thing to death."

"By cruelty'," said Mrs. Mills', "I understand that depraved inclination which causes us to inflict a pang wantonly'; or unnecessarily' to deprive any creature of life: now the spider seizes the prey which nature has made necessary to her existence; she cannot, then, be any more chargeable with cruelty', than other animals', man himself' not excepted', for whose use innumerable creatures are daily doomed to suffer. We may grieve for the suffering of the poor fly within the grasp of its enemy'; but it is unjust for our resentment to rise against the spider, that acts only in conformity to the stated laws which Providence has implanted in its nature."

"However, if you accuse the spider of cruelty, she has one quality which cannot fail of meeting your approbation; I mean her attention to her young, which is so great, that she will incur every danger sooner than forsake them. She carefully wraps her eggs in a web of astonishing strength, which she fastens to a wall, or a leaf, and watches with unremitting solicitude: if danger is at hand, her first care is to pull down the sacred deposit and escape with it. There is one kind of spider, which has recourse to a very ingenious expedient for the preservation of her eggs; she suspends her bag of eggs in some little aperture, perhaps of a wall, by a thread, and before them, in the same manner, a little packet of dried leaves, which, by constantly swinging about at the entrance, prevents the birds and wasps, which are on the watch for the eggs, from discovering them."

"That is indeed an ingenious contrivance!"

"When the little spiders are hatched, the mother carries them on her back, and discovers her tenderness by a thousand solicitudes. But come, my dear, let us walk on, our spider has completed her web, and I think you are convinced that it is possible to look on one without fainting or falling into fits."

"Indeed, Madam," said Clara, "I am, and feel so far reconciled to the sight of what I once so much dreaded, that I think, in time, it might be possible for me to see a spider crawling on my hand, with as little concern as I have felt in hearing it named."

"You see, my dear," said Mrs. Mills, "what a little resolution and proper reflection will accomplish; but to this habit, which, in these cases, is often more powerful than reason itself, must be joined that of frequently accustoming yourself to look at, and examine a spider; thus its deformities will grow familiar, and your disgust wear away."

"Well, aunt," said Clara, "I am resolved, since you think so, to pay my respects every day, while I am here, to the spiders that inhabit your garden."

LESSON XXXVI.

BRUCE'S ADVICE TO A BOY.

I WILL tell you what I would do if I were a boy. I would sit down and reflect what would be the most valuable attainments in the world. After finding out what they were, I would ask myself which will be the best method to attain them? and after I had answered this question, I would lose no time in pursuing them.

I give you in this chapter some maxims', which, I hope, you will read again and again', until they are so fixed in your memories', that they will influence you every day, and every hour. If you are governed by them, you may become a great man; you certainly will become a *good* one. It is much more important to be *good* than to be *great*.

Rise early', and watch the rising sun as he flies abroad with wings of colored light to proclaim the glory of his Almighty Maker', and offer up your praise and prayer to the Giver of all good. Enter steadily and fearlessly on the duties of the day. Be determined that no trial shall overcome your patience, and no impediment conquer your perseverance. If your object be a good one, say', "I will try to attain it."

Never be found without an object. Ask yourself how you can do the most good; and when you have decided', throw your soul into your purpose. Never do good to obtain praise. Take a red-hot iron in your hand' rather than a dishonest penny. Do no bad action to serve a good friend. Be indulgent to others' faults', but implacable to your own. Wage war with evil, and give no quarter. Die for the truth', rather than live to uphold a lie. Never court needless danger, nor fly from a peril which duty imposes. Read good books', seek out good companions', attend to good counsels', and imitate good examples. Never give way to despondency. Does the sun shine? rejoice. Is it covered with a cloud? wait till the cloud has passed away.

Take good care of your education; see that your principles and your practice are equal to your attainments. The head' of Melville was highly educated', but his heart' was sadly neglected: he was too learned' to honor his unletter-

ed parents', too well informed' to follow the advice of his friends', and by far too polite' to practice the vulgar duties of his situation. He is now spending his days in idleness', as low in the estimation of others' as he is high in his own. If you wish to be a good man', a great man', a wise man', or a clever man', you must begin while you are a boy', or you will never begin at all.

Be attentive to your manners. Those are the best manners which raise you in the opinion of others', without sinking you in your own. A poor widow once fell down and sprained her ankle, so that she could not walk', and a crowd soon gathered around her. One polite person pitied her'; another promised to make her case known'; when a plain, modest-looking man stepped forward', paid for a coach to carry her to her habitation', slipped a piece of money into her hand', and disappeared. One kind act done with simplicity is worth a thousand fine speeches.

If you wish for riches', the carvings and gildings of the rich man's monument are disfigured with cobwebs', and moldering away. If renown be the object of your ambition', the most distinguished men lie in stone', unnoticed', and their achievements are covered with the dust of death.

If, then', youth, manhood, and age' must die—if riches, and honors, and worldly possessions must perish forever', how can you reflect on death without pain', and apprehension', and terror'?

The young and the old', the rich and the poor', the wise man and the fool', the brave man and the coward', all shrink from death', because it takes away all which they possess. He alone who has hopes beyond the grave can reflect on death with composure, with peace, and with joy. The Ptolemies, who had temples erected to their memory'—the Cæsars and Alexanders, whose fame has been spread in the earth', would, in the hour of death', have given all their conquests, their riches, and their renown', for the hope of the poor man', whose soul magnifies the Lord', and whose spirit rejoices in God his Savior.

LESSON XXXVII.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

Up in the morning, "as soon as the lark',"
 Late in the evening when falleth the dark',
 Come the sweet voices of children to mē.
 I am an old man, and my hair is grey',
 But I sit in the sunshine to watch you at play';
 And a kindlier current doth run through each vein',
 And I bless you, bright creatures', again and again'.
 I rejoice in your sports in the warm summer weather',
 While hand lock'd in hand', ye are striving together.
 For you, blessed creatures', you think not of sorrow';
 Your joy is to-day', and ye hāve no to-morrow.

Ay', sport ye and wrestle'—be glad as the sun',
 And lie down to rest when your pastime is done';
 For your dreams are of sunshine', of blossom and dew',
 And the "God of the blessed" doth watch over you',
 While the angels of heaven are missioned to keep',
 Unbroken', the calm of your innocent sleep';
 And an old man's blessing doth over you dwell',
 The whole day long';—and so, fare ye well.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE WORM AND THE SNAIL.

A FABLE.

A LITTLE worm too close that played
 In contact with a gard'ner's spadé,
 Writhing about in sudden pain,
 Perceived that he was cut in twain';
 His nether half, left short and freeé,
 Much doubting its identity.

However, when the shock was past',
 New circling rings were formed so fast',
 By nature's hand which fails her never',
 That soon he was as long as ever.
 But yet the insult and the pain',
 This little reptile did retain',
 In what, in man', is called the brain.
 One fine spring evening, bright and wet,
 Ere yet the April sun had set',
 When slimy reptiles crawl and coil
 Forth from the soft and humid soil',
 He left his subterranean clay
 To move along the gravelly way';
 Where suddenly his course was stopt
 By something on the path that dropt';
 When, with precaution and surprise,
 He strait shrunk up to half his size.
 That 'twas a stōne was first his notion',
 But soon discovering locomotion',
 He recognized the coat of mail,
 And wary antlers of a snail',
 Which some young rogué, (we beg his pardon,)
 Had flung into his neighbor's garden.

The snail, all shattered and infirm',
 Deplored his fate, and told the worm.
 "Alas'!" said hē, "I know it well',
 All this is owing to my shell':
 They could not send me up so high,
 Describing circles in the sky',
 But that, on this account', 'tis known
 I bear resemblance to a stonē:
 Would I could rid me of my case',
 And find a tenant for the placē!
 I'll make it known to all my kin';—
 'This house to let—inquire within.'"

"Good'!" says the worm', "the bargain's struck';
 I take it, and admire my luck':
 That shell, from which you'd fain be free,
 Is just the very thing for me.
 Oft have I wished, when danger calls,
 For such impervious castle walls',
 Both for defence and shelter made'
 From greedy crow, and murderous spadē;

Yes', neighbor snail', I'll hire the room,
And pay my rent when strawberries come."
"Dō," says the snail', "and I declare,
You'll find the place in good repair';
With winding ways that will not fail'
To accommodate your length of tail."
(This fact the wily rogue concealing'—
The fall had broken in his ceiling'.)
"Oh," said the sanguine worm', "I knew
That I might safely deal with you."
Thus was the tenement transferred,
And that without another word.

Off went the snail in houseless plight';
Alas! it proved a frosty night',
And ere a peep of morning light',
One wish supreme he found prevail';—
(In all the world this foolish snail
Saw nothing he would like so well')—
Which was'—that he had got a shell.
But soon for this' he ceased to sigh':
A little duck came waddling by,
Which, having but a youthful bill,
Had ventured not so large a pill'
(E'en at imperious hunger's call')
As this poor reptile, house and all.
But finding such a dainty bite
All ready to his appetite',
Down went the snail', whose last lament
Mourned his deserted tenement.

Mean time, the worm had spent his strength
In vain attempts to curl his length
His small apartment's space about';
For head or tail must needs stick out.
Now, if this last was left', 'twas more
Exposed to danger than before,
And 'twould be vastly strange', he said',
'To sit in doors without one's head.
Alas! he now completely bears
The unknown weight of household cares';
And wishes much some kind beholder
Would take the burden off his shoulder.

Now broke the dawn'; and soon with fear,
Feeling the shock of footsteps near',

He tried to reach that wished for goal',
 The shelter of a neighboring hold ;
 Which proved, when danger threatened sore',
 A certain refuge heretofore.
 But failed him now this last resort':
 His new appendage stopt him short':
 For all his efforts would not do
 To force it in', or drag it through.
 Oh then', poor worm'! what words can say
 How much he wished his shell away'!
 But wishes all were vain', for oh!
 The garden roller', dreaded foe'!
 Came growling by', and did not fail'
 To crush our hero, head and tail',
 —Just when the duck devoured the snail.

Thus says the fable':—learn from hence,
 It argues want of common sense',
 To think our trials, and our labors,
 Harder and heavier than our neighbors':
 Or that 'twould lighten toils and cares',
 To give them ours' in change for theirs';
 For whether man's appointed lot
 Be really equalized or not',
 (A point we need not now discuss',)
 Habit' makes ours the best to us.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE SILK-WORM.

'THERE is no form, upon our earth',
 That bears the mighty Maker's seal',
 But has some charm'—to draw this forth',
 We need but hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl'—her face
 Was sweet as dream of cherish'd friend'—
 Just at the age when childhood's grace'
 And maiden softness blend.

A silk-worm in her hand she laid',
 Nor fear, nor yet disgust, was stirred';
 But gaily with her charge she play'd',
 As 'twere a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,
 And let it rest and revel therè—
 O, why for outward beauty seek'?
 Lovè makes its favorites fair.

That worm—I should have shrunk, in truth',
 To feel the reptile o'er me movè—
 But, loved by innocence and youth',
 I deemed it worthy love.

Would we, I thought', the soul imbue',
 In early life', with sympathies
 For every harmless thing', and view
 Such creatures formed to pleasé;

And, when with *usefulness* combined',
 Give them our love and gentle caré—
 O, we might have a world as kind',
 As God has made it fair!

There is no form upon our earth
 That bears the mighty Maker's seal',
 But has some charm—to call this forth'
 We need but hearts' to feèl.

LESSON XL.

THE SNOW-DROP.

THE snow-drop! 'tis an English flower',
 And grows beneath our garden trees';
 For every heart it has a dower
 Of old and dear remembrances.
 All look upon it, and straightway
 Recall their youth like yesterday';

Their sunny years', when forth they went
 Wandering in weariless content';
 Their little plot of garden ground',
 The pleasant orchard's quiet bound';
 Their father's home', so free from care',
 And the familiar faces there.

The household voices kind and sweet,
 That knew no feigning'—hushed and gone'—
 The mother', that was sure to greet
 Their coming with a welcome tone';—
 The brothers', that were children then',
 Now anxious', thoughtful', toiling men';—
 And the kind sisters', whose glad mirth
 Was like a sunshine on the earth';—
 These come back to the heart supine',
 Flower of our youth', at look of thine';
 And thou', among the dimmed and gone',
 Art, an unaltered thing alone !

Unchanged', unchanged';—the very flower'
 That grew in Eden droopingly',
 Which now beside the peasant's door'
 Awakes his merry children's glee',
 Even as it filled his heart with joy
 Beside his mother's door'—a boy'—
 The same;—and to his heart it brings
 The freshness of those vanished springs.
 Bloom, then, fair flower', in sun and shade',
 For deep thought in thy cup is laid',
 And careless children, in their glee',
 A sacred memory make of thee.

LESSON XLI.

PRAYER.

GLAD hearts to thee we bring';
 With joy thy name we sing',
 Father abové;
 Creation praises thee;
 O'er all around we see'
 Tokens of love.

Thou who in heaven art',
 To us that grace impart',
 Our master knew';
 Aid us like him to live',
 To thee our young hearts give,
 Thou only true'.

Giver of all our powers',
 Now in life's morning hours',
 May they be thine',
 Pure, and from error free',
 An offering worthy Thee',
 Parent divine.

Unite our souls in love';
 Smile on us from above',
 'Till life be o'er';
 Then gather us to Thee',
 In thine own fold to bé,
 For evermore.

LESSON XLII.

FAITH.

THERE is a flower, a holy oné,
 That blossoms on my path';
 No need of dew or daily sun',
 Or falling showers it hath';
 It blooms as brightly on the storm',
 As on the cloudless day',
 And rears unharmed its humble form',
 When others fade away.

That plant is Faith'; its holy leaves'
 Reviving odors shed'
 Upon the lowly place of grief',
 Or mansions of the dead.
 God is its sun'; his living light'
 In happy hours he lends',
 And silently, in sorrow's night',
 Religion's dew descends.

Plant of my soul', be fading things
 By other hands caress'd';
 But through life's weary wanderings',
 I'll bear thee in my breast';
 And when the icy power shall chill'
 The fountains of my breath',
 Thy loveliness shall cheer me still',
 E'en in the hour of death.

LESSON XLIII.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

My son', keep thy father's commandment', and forsake not the law of thy mother'; bind them continually on thy heart', and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest', it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest', it shall keep thee; and when thou wakest', it shall talk with thee.

Give instruction to a wise man', and he will be yet wiser'; teach a just man', and he will increase in learning.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding.

If thou art wise', thou shalt be wise for thyself'; but if thou scornest', thou alone shalt bear it.

A wise son maketh a glad father'; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand'; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

The memory of the just is blessed'; but the name of the wicked shall rot.

It is as a sport to a fool to do mischief'; but a man of understanding hath wisdom.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich', and he addeth no sorrow with it.

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes', so is the sluggard to them who send him.

When pride cometh, then cometh shame; but with the lowly is wisdom.

A tale-bearer revealeth secrets'; but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter.

Where no counsel is, the people fall'; but in the multitude of counselors there is safety.

He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it'; and he that hateth suretiship is sure.

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul'; but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished'; but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion.

The liberal soul shall be made fat'; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him'; but blessing shall be on the head of him that selleth it.

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall'; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.

Behold the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth'; much more the wicked and the sinner.

LESSON XLIV.

WINTER.

WINTER hath blown upon the earth'; he hath breathed on the streams', and they are frozen. The rivers themselves, and the mighty lakes, are turned into stone. From his hand he hath scattered the hoar-frost', and hath spread the snow upon the ground. The murmur of the brooks, the melody of the birds, are heard no more. The verdure of the spring, the glory of the summer, and the golden fruits of autumn, where are they'? And thou, O man', does not the time approach, when the voice of harmony', and the daughters of music', thou shalt hear no more'? When the beauty of thy youth, the strength of thy manhood', and the wisdom of thy hoary head shall be as though they were not'? For the icy hand of death shall arrest thee in thy course', and thou shalt lie cold and silent', neglected and forgotten', in the tomb.

Turn again, O man', and look upon the goodness of the Lord. He it is that hath scattered the soft snow, to preserve the tender herb': he hath clothed the sheep with wool'.

and hath given the scarlet berry to the birds. His hand hath provided thee a shelter from the cold', fuel for thy hearth', and food to make thee of a cheerful heart. The mercy of the Lord is great! the goodness of the Lord is over all! The tender mercy of the Lord is wonderful! Let all the earth praise the goodness of our God.

Is the brook for ever frozen? Is the earth forever desolate? What! shall the trees resume their verdure; shall the flowers of the forest and the plain again revive, and shall I, O man, sleep forever, neglected in the dust?

The voice of Him who clothes the trees with verdure, and bids the blossoms of the spring to bud, shall reach me in the tomb; His hand shall raise me from the dead.

The dark cloud ariseth from the north, the beauty of the moon is no more seen, and the brightness of the stars are hidden; the north wind sweeps along the plain, and the path of the traveler is no longer discerned. The cottager bars fast his door against the sleet; the fagot crackles on the hearth; his children hang the traveler's coat before the flame, the lamp trembles in the socket, the tempest beats upon the thatch, the wind howls in the chimney, the hail rattles against the casement: but the praise of the Lord is on his tongue; the goodness of the Lord is in his heart; the word of the Lord is in his hand.

"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy. For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee: He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat. He sendeth forth his commandment upon the earth: his word runneth very swiftly. He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word, and melteth them; he causeth the wind to blow, and the waters flow. Praise ye the Lord: praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent. His glory is above the earth, and the heavens."

LESSON XLV.

THEFT, OR THE BURN'T WALLET.

Boys', and girls too', who have learned and repeated a great many times the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal'," often take things which do not belong to them. They seem not exactly to understand what stealing is. If a boy slyly takes an apple or an orange from his mother's table, when he knows that she will disapprove of it', and thinks that he will not be observed', he commits theft. It seems a hãrd nãme to give to so trifling an offence', but it is really so. Many a man has been sentenced to spend months, and years', and, it may be, to die within the gloomy walls of a prison', who began his career of wickedness in boyhood', by stealing dainties from his mother's closet', or by putting into his pocket, for his own use', small sums of money that accidentally came in his way. Perhaps the taking of a single cent, or what was of no more value than that', was the beginning of wicked practices that ended in his ruin. Bad habits strengthen very fast. A boy may soon stifle conscience, but he will have a bitter cup to drink at last.

Be very scrupulous never to take the slightest thing to which you have not a perfect right', in school', at home', or when sent on errands. In whatever form temptation comes, resist it. The eye of God is never withdrawn from you. If you have taken what belonged to another, and wish to feel peaceful and happy again', go and confess your sin'; return the vëry ãrticle', or make up the loss, if it is possible', and then do so no more. This is the course which James took. I give his story in his own words. It is true.

"When I was about twelve years old, I went into a man's shop where little pocket wallets were manufactured. I wanted one very much', and I had money enough to buy one', but I thought that I could slip one slyly into my pocket', and that nobody would know anything of it. I took an opportunity, when I was alone in the back part of the shop', to take one. I went out to go home', but I felt very guilty. Nothing can describe the weight which seemed to be upon my heart. I could think of nothing but the wallet which I had stolen. I was so afraid that I should be found out, that

I could not bear to meet any one, and tried as I went home to keep out of sight.

"At length I became so unhappy that I was afraid to be alone, or in the dark. I could not sleep at night. I was so afraid, that I covered up my head with the bed-clothes. After a few days, I thought that if I could only get the wallet back to the owner, I would give any thing. But I was ashamed to go to him myself. Once or twice I thought of dropping it in the street, where he or some of his men would pick it up, but I could not be sure but that some one else would find it. I then thought of burning it, so as to be sure that I never should be found out. So I threw it into the fire; but just as it was beginning to curl from the heat, I caught it out again. I had no right to burn it. It was my duty to carry it back to the owner. At last I was so miserable that I could bear it no longer. I took the wallet, all soiled and scorched as it was, and went, from my father's, two miles to the manufacturer's, and told him that I wanted to tell him something if he would keep it secret. I gave him the wallet, and confessed that I had stolen it. I felt at once relieved of my burden of guilt; my heart seemed light again."

"When the owner had heard my story, he said kindly, 'Well, you will never do so again, I think.' He then took down a beautiful, gilt, red morocco wallet, and gave me, instead of the plain calf-skin one that I had stolen. Said he, 'I would give you that one, but I know what your feelings would be, whenever you might see it with the marks of the fire; so I will give you another.'"

This boy took the right course to bring back peace of mind. He went to the man whom he had injured, confessed the whole, and was forgiven. The man treated him very kindly and properly. He saw that the boy was truly penitent, and believed that he would never be guilty of such a crime again. James' decision to go to the wallet-maker, and to tell him the whole truth, was a noble one, and it doubtless had some influence in making him the very valuable member of society which he has since become.

If James had contrived some way of restoring the wallet uninjured to its owner, I do not think that he would have felt so happy and light-hearted as he did after he had confessed the whole, and received assurances that he was cordially forgiven. My next story is a good illustration of this point, and on that account it is given.

LESSON XLVI.

THE STOLEN APPLE.

LUCY was the member of a boarding-school. There were several scholars in the same family with her. They were not amply supplied with the kinds of food they would have chosen', and some of the girls seemed to think it no sin to commit depredations on estates wherever they might be found.

One Sabbath, several remained at home unnecessarily. They met together in a room for conversation, and one proposed that the kitchen and its premises should be searched for something to eat. The others agreed to it. The family were all at church. The girls went down in a body with fear and trembling', lest one of the servants should make her appearance. The young lady, who took the lead in this enterprise', soon discovered a barrel partly filled with fine apples. As fruit was not very abundant in that place, the apples were more attractive than any thing else. Each one took as many as she chose, and hastily retreated to her chamber. Lucy knew that it was wrong. She stood for an instant at the barrel', with the apple in her hand. She could not stifle the whispers of conscience', but the fear of being laughed at by her companions prevailed. She went to her room and sat down at the window,—her little table, on which lay her Bible', was before her,—the stolen apple was there too. It was of a fine, clear, green', perfectly ripe', but she could not taste it. Guilty and wretched, she leaned her head upon the table', and thought over the sins of the afternoon.

Her thoughtless associates had prevailed upon her to stay away from church'; and then she yielded to the temptation of talking about many subjects altogether improper for the Sabbath'; and lastly', she had been guilty of theft. Others might call it by a softer name', but conscience was alive now', and she could give it no other. She resolved to carry it back. But she was unwilling to have the others know it'; so she went softly down stairs', opening the door as gently as she could', and put the apple back into the barrel. She returned to her room feeling somewhat relieved', but not

happy. 'The stolen apple'—the sins of that Sabbath—remained a burden a long time. If she had gone to her companions, and frankly told them how she felt about it', and that she should return what she had taken', it would have been much better. But she was ashamed of her penitence', and conscience was only partly quieted.

But, let it be remembered', whenever we do wrong', God is displeased', and his forgiveness' is to be sought first of all.

LESSON XLVII.

A CURIOUS INSTRUMENT.

A GENTLEMAN, just returned from a journey to London, was surrounded by his children who were eager, after the first salutations were over', to hear the news'; and still more eager to see the contents of a small portmanteau', which were, one by one, carefully unfolded and displayed to view. After distributing amongst them a few small presents, the father took his seat again, saying that he had brought from town, for his own use, something far more curious and valuable than any of the little gifts which they had received. It was, he said, too good to present to any of them'; but he would, if they pleased, first give them a brief description of it', and then perhaps they might be allowed to inspect it.

The children were, accordingly, all attention, while the father thus proceeded. "This small instrument displays the most perfect ingenuity of construction', and exquisite nicety and beauty of workmanship'; from its extreme delicacy, it is so liable to injury that a sort of light curtain, adorned with a beautiful fringe, is always provided', and so placed as to fall, in a moment, on the approach of the slightest danger. Its external' appearance is always more or less beautiful': yet in this respect there is a great diversity in the different sorts':—but the internal contrivance is the same in all of them', and is so extremely curious, and its powers so truly astonishing', that no one who considers it can suppress his surprise and admiration. By a slight and momentary movement, which is easily effected by the per-

son to whom it belongs, you can ascertain with considerable accuracy the size, color, shape, weight, and value, of any article whatever. A person possessed of one is thus saved from the necessity of asking a thousand questions, and trying a variety of troublesome experiments, which would otherwise be necessary; and such a slow and laborious process would, after all, not succeed half so well as a single application of this admirable instrument."

George. If they are such very useful things, I wonder that every body, that can at all afford it, does not have one.

Father. They are not so uncommon as you may suppose; I myself happen to know several individuals who are possessed of one or two of them.

Charles. How large is it, father? could I hold it in my hand?

Father. You might: but I should be very sorry to trust mine with you!

George. You will be obliged to take very great care of it then?

Father. Indeed I must: I intend every night to inclose it within the small screen I mentioned; and it must, besides, occasionally be washed in a certain colorless fluid kept for the purpose; but this is such a delicate operation, that persons, I find, are generally reluctant to perform it. But, notwithstanding the tenderness of this instrument, you will be surprised to hear that it may be darted to a great distance, without the least injury, and without any danger of losing it.

Charles. Indeed? and how high can you dart it?

Father. I should be afraid of telling you to what a distance it will reach, lest you should think that I am jesting with you.

George. Higher than this house? I suppose.

Father. Much higher.

Charles. Then how do you get it again?

Father. It is easily cast down by a gentle movement, that does it no injury.

George. But who can do this?

Father. The person whose business it is to take care of it.

Charles. Well, I cannot understand you at all; but do tell us, father, what it is chiefly used for.

Father. Its uses are so various that I know not which to specify. It has been found very serviceable in decipher-

ing old manuscripts'; and, indeed, it has its use in modern prints. It will assist us greatly in acquiring all kinds of knowledge; and without it, some of the most sublime parts of creation would have been matters of mere conjecture. It must be confessed, however, that very much depends on a proper application of it'; for it is possessed by many persons who appear to have no adequate sense of its value', and who employ it only for the most low and common purposes', without even thinking, apparently, of the noble uses for which it is designed', or of the exquisite gratifications which it is capable of affording. 'It is, indeed, in order to excite in your minds some higher sense of its value than you might otherwise have entertained', that I am giving you this previous description.

George. Well, then, tell us something more about it.

Father. It is of a very penetrating quality'; and can often discover secrets which could be detected by no other means. It must be owned, however', that it is equally prone to reveal them.

Charles. What! can it speak, then'?

Father. It is sometimes said to do so, especially when it happens to meet with one of its own species.

George. Of what color is it'?

Father. They vary considerably in this respect.

George. Of what color is yours'?

Father. I believe, of a darkish color', but, to confess the truth', I never saw it in my life.

Both. Never saw it in your life'?

Father. No, nor do I wish to see it'; but I have seen a representation of it, which is so exact that my curiosity is quite satisfied.

George. But why don't you look at the thing itself'?

Father. I should be in great danger of losing it, if I did.

Charles. Then you could buy another'.

Father. Nay', I believe that I could not prevail on any body to part with such a thing.

George. Then how did you get this one'?

Father. I am so fortunate as to be possessed of more than one': but how I got them I really cannot recollect.

Charles. Not recollect'! why, you said that you brought them from London to night'.

Father. So I did'; I should be sorry if I had left them behind me.

Charles. Tell', father', dō tell us the name of this curious instrument'.

Father. It is called'—an EYE.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE TEMPER.

SOME persons never seem to think of such a thing as a system of training^t for their feelings. They read and study to gain information^t, and to improve their minds^t; they cultivate the powers of thought^t, and memory^t, and attention^t; but they let their tempers^t, and their feelings^t, run loose. When their anger is excited, they indulge it^t; when little troubles and perplexities arise, they give way freely to vexation and fretfulness^t; when disappointed, or opposed in their wishes^t, they are morose and cross about it. Before some persons, they would perhaps try to avoid letting it be seen how they exactly feel^t, but they take no pains to check the feelings themselves^t; they only endeavor to keep them out of sight. Even many truly pious young persons^t—those who are trying to please God and do all their duty^t—neglect the part of it which relates to the regulation of their habitual disposition of mind. They pray to be made holy and humble^t, but they do not consider that it is also necessary to keep a constant watch over themselves^t; to be on their guard against wrong feelings^t; to be constantly endeavoring to overcome the faults of temper, and disposition^t, to which they know themselves to be subject.

If we would do any thing to improve our characters in any respect whatever, we must lay ourselves out systematically^t for it. It is not enough to resolve in a general way^t, always to dō right. We shall be surprised into doing wrong, a thousand times^t, when we are off our guard. In order to be on the watch against these surprises, we must set distinctly^t before us^t the wrong things which we are most in danger of doing. A boy resolved, one new year's day, that he would not be unkind to his little sister throughout the whole year. But he did not consider what temptations to treat her unkindly^t would be most likely to occur. He thought it would be a very pleasant experiment to try^t,

but he laid no plan for guarding against the danger of forgetting', or breaking his resolution. It turned out as might have been expected. He was a very passionate boy'; and it happened, not more than an hour after he had declared his resolution', that, becoming angry with his little sister for refusing to give up something which she held in her hand', he gave her a blow upon the head', from the effects of which she did not recover for many days.

And now, as to government of temper. It would be to no purpose for any individuals who may read this page, to resolve, even in good earnest', never to show any wrong feelings for the time to come; but ask yourselves what wrong feelings you are most prone to indulge, and then, in reliance upon God's assistance, endeavor steadily to resist them. We must be making constant endeavors to eradicate what is wrong in our tempers and dispositions', if we would become what we ought to be.

I will suppose that one individual has a quick, hasty temper. If a companion speaks ill of you, or insults you, or does you an injury, your anger is excited at once. The feeling, if you will look at it', is always one which leads you to wish some injury to the offender in return. Something like revenge is always concerned. If a passionate boy receives a blow from a companion, his very first impulse is to return' the blow. If he is insulted, he tries to think of something insulting in reply. If he hears of something that has been said to his disadvantage, how readily, in the spirit of revenge, he seizes upon any thing which can be brought against his calumniator! Can you think of a case', in which you felt very angry with some person', when you would have felt not a little satisfaction in seeing the individual suffer for the thing which provoked your anger'?

The question, whether it is not right to be angry sometimes, has been talked about a great deal. The text, "Be ye angry and sin not," is quoted in the discussion'; and, again', we are pointed to the example of our Savior', who is said, in certain cases', to have been angry with some perverse and obstinate individuals. But, certainly', any thing like a feeling of revenge or ill'-will' must be wrong. Strong indignation against sin' is the only kind of anger which the Bible can be supposed to justify. The Savior never, in his whole life, experienced the feeling of ill'-will', or a desire to see any one suffer', merely to gratify a feeling of personal

resentment. He rebuked wicked persons severely for the purpose of putting a stop to sin'; but injuries to himself never made him angry. He never returned so much as a reproachful word for the most insulting or abusive treatment. Strong disapprobation', in view of culpable actions', every virtuous mind will feel. But it is a very different feeling from this', that will lead a boy to return blow' for blow', or insult' for insult', or, in any way to injure, or treat unkindly', one who may have done him an injury or unkindness. This is resentment. Resentment is always wrong. Retaliation is always wrong. Evil is never to be returned for evil', in word', or action', in thought', or feeling'.

Never allow yourself a shadow of an excuse, then, for indulgence in anger. Never say, "Well', it is enough to make āny bōdī angry." You have been angry a great many times in your life, and you will be angry a great many more times'; but it has' been, in every case, and it will' be, in every case', a sin'—one for which, in deep repentance', you should seek forgiveness.

Some persons are very much afraid of not being thought to evince a becoming spirit', in the case of injuries done them. They will take the greatest pains', in the case of an insult, for instance', not to let it pass unresented. But a spirit of forbearance' is a far more becoming spirit than that of resentment. A person may possess a noble, courageous, and honorable spirit', and yet, at the same time, be mild', and forbearing', and forgiving'. Edward Clayton was such a character as this. He was one day accused, by a mean spirited boy in school, of having stolen a ball which he had missed from his desk. The idea of Ned Clayton's stealing was preposterous', and the accusation most insulting. No other boy would have borne it. "Why don't you knock the blockhead flat'?" they called out to Clayton. "Perhaps it isn't worth while to take that trouble'," replied Clayton, mildly. "He will come to himself' when he finds his ball." Clayton's indignation was excited at any thing mean or dishonorable', as quick as any boy's'; but it seldom led him to retaliation. It happened, not long after the ball affair', that the same boy who had accused Clayton', was himself the subject of undeserved ill-treatment from a number of the older boys', whose displeasure he had undesignedly incurred. "Now is your time, Clayton'," repeated one and another of the boys', as Clayton approached the ring who were sur-

rounding their puny enemy. But the sport of teasing and tormenting a defenceless individual, was one for which Clayton had but little relish. "For shamè! for shamè, boys!" he indignantly remonstrated', while he boldly attempted the rescue of the unfortunate victim'; and, having forcibly effected his deliverance from his exasperated tormentors', he afforded him protection, at the risk of his own safety', till he found a place of shelter.

Here was a boy with a high sense of what was noblé, and manly', and honorablè; but it was not by the indulgence of angry or vindictive feeling', that he manifested his noble and honorable spirit. It by no means follows that an individual must be tame and cowardly', and wanting in spirit', because he knows how to meet personal injuries with calmness and forbearance.

Anger is a most dreadful passion. There is something terrible in the very appearance' of a person who is violently angry. There is propriety in the expression—*intoxicated with rage*. Anger is a kind of intoxication. An enraged man scarcely knows what he says or does. Many an individual, in a fit of anger, has committed a crime which nothing would have tempted him to commit in a calm', sober', moment. A man was executed near Boston, some years ago, for whom a strong sympathy was generally felt. In a sudden fit of anger, he threw a heavy piece of wood at the head of his friend', with whom he had', a few minutes before, been talking pleasantly. The man was killed by the blow. It was all done in a moment, and the angry man was brought to his senses. He had not a thought of killing his friend. Probably a million of dollars would not have tempted him, deliberately', to take his life. But anger did the work. He was committed to prison', and afterward tried', condemned', and executed.

Perhaps you cannot realize that there is any danger that you will ever commit murder'; neither did the man who murdered his friend' suppose that hē should ever commit such a crime. You cannot tell what sins you may be left to commit', if you yield to such a passion as anger. A boy, in a violent passion, once called his father an old liar'. His father is now dead', and the boy has become a young man'; but he says that he never shall forget having used such dreadful language. He cannot think of his father without feelings of bitter remorse.

As it was remarked before', you cannot tell what you may be left to do, if you do not take pains to restrain your evil feelings. If they are freely indulged, they go on increasing in strength. A passionate boy will make a fearful man, if he goes on unchecked. He will be more and more furious every time his anger is excited. On the other hand', every time we gain a conquest' over such feelings', they are robbed of their strength. If you make an effort to-day, when something occurs to ruffle your feelings', to keep calm and to subdue the rising passion', you will find it easier to-morrow', and still easier the next day', to control such feelings. And in time, what a change will be wrought in your temper! How pleasant it will be to yourself', and how pleasant to your friends', to be transformed from a fierce, passionate child', to one of a mild, forbearing temper!

A teacher, who had been talking with his scholars on the subject of anger', proposed to them that each one should notice the first occasion when he was angry during the following week', and write an account of it', stating exactly how he had behaved',—the accounts to be read at the close of the week', in the hearing of as many as should agree to join in the plan. Nearly all the boys entered into the plan, and each began almost to wish for an occasion to be angry. But, at the end of the week, there were very few reports of cases'; and some of the boys declared that there was never a week before' when so few things had happened to excite ill-temper. The truth was', their minds were so much occupied with their experiment, that they were constantly on their guard', and so were able to resist provocations which, at another time, would have excited them highly.

It would be a good plan for any young persons who are sensible that they have bad tempers, and who are desirous of correcting them', to try some such method with themselves. You might keep an account of the occasions when you were angry', for a week at a time, comparing the result of each week' with that of the preceding. It would do you good to keep such an account, even if you showed it to no one. The thought of your account' would many times prevent your giving way to angry feelings when you found them rising. You would be astonished, in looking at such an account, to find what trifling things had made you angry', and how foolish and unreasonable you had sometimes been.

Persons always act foolishly when they are in a passion. A man was once in a violent passion because some of the windows of his house had been broken by the fall of some snow from an adjacent building. He had nobody to blame', and he knew that scolding would not mend his windows'; but still, he stood like a crazy man', raving at the snow and the broken glass. This was very absurd and unreasonable', as well as very wicked. But it is quite as absurd and unreasonable for you to be angry with your brother, or your sister', for some unintentional injury which they may have done you. Have you never been angry with a little brother', who knew no better than to amuse himself with tearing up a book or picture', or destroying some plaything of yours'? Have you been so hasty as to speak cross to him', or to strike him for it'? This was unreasonable—very unreasonable indeed. Your little brother was not in the least to blame for the unintentional mischief'; and, even if he were', your cross words', or your blows', would not repair the evil. You may feel sorry^t in any such case', but you ought not to give way to anger. The celebrated philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton', is said to have been of a temper so mild and equable that no accident could disturb it. The following remarkable instance of it is related. "Sir Isaac had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond. Being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes', he had the mortification to find that Diamond had upset a lighted candle among some papers', and that the nearly-finished labor of many years was in flames', and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years', was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation—'Oh, Diamond! Diamond! you little know what mischief you have done.'" How much more noble and rational was this demeanor, than the hasty, passionate behavior' into which many persons are betrayed by the merest trifle!

Some persons are ill-humored^t rather than ill-tempered. They are not addicted to violent passion', but they are morose and cross when things do not go on smoothly with them. They never think of such a thing as looking and speaking calmly', and pleasantly', if they have any thing to trouble them. You have, perhaps, sometimes felt justified in being out of humor, when you were made uncomfortable

or unhappy in any way', or when you were thwarted in your wishes or inclinations. But nobody is excusable, in any case', for feeling cross', or for speaking', or looking', or acting' cross. You may have the headache'; but is that a reason for being cross'? Is it a good reason for giving cross answers to your brothers and sisters', or for finding fault', or for being difficult to please'? Who is to blame for your headache'? God has chosen to send it upon you'; and he intends such sufferings as a means of subduing our wrong feelings and improving our characters. You cannot be gay and lively' when you are suffering pain'; but you can bear it patiently'; and you can speak in a mild, pleasant tone', instead of being fretful and cross.

You will sometimes meet with disappointments that will be rather hard to be borne. But it will do no sort of good to be cross about them. You will have disappointments to bear with all through life', and you must begin now' to learn how to meet them. Try to look pleasantly' and to speak pleasantly', and you will come to feel pleasantly', and the disappointment will be forgotten. Two boys had been promised that they should be taken on a journey into the country, one summer', with their parents. It was a delightful season of the year', and a higher pleasure was hardly to be conceived by the two city boys than such an excursion would afford. For a week or two before the time', nothing was thought of but the anticipated journey. Every thing was in preparation when the day arrived', and the carriage was expected every moment at the door', when a messenger came with a note for their father. It was to inform him, that his partner in business had been taken suddenly ill the night before', and might not be able to be at the store again for a number of days. This circumstance rendered it necessary to postpone the long-talked-of journey. The disappointment was too much for William and James. They could scarcely restrain their tears. Their parents felt very sorry for them', much more so than for themselves. They tried to comfort them', and restore them to cheerfulness. William, who was the oldest, and who ought to have set a better example', would listen to nothing that was said to him. He sat, half crying, and looking vexed', as if he thought that his kind parents had intentionally' deprived him of his expected enjoyment.

"Perhaps we shall go yet', my son', if Mr. Harvey gets better soon'," said his father kindly.

"I wouldn't give a cent to go at all', if I can't go now'," replied William, very ill-humoredly. "It is always the way when we are going any where: something is sure to happen."

William didn't wish to take a book', or to go to play', or to walk with his father', or do any thing else' that was proposed to him. He chose to saunter about, looking cross and dissatisfied', and making his parents unhappy.

His brother was wiser than to behave in such a manner. James felt as sorry as William'; but he knew that making trouble would not help the matter at all'; and so he tried to be cheerful, and to forget his disappointment. His little sister came to him to beg him to make a table for her baby-house. He did not speak cross to her, or push her away', as William had done, when she had applied to him'; but he took out his jack-knife, and went in search of a suitable piece of wood. He worked very busily, at the same time that he talked pleasantly with his little sister', who stood watching the progress of her table'; and when, at last, it was finished, and ready to be put into the delighted little one's hands', he thought to himself, "Well, I shall know what to set myself about the next time I am disappointed', as I was to-day'; for I had almost forgotten the ride."

When any thing occurs that you are inclined to feel cross about', just try to forget it. Keep on a pleasant countenance', and speak in a pleasant tone', and try, if possible, to dissipate your unpleasant feelings. Never give way to them. Be good-humored', happen what will.

LESSON XLIX.

HARRY AND LUCY.

LUCY, who was making some pasteboard model for Harry, went into a closet, opening into the drawing-room, to look for a saucer-full of paste which she had left there; but the mice had eaten it', and she was forced to wait while a fresh supply was preparing. During this interval many were her invectives against the whole race of mice', and many her resolves to put the saucer, this night', where none could reach it. She stood with an old newspaper ready spread on the

table for pasting: suddenly a paragraph in it caught her eye, and she exclaimed, "Now, mice, I defy you, and all your nibblings. Mammá, look here, I have found an *infallible* receipt for preserving paste, or any thing, 'against the depredations of mice.' The easiest way in the world, mamma'—only to surround it with sprigs of mint. Pray, mamma', read this."

"I read it three months ago, my dear'," said her mother, "and I tried it. I surrounded a plate of paste with sprigs of mint, and next morning I found much of the paste gone, and the mint scattered. I repeated the experiment with different things, and always with equal want of success."

"There is an end, then," said Lucy, "of the *infallible* preservative."

"I do not know much about plants," said Harry, "but I believe there are different sorts of mint; they may not all have the same properties. Perhaps the mint which you used, mother', might not be the kind recommended in the receipt."

His father observed that Harry's was a good suggestion; that every circumstance should be the same in repeating an experiment, otherwise it is not fairly tried, and the conclusion cannot be depended on.

Lucy expressed a wish to try the experiment for herself, if her mamma would not be offended; but Harry assured her that nobody ever thinks of being offended about trying experiments.

"Then I will run out to the garden, and gather plenty of mint," said Lucy.

Away she ran; and at night she fenced her paste-plate round with a double row of different kinds of mint: thus intrenched, she placed it on the same shelf, in the same closet, and shut the door. In the morning her father and mother were at the opening of the closet. To her agreeable surprise she found that the paste had not been touched; there were no marks in it of little feet or nibbling teeth, and the sprigs of mint remained exactly in the same order in which she had arranged them.

"Well! mamma', what do you think now?" said Lucy. "Perhaps the receipt-writer may not be mistaken after all. Perhaps, mamma', you did not join your fence of mint as well as I did; perhaps you had not a double row, or you left some little loophole for the mouse to push his nose into."

What do you think, mamma', and papa'? and what do you think, Harry'?"

The door of the closet being open, he could see all that passed.

"Why do you not answer, Harry'? What are you looking at'?"

"I am looking at something which you had better see before you decide," said Harry'.

Lucy followed the direction of his eyes', and saw', just peeping out over the top of a basket, which stood in the corner of the closet', the head of a cat.

"Oh, pussy! are you there all this time'?" cried Lucy.

At this instant the cat jumped out of the basket', and stretched herself as she awakened. Upon inquiry, it was found that a servant, who had heard Lucy complain of the loss of her paste, and who had not known of the mint experiment, had put the cat into the closet.

"Then I suppose'," said Lucy', "that it was the cat which frightened away the mice'—I give up the mint."

"No'," said Harry', "do not leave it to *suppose*'; do not give it up till you have fairly tried the experiment. To-night make sure of the cat', and leave the mint as before.

This was done'; and the result was', that the mint was found scattered', and the paste eaten.

"Now I am convinced'," said Lucy. "But how very extraordinary it is, papa', that the mint should have succeeded for the man in the newspaper', and not for us."

"Perhaps he never tried the experiment'," said her father.

"Oh, papa'!" cried Lucy', "Do you think any body would publish that mint is an infallible preservative against mice, without having tried it'? When I saw those words in print, papa', how could I help believing them'?"

Her father laughed', and told her that she must not believe every thing she saw in print. "A friend of mine," said he', "once found a young man reading a romance called *Amadis de Gaul', which is full of impossible adventures: when he asked the young man whether he believed it was all true', he answered', 'To be sure, sir; it is in print.'"

"But, father'," said Harry', "I think, unless Lucy had been very disagreeably suspicious', she could not have acted differently. How could she possibly tell that the man in the

* Accent on the first syllable in *Am-adis*, with the second syllable short.

newspaper was not to be believed, or that his experiments were inaccurate? She has been used to live with people who tell truth, and who are accurate."

"For that very reason, my dear Harry, I who have had experience of a contrary kind, should put her on her guard against that which, at her age, she could not possibly imagine, without being, as you justly say, disagreeably suspicious."

Harry felt that this was just; but still he looked as if he had something else sticking in his mind, and which his understanding could not swallow.

"What is it, Harry?"

"It is this, father," said Harry; "if we were to try all experiments over again before we believed them, we could never get on. Something must be believed—some things that are printed must be *taken for granted*."

"True, Harry," said his father. "The question therefore is, what we should believe, and whom we should trust—you want rules to guide you. Is this what you mean?"

"Exactly," said Harry.

"Well, Harry," said his father, "take, for instance, Sir Isaac Newton's experiments; before we tried them over again, you believed in them, did you not?"

"To be sure I did, father."

"And why, Harry?"

"Because I knew," said Harry, "that he had the character of being accurate, and that many other people had repeated them."

"Good and sufficient reasons they are, Harry. But when you do not know the character of the person who makes an extraordinary assertion, then how would you judge?"

After a few minutes' reflection, Harry said, "by considering whether the fact be probable or improbable."

"Right," said his father; "when any thing appears contrary to our experience, then it is necessary to examine the circumstances carefully, but at the same time candidly. Some things in science, that appeared incredible at first sight, have been found perfectly true. Remember the astonishment produced by the electrical shock—the powers of steam and gas—air-balloons, and steamboats. Suppose that you heard of these things for the first time, you would probably have thought the accounts ridiculous. Did you hear what your mother was reading last night, from that new book of Travels in Mexico?"

"Oh, yes," said Harry; "you allude to the Mexican', who was told by a man from Europe', that, by means of a boiling teakettle, a thousand persons could be safely moved a hundred miles a day. This was only exaggeration. But there was also an absurd story which the poor Mexicans were told—that, at Birmingham, the clergymen are made of cast iron', and that they preach by steam. Now if I had been a Mexican', I never could have believed that', if fifty thousand people had told it to me', because iron cannot feel, or speak, or think."

"Then you feel, Harry', that no assertions could make you believe impossibilities'; and that, in all cases which are contrary to our experience', it is necessary to pause', and doubt', and examine. I may add', that you will sometimes find it necessary to doubt even the evidence of your own senses."

"Oh, papa'!" exclaimed Lucy', "the story you told us of the celebrated instrument maker and his wig, is a good example of that'."

"What can you mean, my dear'?" said her mother.

"There was a famous mathematical instrument maker'," said Lucy', "who', having finished some great instrument', of which a magnetic needle formed a part', went to examine it for the last time', and found, to his great surprise', that the needle pointed to different divisions at different times. Having made this needle with great care, he could not believe that it did not do its duty'; he thought there must be some key, or knife about him', which attracted it—but no', there was nothing of the kind in his pockets. He reasoned and reasoned', but in vain'; he could not discover the cause'; he tried again' and again', but the same effect always took place'; and what made it still more wonderful was', that when other people looked', the needle was quite steady. This perplexing instrument was the first thing of which he thought, when he awakened next morning', and he hurried out of bed in his nightcap to look at it. He found it quite steady'; yet, after breakfast', when he looked again', it was again all wrong. But now', mamma', he had a distinct fact to guide him'; when wrong', he had his wig on—when right', his nightcap'. He immediately examined the wig', and found that it was fitted with small *steel* springs', to make it sit close to his head. The wig was thrown aside', and the instrument was perfect."

LESSON L.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

THE most interesting phenomenon in the history of birds is their migration. Naturalists have puzzled themselves in attempting to account for the restlessness which impels these aerial travelers to commence these distant journeys. Unable to explain the fact, some have denied it. Others have believed that the swallows sleep out the winter, with the fishes, at the bottom of the lakes and rivers. Dr. Mather, in a number of the 'Philosophical Transactions' of England, seriously maintains that these traveling birds retire, during the winter, into a satellite of our earth, which, though not far distant, is as yet unknown to us. These conjectures are well known to be the mere coinage of the imagination, having been entirely refuted by more accurate observation. There are few travelers who have not noted the migrating birds in intermediate stages of their journey over the midst of the seas, or on foreign plains.

Our own vast country, which embraces two climates, furnishes ample demonstration of this sort. The hectic invalid, who departs from the remote north of our republic, with the first menace of winter, to breathe the milder air of the south, finds that the robin and the oriole of his native orchards have emigrated before him. Their note in these far countries is the note of a stranger; for they sing their real domestic songs only in the regions where they reared their young. Sannini* observed the summer birds of France spending their winter in the isles of Greecé, Syriá, and Egypt. The time of their departure and arrival varies with the prevalent winds. By a phenomenon as certain, as it is inconceivable, this epoch is always in exact harmony with the maturity of those fruits on which each class feeds. The jay and the turtle are seen in Greece at the exact period, when the fruits which they love offer them delicious nutriment. The pies and flycatchers light upon the isles of the Levant at the epoch, when the insects begin to be so numerous as to threaten to destroy the harvest. The wood pigeon, on the other hand, divines the time when the husbandmen are casting their seed into the furrows.

* Pronounced *Sannini*.

Who teaches the birds of the north when the figs of the south ripen? How do they divine the prevalent winds, and the vicissitudes of the seasons in distant countries? Who teaches them to fly from region to region, and from harvest to harvest, every where to levy a tribute upon the labors of man, or the bounties of nature, and thus keep pace with spring, or harvest, over the whole globe? But though the earth is their country, we find that one consecrated nook in it is the place of their songs, their domestic bowers, and their loves. Reckless as they seem, and the plunderers of all harvests, these Arabs of the air still have their home. Obeying the intimation of Providence, they execute their great voyages at the return of the equinoxes, when unvarying winds prevail with great force in the direction of their migration. They sail upon the winds over mountains, rivers, and seas, as if these aerial currents had no other purpose than to convey them from one country to another.

There is not another more striking proof of the infinite intelligence of Providence, than this apparent understanding between the order of nature, and the wants of all animals, by which they are enabled to avail themselves of its powers.

At the return of spring, when the reanimated earth decks itself anew with flowers, insects spring to light again, reptiles are quickened, the butterflies burst their tombs, and frolic with the zephyr; crowds of rats, field-mice, moles, and serpents, come forth from the earth, and exult upon the flowering turf; snails, enveloped with thin veils, devour the tender leaves and buds; brilliant flies stream through the air, and beetles of a thousand colors and forms, creep, fly, and march, in the midst of the springing verdure. All these little animals seem to labor in a general conspiracy for the destruction of nature. Some skillful miners attack the roots of trees. Others gnaw and tear the foliage. Their numerous battalions know no repose. Armed with rasps, saws, pincers, hammers, and teeth, they boldly attack the largest vegetables. The huge, cloud-aspiring oak, falls under the effort of a vile insect, and the fruits of autumn are devoured by imperceptible flies.

The earth has been long parched, and the air sultry. Providence awakens a gentle breeze upon the shores of Asia and Africa. It blows steadily westward, and becomes a zephyr upon the isles of the ocean. The battalions of em-

igrating birds, attentive to the mysterious signal', assemble upon the ruins of Thebes and Memphis'; formed in martial phalanxes, or long triangles', the more easily to traverse the plains of the air', they gaily commence their voyage. The husbandman along the shores of the sea, who happens to be abroad during the night', hears their aerial songs, cries, and acclamations', as they wing their way along the dark space. The arid sands of Africa send Europe her dainty quails'; while the woodpeckers, swallows, cuckoos, becaficos,* stock-doves, flycatchers, the lark with its beautiful crest', and the little linnet', mount into the atmosphere', raising their note of pleasing melancholy as they leave their wonted abodes. The nightingale, which has been wandering in the roseate bowers of the East', confides itself to the wind, for which it has waited'; and all these fleeting families cross the seas to gladden the cooler climates of Europe.

In no part of the globe are these migrations more marked with beautiful regularity', than in our American climate. The meadows of New England, desolate and ice-clad during the long winter', scarcely put forth the yellow cowslip and the first-born spring flowers'—scarcely has nature decked their nuptial couch with verdure—before the sky is enlivened with the aerial legions. The robin sings his own welcome to his native bowers. The boblink chatters in the meadows an air of inexpressible gladness and gaiety. The perwink and the thrasher draw out their canzonette† among the birchen thickets. The martin chatters under his accustomed window. The swallow skims the surface of the streams. The night-hawk darts down the sky, proud of his feeble imitation of thunder', and the whip-poor-will again soothes the laborers to their evening rest. Every meadow, stream and field', has its musician'; and the fair girl, who watched the oriole in its hanging nest the preceding year', sees the same gilded traveler return to build again on the pensile branches of the whispering elm.

Poets have seen in these migrating travelers of the air, only the desire to live in the bosom of eternal spring. 'They come to us', say they', 'with the month of flowers', dwell in their peaceful groves while they are green', and disappear with their verdure.' We have here attempted to point out the secret purpose of Nature', and the harmony and

* Pronounced bee-a-fee-coes ;—fig-peckers.

† Pronounced cow-so-nette ; Little song.

benevolence of her design. It is admirable to see her sending, with the unvarying regularity of the seasons', armies of birds feeding on grain and insects', precisely at the epoch when the earth seems to implore their assistance.

The autumnal departure of these aerial voyagers has always been to me a period of not unpleasing melancholy. Many of them in our climate, as the boblink, the oriole, the robin-red-breast', mount the air for departure, with a business note indeed', but not of song. There is a plaintive sadness in it. They sail over the bowers where they were born', where they have found their loves', and reared their young. Their note seems to me the dirge of exile. In my ear it sounds as if questioning, whether, at the renewal of spring', they shall return to their natal bowers.

Between their departure and the settled reign of winter', we have our flocks of plovers and ducks', of sandhill cranes and pelicans', of geese, brants, and swans', that descend upon the western prairies. They are joined by armies of ravens and vultures. They complete gathering the harvest of seeds and fruit', and cleansing away the last remains of decaying animals. Having finished their work, enveloped with fogs, they mount the wintry winds', and push their southern course', raising their sinister croakings', and winter resumes its reign of silence and sadness.

LESSON LI.

IMPATIENCE.

SOME people always have something to be cross about. They have more troubles than any body else, because they make a trouble out of almost every thing'; and when things are not exactly as they would have them', instead of allowing them to pass', or quietly taking means to have them rectified', they make as much noise, and find as much fault, as possible. Young persons who allow themselves to find fault about every thing that happens not to suit them, and who are always ready to find somebody or other on whom to lay the blame of their difficulties', are in a fair way to become members of that very obnoxious class of individuals denominated *scolds*. Never allow yourselves to do any

scolding. You must expect sometimes to suffer inconvenience from the neglect', or mismanagement', or wrong conduct', of others'; but you can express your disapprobation without being boisterous or vehement. It is possible to speak and act with decision', and, at the same time, with calmness.

Want of patience under little difficulties or perplexities, is the occasion of keeping some persons almost always in an unpleasant humor': they are never seen to wear a smooth face', unless they are getting along smoothly with business. Frederic Nelson was such a boy. He was faithful', diligent', and obedient', and always wished to please his parents and his teachers'; but he made them a great deal of trouble by his want of patience. 'There was, one day', a very difficult example in his arithmetic lesson. He went over it again and again', becoming, each time, more and more discouraged', until, at last, with a feeling of despair and vexation', he threw down his pencil', and pushed away his slate, resolving not to try any more. When he came to the class, he told the teacher, with a look and tone of distress', that he had tried in vain to do the sum. "I don't believe that I ever shall be able to keep up with the boys in this class, Mr. W'," said he; "I shall have to go into a lower one. I tried as much as an hour over that one sum', and didn't get it right after all."

Mr. W. detained Frederic a moment after he had dismissed the class. "Well, Frederic'," said he, "you seem very much troubled at your failure to-day'; but it is no such very great calamity, after all', not to get the right answer to a hard sum. You know that I am never displeased because a lesson is not well learned', if I am only satisfied that the boy has tried to do his best. All I require of any boy is to be faithful. I only ask you to *try* to do your sums'; and then, if you do not succeed, the fault will not be yours."

"But, then, it is so discouraging'," remarked Frederic, "to waste so much time for nothing."

"But the time is not wasted," replied Mr. W. "Your mind was usefully exercised all the while you was trying upon the sum'; and you had an opportunity, at the same time, to learn a lesson in patience and perseverance. You must expect to meet with difficulties in all your studies. The sums are made difficult on purpose. It is the difficulty that does you good. Arithmetic would not be half as

useful a study as it is', if it were perfectly easy. But now I will show you how to do the sum which you have puzzled over so long', continued Mr. W., "and if you succeed in understanding that, the next will be more easy."

Frederic's feelings had, by this time, become a little more calm, and his brow was entirely smooth. He followed his teacher very readily through a part of his explanations; but, now and then, as the process grew more and more complicated, his features would involuntarily contract, and a sigh be just upon the point of escaping. By an extraordinary exercise of his little stock of patience, however, he finally came clearly to understand the whole.

"Well," said Mr. W., as he returned to Frederic his slate, "I think that you will find it much more easy to do the rest of the sums, since you have brought up your mind to think so closely upon this one. I shall always be willing to help you encounter difficulties, though it will not do for me to take them out of your way. I think that, instead of going into a lower class, you will prefer the experiment of putting your patience to another trial to-morrow."

Frederic thanked his teacher, with a smile, and took his seat.

"I do wish I could learn to have a little more patience," thought he; "even Mr. W. can see, by my looks, how I feel when things go wrong with me. I should think that he would be the one to get out of patience, instead of the boys. I don't mean to get out of patience again."

He met with no very serious trial of his patience during the rest of the day; but at night, the time came. He had begun a map of the New England States, and he thought that he would carry it home to draw the ink lines for the border, as he had hardly room to spread it on his desk. His sister had made him a suitable pen, and lent him her ruler for the purpose. He was delighted to find what an even, black line, he could draw with his sister's broad-nibbed pen: he drew one across the top without the slightest blot or unevenness; but, alas! the moment he lifted the ruler to place it along the side, the sheet, which had been kept flat only by the weight of the ruler,—(it having been rolled up in carrying,)—suddenly curled itself snugly up again, blotting the line from end to end.

"Now if that is not provoking!" exclaimed Frederic, after contemplating the accident for a moment; "too bad!"

It is just the way with every thing I undertake," he continued, as he threw himself into a chair, with an air of vexation; "toò bad'!" he repeated once more; and, suddenly snatching up the ill-fated sheet, he tore it hastily in pieces, and then, to finish the work of destruction, crumpled up the fragments, and threw them into the fire.

His sister remonstrated, telling him that he might have used the pieces for drawing smaller maps, instead of wasting the whole sheet. But he shouldnt want to draw any more maps after that, he said. Hē would nēvēr tōūch ānōthēr ōne in his life, if he could help it. But, as it was, it could not be helped. A map must be ready before the next Saturday, and there was no time to be lost. His sister brought him another sheet, and encouraged him to try again. Frederic took the offered sheet, but he did not go to work with alacrity and good-humor, as he ought to have done, when his sister was at so much pains to assist and encourage him. He knēw that he should not succeed any better than before; and he didnt believe that he should draw Cape Cod half as well. All this he stopped to fret about, instead of going to work immediately to do his best; and when, at last, he took the pencil, and commenced drawing, it was with such a careless, languid air, it was not to be expected that he would succeed. There he sat, with his chair at some distance from the tablē, and with his hand upon one side, as if merely scribbling upon the paper for amusement. Stopping to survey his work after a little while, he declared that every line of it was wrong. He took up the India rubber; but, instead of drawing it across the paper only in ōne direction, as he had been cautioned always to dō, he began to rub back and forth with all his might, till the paper slipped, and was wrinkled so badly as to be completely spoiled.

Frederic's patience was now entirely gone. He declared that he wouldnt try again, for it was of no sort of use.

Again his sister tried to soothe his feelings. She advised him to put up his things for that evening, as he was tired; and she promised to wake him early in the morning, when he could take hold afresh. She would help him all she cōuld, she said; and she had no doubt that he would make a very handsome map, after all, if he would only try to be patient and cheerful about it.

Frederic made no answer, but sat still, in a disconsolate mood, at the table, while his sister gathered up his implements and papers.

This was not the way in which Frederic ought to have received his sister's kindness; and so he himself thought, after he had retired to his room, and had opportunity for reflection. "How much trouble I have been giving Mary all this evening, besides interrupting her from her work! What an improper spirit I have shown! It does no good for me to resolve not to get out of patience, for so I always do when any thing perplexes me."

It is of no use, it is true, to make good resolutions of any kind, if we trust to ourselves to keep them; but God has promised his assistance to all who will seek it. This thought came into Frederic's mind as he pursued his reflections; and he sincerely offered a prayer that he might be able to conquer the impatient, fretful spirit, into which little difficulties were so likely to betray him. His feelings had become calm; and now he began to look forward to the next day, and almost to wish that something might happen to trouble him, that he might have an opportunity to try his newly-made resolution.

He awoke early the next morning, and contrived to creep into the parlor, and have time for an hour's work upon his new map, before his sister came to knock at his door. She was surprised, on entering the room, to find him successfully at work, with a calm and a pleasant countenance; and her pleasure was equal to Frederic's, when the map was finally completed without accident, and without so much as an "Oh, dear!" having escaped his lips. He had almost hoped that he should meet with some trouble with it, as he told his sister, that she might see how much better he could behave about it, than he did the evening when he had given her so much trouble. But the truth is, when people go calmly and patiently about any piece of work, calculating to meet with difficulties, but resolved not to be fretted or put out of humor by them, such difficulties are not half as likely to occur; or, at any rate, the work will be sure to get on better, by far, than it would do in the hands of hasty, impatient, fretful people.

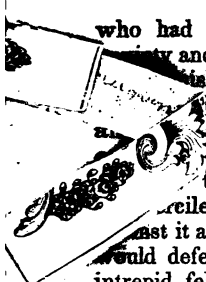
LESSON LII.

CRUELTY.

WHILE you are young, avoid cruelty. You would not tear away the wing of a robin; why should you tear that of a butterfly? You would not run a spike through a spaniel dog; why should you run one through a cockchaffer? You would not rob a house; why should you pilfer the nest of a poor bird? Show me a cruel boy, and I will show you one who will be a hard-hearted man. Whether the object of your cruelty be great or small—whether it be an insect, a bird, an animal, or a human being, it is of little consequence: only, cruelty is more mean when practiced against the weak and defenceless, than against the strong and powerful. The boy who is ignorant, may be pitied; he who is thoughtless, may be pardoned; but he who is cruel, ought to be despised.

Some boys seem to find their chief happiness in persecuting defenceless animals. If an unlucky dog or cat comes within their reach, they can never rest until they have devised some ingenious way of tormenting it. The more the animal seems to suffer, the more they enjoy it. It was but the other day that I saw a tall boy, twelve years of age, amusing himself with the struggles of a poor little mouse which he had taken prisoner. The boy tied a long string to the leg of the mouse, and then let it run as far as the string would allow. The little trembling captive seemed to suppose, for a moment, that it was at liberty, but as soon as it had run the length of the string the boy pulled it back with a sudden jerk. And this was done many times, till the panting little thing was entirely exhausted. Such a boy ought to be despised; to be shunned by every acquaintance who possesses a noble and generous spirit.

I have somewhere read an anecdote which pleased me much. It was this: A hare, closely pursued by hounds, was suddenly lost to sight; she had plunged into a deep ditch overgrown with briars; and, after running some distance along its bottom, crept slowly up the bank and stretched herself, breathless and almost dead with terror and fatigue, beneath the legs of a group of school-boys,



who had there seated themselves', watching, with deep interest and interest', the fortunes of the chase. As soon as the excitement excited by this unexpected appearance of the hare had somewhat subsided', an animated debate arose among the boys', respecting the disposal of the exhausted hare. The majority, allured by the hope of reward', thought the poor refugee should be promptly given up to the merciless pursuers. One boy, however, declared loudly against it as an act of perfidy', and said very firmly' that he would defend poor puss', let it cost what it would. The intrepid fellow was at length joined by one or two of his more generous associates. After some dispute', the voice of honor and mercy prevailed'; a glow of exultation lighted up the eyes and expanded the hearts of the youthful defenders of the persecuted créature, when they heard voices of dog and man, after a short pause', grow fainter upon the breeze. The poor hare, recruited by a few minutes respite', limped off in safety', or at least to die in peace' in an adjoining wood.

These boys exhibited the right spirit'; they performed a noble deed', which will give them real pleasure, whenever they think of it', as long as they live. The exercise of kind feelings strengthens their power. And the boy who begins by protecting a poor persecuted, and suffering animal', is likely to grow up a humane', benevolent', and noble-hearted man.

Be kind, then, to every creature. Try to promote happiness whenever you can. The world is full of suffering', and animals have a large share of it to endure. A good man ought not to let any opportunity to lessen the amount pass without improving it. If we neglect to give relief in cases where the uneasiness or pain, though apparent, is not great', we shall be in great danger of becoming indifferent'; that habit will strengthen, and at last, hard-heartedness and cruelty will become traits of our character.

A good man, who probably had cultivated tenderness of feeling towards animals', relates the following anecdote of himself:

"One day I got off my horse to kill a rat, which I found on the road only half killed. I am shocked at the thoughtless cruelty of many people', and yet I did a thing, soon after', that has given me considerable uneasiness', and for which I reproach myself bitterly. As I was riding homeward, I saw a wagon standing at a door with three horses;

the two foremost were eating corn from bags at their noses'; but I observed that the third had dropt his' on the ground', and could not stoop to get any food. However, I rode on, in absence of mind', without assisting him. But when I had arrived nearly home' I remembered what I had observed, while busily thinking of some subject', and felt extremely hurt at my neglect', and would have ridden back', had I not thought that the wagoner' might have come out of the house and relieved the horse. A man could not have a better demand for getting off his horse', than such an act of humanity." I am of the same opinion.

LESSON LIII.

DIVINE CARE AND PROTECTION. A HYMN.

THERE springs to light no beauteous flower'
That speaks not of its Maker's care';
What though it bloom but one short hour',
Its dewy fragrance fills the air.

No mountain pine, amid the sky',
Exalts its storm-defying head
Unsheltered', when the whirlwinds fly',
By him whose hand their fury sped.

The bee, that stores his curious cell
With the sweet treasures of the rose',
Seems in his happy toil to tell'
The fountain whence such bounty flows.

The condor, mightier than the king'
Of all the plumed tribes', may soar'—
Yet God sustains his rushing wing',
And guides him by the rocky shore.

The dazzling myriads of the stream',
The monsters of the soundless deep',
Beneath his eye may sport and gleam',
Or in their waters safely sleep.

There's not an object on this earth/
 Too humble or too vast for Him/
 Who called each insect form to birth',
 And clothed with light the cherubim.

LESSON LIV.

THE MOCKING-BIRD IN THE CITY.

BIRD of the South', is this a scene to waken
 Thy native notes in thrilling, gushing toné?
 Thy woodland nest of love is all forsaken'—
 Thy mate alone!

While stranger-throngs roll by, thy song is lending
 Joy to the happy', soothings to the sad';
 O'er my full heart it flows with gentle blending',
 And I am glad.

And I will sing', though dear ones, loved and loving',
 Are left afar in my sweet nest of homè;
 'Though from that nest, with backward yearnings moving',
 Onward I roam!

And with heart-music shall my feeble aiding
 Still swell the note of human joy aloud';
 Nor, with mistrusting, soul-kind Heaven upbraiding',
 Sigh mid the crowd.

LESSON LV.

SOLITUDE.

It is not that my lot is low',
 That bids the silent tear to flow;
 It is not grief that bids me moan',
 It is', that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam',
When the tired hedger hies him home',
Or by the woodland pool to rest',
When, pale', the star looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent evening sighs,
With hallow'd airs and symphonies',
My spirit takes another tone',
And sighs that it is all alone.

The Autumn leaf is sere and dead';
It floats upon the water's bed';
I would not be a leaf', to dié
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail',
Tell all the same unvaried talè;
I've none to smile when I am freé,
And, when I sigh', to sigh with me.

Yet, in my dreams, a form I view',
That thinks on mē, and loves me too';
I start', and when the vision's flown',
I weep that I am all alone.

LESSON LVI.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.*

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Besides the babbling rills';
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night', when through the trees
The wind was roaring', on his knees
His youngest-born did Andrew hold';
And while the rest', a ruddy quiré,
Were seated round their blazing fire',
This tale the shepherd told.

* *Broom*, a plant, of which there are several species.

"I saw a crag', a lofty stone
 As ever tempest beat;
 Out of its head' an Oak had grown',
 A Broom', out of its feet!
 The time was March', a cheerful noon'—
 The thaw-wind', with the breath of June',
 Breathed gently from the warm south-west';
 When, in a voice sedate with age',
 This Oak, a giant', and a sage',
 His neighbor thus addressed':—

"Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay',
 Along this mountain's edge',
 The Frost hath wrought both night and day',
 Wedge driving after wedge.
 Look up'! and think', above your head',
 What trouble surely will be bred;
 Last night I heard a crash'—'tis true—
 The splinters took another road'—
 I see them yonder'—what a load'
 For such a thing as you!

"You are preparing, as before',
 To deck your slender shape';
 And yet, just three years back'—no more'—
 You had a strange escape.
 Down from yon cliff a fragment broke';
 It thundered down with fire and smoke',
 And hitherward pursued its way':
 This ponderous block was caught by mē;
 And o'er your head', as you may see',
 'Tis hanging to this day!

"The thing had better been asleep',
 Whatever thing it were',
 Or Breezé, or Bird', or Dog', or Sheep',
 That first did plant you there.
 For you', and your green twigs', decoy
 The little witless shepherd boy'
 To come and slumber in your bower';
 And, trust mé, on some sultry noon',
 Both you and he', Heaven knows how soon',
 Will perish in one hour.

"From me this friendly warning take"—
 The Broom began to doze,
 And thus, to keep herself awake',
 Did gently interpose:
 "My thanks for your discourse are due;
 That more than what you say is true,
 I know', and I have known it long';
 Frail is the bond by which we hold
 Our being', whether young or old',
 Wise', foolish', weak', or strong'.

"Disasters, do the best we can',
 Will reach both great and small';
 And he is oft the wisest man',
 Who is not wise at all.
 For me, why should I wish to roam'?
 This spot is my paternal home',
 It is my pleasant heritage';
 My Father', many a happy year',
 Here spread his careless blossoms', here'
 Attained a good old age.

"Even such as his may be my lot':
 What cause have I to haunt
 My heart with terrors'? Am I not',
 In truth', a favored plant'?
 On me such bounty Summer pours',
 That I am covered o'er with flowers';
 And, when the Frost is in the sky',
 My branches are so fresh and gay'
 That you might look at me', and say—
 This plant can never die.

"The butterfly, all green and gold',
 To me hath often flown',
 Here in my blossoms to behold
 Wings lovely as his own.
 When grass is chill with rain or dew',
 Beneath my shade, the mother Ewe'
 Lies with her infant lamb'; I see'
 The love they to each other make',
 And the sweet joy which they partake';—
 It is a joy to me."

Her voice was blithe', her heart was light';
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech', until the stars of night'
Their journey had renewed';
But in the branches of the Oak'
Two Ravens now began to croak'
Their nuptial song', a gladsome air';
And to her own green bower the breeze',
That instant', brought two stripling Bees'
To rest or murmur there.

One night, my children', from the North
There came a furious blast';
At break of day I ventured forth',
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak',
And struck him with a mighty stroke',
And whirled', and whirled him', far away';
And', in one hospitable cleft',
The little careless Broom was left'
To live for many a day."

LESSON LVII.

THE DRUNKEN PASSENGER.

A Real Incident.

ABOUT the middle of January, while transacting business in the city of New York, I found by a notice in one of the morning papers that the last trip of the New-Haven steamboat', (for the season',) would be made on the following Tuesday. As no other means of leaving the city would soon occur, except by the stages, (and that with twice the expense',) I resolved to bring my business to a speedy close', to forego several friendly visits', and to leave the city by the steamboat'; not altogether because it would be pleasanter than stage riding', but because it would better accord with those rigid principles of economy which I was early taught', and had ever found necessary to practice among the rugged hills of Vermont.

The forenoon of Tuesday I spent in bidding adieu to some friends on Long Island. The weather was bland and spring-like. No snow could be seen in the vicinity', but an occasional block of ice floated by on the moving tide of the Hudson. Yet nothing seemed to indicate an appearance of mid-winter except the dried flower-stalks', the leafless boughs', and the oblique rays of the sun', laboring unsuccessfully to produce vegetation.

A little past 4 o'clock, P. M., I found myself and baggage on board a comfortable boat sailing up East River', propelled by a spiteful little engine. The great London of America, with its spires, and towers, and steeples', and the many lovely and picturesque seats on Long Island', fast receded from view. I could gaze on the enchanting scenes which I was leaving probably for the last time', and with which I had been familiar for months', without any sensations of regret. Indeed, I was elated at the thought that I was journeying towards "Home, sweet home," and was confident that I should be received under the paternal roof with warm greetings, and an affectionate welcome.

I paced the deck until the sun had sunk beneath the western horizon, and the boat had safely passed Hurlgate. I then went into the cabin with the intention of spending the evening in reading newspapers, writing in my journal', and holding chit-chat with the passengers. The medley of characters with which stages and steamboats are filled, is not always such as would be drawn together by mutual choice. My present design is to exhibit some traits in the character of an individual who was conspicuous, among fifty gentlemen passengers', for loquacity, affability, and intelligence on common subjects. I will introduce him to the reader by the name of Capt. Tipton. He was in the full growth of manhood'—apparently about 40 years of age. I was not long in forming an opinion, from his external appearance, that he was recently from a southern climate', where the sun's burning rays had changed the color of his countenance, and that he was in the woful habit of taking internally a burning liquid which was not only changing his natural appearance, but was evidently fast undermining his intellectual and physical constitution.

Probably no other one in the company formed the same conclusion, as I was alone in the opinion that my tumbler of water at the tea-table would do me no harm *without a little*

brandy. Capt. Tipton was master of one of the largest packets that sail between Havanna, in the West Indies and New York'; and, when the events of this narrative occurred, he was traveling to Quebec on some commercial business. Learning this fact, I felt quite sure that he would be my fellow traveler until I arrived at my journey's end. The boat landed at New Haven about midnight. Capt. T. and myself took seats in the same stage', and were soon rolling away at full speed towards Hartford.

During our passage through the Sound the weather had materially changed, and seemed to portend a blustering storm of snow. All our forebodings in this respect were fully realized before arriving at Hartford. The rough northeastern gale, loaded with chilling snow, formed no very agreeable contrast with the mild air we enjoyed the day before in New York. However, it was no time then to talk of summer suns and mild climates. To preserve our single selves from the growing inclemency of the weather while traveling, seemed to be the principal object. Capt. Tipton, who, one month before, walked on the island of Cuba, had the forethought, when in New York', to purchase a cloak, cap, and mittens well lined with fur. Though he was wrapped from top to toe in the very warmest clothing', (which by the way I considered wisdom in him'), yet he was continually shivering, chattering his teeth, and preparing himself for a long and cold journey by frequently heating his vital parts by means of liquid fire, introduced through his "open sepulcher." I have insinuated before, that Capt. Tipton bore the marks of a drunkard. He did so, indeed. He was naturally high minded, gallant and daring—but the luster of virtue shone not in his eye! The hydra, Intemperance, had struck his fangs deep and deadly', and was fast dragging him down to the pit.

We left Hartford before sunrise, and darted up the valley of the Connecticut almost with the speed of a Lapland deer. The keen north wind swept down the valley, and whistled by the coach', in no very pleasant unison with the music of the merry bells. An occasional gust of wind, to clear the coach of the alcoholic exhalations of the sea captain, was, on my part, quite welcome. The intense cold itself, or his *cold preventives*', had by this time caused the loquacious Captain to become almost a complete mute', and insensible, or indifferent, to every thing except cogniac* and cigars.

* Pronounced *co-mi-ac*. A kind of brandy.

As regularly as the stage halted at a tavern, Capt. Tipton would not fail to call for these articles, which he used thus freely "to prevent the bad effects of the climate."

He was frequently reminded that his danger from the inclemency of the weather was tenfold increased by his course of management. But all to no purpose. He would mumble out in answer, "I guess I know what medicine does me the most good." My heart bled at his prospect—I wept for his errors. But what could be done? He was deaf to reason—an independent man in a free country. About 9 o'clock in the evening, as the stage made a short halt at a comfortable looking tavern, our marine passenger was almost benumbed with cold. With the help of the landlord he hobbled into the bar room, and spreading himself before the fire, called for a good mug of flip and a Spanish cigar. I seriously told him that flip, taken into his stomach in the situation in which he then was, would have a very bad effect upon his health; and very strongly urged him to share with me a semicircle of excellent mince pie. But he was obstinate, and drank his flip—declaring at the same time, "if such warm stuff as that wouldn't keep a fellow warm, he'd freeze up." At length we arrived at our lodgings, in a lovely village on the bank of the Connecticut. Capt. Tipton, after having his frozen fingers done up by the landlady, drank a glass of sling and went to bed—how he rested the reader can judge for himself.

The next morning, before the sun had tinged the snow-clad hills, the stage was in readiness to carry us on our way. As I was within 20 miles of home, I was early out of bed, and, being impatient for departure, was the first to take a seat in the coach. "All ready!" cried the driver—"No, no, hold—Capt. Tipton isn't here!" "There he is," cried the groom, "in the pig-sty, casting up the three glasses of bitters he just drank." "Hallō! Capt. Tipton, are you sick? and shall I leave your baggage?" The gallant captain made an affirmative *grunt*—the driver untied and left his baggage, mounted his seat, reined his horses, cracked his whip—and we were soon out of sight of so disgusting an object.

LESSON LVIII.

OBJECT OF ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMY is that department of knowledge which has for its object to investigate the motions, the magnitudes, and distances of the heavenly bodies'; the laws by which their movements are directed', and the end which they are intended to subserve in the fabric of the universe. This is a science which has in all ages engaged the attention of the poet, the philosopher, and the diviné, and been the subject of their study and admiration. Kings have descended from their thrones to render it homage, and have sometimes enriched it with their labors'; and humble shepherds, while watching their flocks by night, have beheld with rapture the blue vault of heaven', with its thousand shining orbs', moving in silent grandeur', till the morning star announced the approach of day.

The study of this science must have been coeval with the existence of man'; for there is no rational being, who has for the first time lifted his eyes to the nocturnal sky', and beheld the moon walking in brightness amid the planetary orbs and the host of stars', but must have been struck with admiration and wonder at the splendid scéné, and excited to inquiries into the nature and destination of those far-distant orbs. Compared with the splendor, the amplitude, the august motions', and the ideas of infinity which the celestial vault presents', the most resplendent terrestrial scenes sink into inanity', and appear unworthy of being set in competition with the glories of the sky.

When, on a clear autumnal evening, after sunset, we take a serious and attentive view of the celestial canopy'; when we behold the moon displaying her brilliant crescent in the western sky'; the evening star gilding the shades of night'; the planets moving in their several orbs'; the stars, one after another', emerging from the blue ethereal', and gradually lighting up the firmament till it appears all over spangled with a brilliant assemblage of shining orbs'; and, particularly, when we behold one cluster of stars gradually descending below the *western* horizon', and other clusters emerging from the *east*', and ascending, in unison', the can-

opy of heaven'; when we contemplate the whole celestial vault, with all the shining orbs it contains', moving in silent grandeur', like one vast concave sphere', around this lower world and the place on which we stand'—such a scene naturally leads a reflecting mind to such inquiries as these: Whence come those stars which are ascending from the east'? Whither have those gone which have disappeared in the west'? What becomes of the stars, during the day, which are seen in the night'? Is the motion which appears in the celestial vault *réal*, or does a motion in the earth itself' cause this appearance'? What are those immense numbers of shining orbs which appear in every part of the sky'? Are they mere studs or tapers fixed in the arch of heaven', or are they bodies of an immense size and splendor'? Do they shine with borrowed light', or with their own native luster? Are they placed only a few miles above the region of the clouds, or at immense distances', beyond the range of human comprehension'? Can their distance be ascertained'? Can their bulk be computed'? By what laws are their motions regulated'? and what purposes are they destined to subserve in the great plan of the universé? These, and similar questions, it is the great object of astronomy to resolve', so far as the human mind has been enabled to prosecute the path of discovery.

LESSON LIX.

BEAUTY IS VAIN.—PROVERBS, XXXI. 30.

"UNCLE'," said a sprightly girl of fifteen to a middle aged gentleman who was fastening the padlock on the gate of a grave yard, where the two had been walking for the previous half hour', "uncle', why did the tears run down your cheeks, as we read the epitaph on the tombstone of Ellen Lewis'?"—Mary Green, who put the question', was an uncommonly pretty girl'; and, unfortunately, some one had told her of it, and vanity had begun to throw its corrupting influence over her young heart. Her uncle was therefore ready, (though it revived melancholy feelings',) to relate to her the brief narrative of Ellen Lewis, in the hope that its

lesson on the folly and misery of *self-flattery respecting beauty*, might check the rising vanity of his dear niece.

"I never," said he, "pass the grave of Ellen without shedding tears. When I first knew that girl, she was a scholar in the same sabbath-school in which I was teacher. She was thought very pretty; and there was a womanly grace about her deportment, which made her a universal favorite. And then she was modest, obliging, easily managed, and, withal, attentive to her lesson. These different traits of character wore upon me so much, that, if she had been my own child, I could not have loved her more. Often, often, have I prayed that the only other grace which she seemed to need, (that of godliness,) might be added to her. But alas, an answer to those prayers never came; and that sweet girl, who, of all children in the school, I most desired to see a Christian, left the least hope of all, when she died, that she went to heaven!

"We are all very slow to notice the faults and vices of those whom we love. Other people began to find fault with Ellen, before I could see any thing amiss. For awhile I would not believe them; but, as they were her friends, I watched, and soon found that a change for the worse was taking place. I then sought for the cause of it, and found that the worm at the root, which was blighting this pleasant flower, was the vanity of conscious beauty. Oh, how soon do young girls learn to take pride in the perishing body; and how slow are they to learn the worth of the immortal soul! One of the first fruits of her pride was the *love of dress*; and she soon became distinguished as our gayest scholar."

"One who imbibes a good opinion of herself cannot bear reproof; and, in consequence, her faithful teacher, who frequently applied pungent truths to her conscience, became an object of dislike. Next, she made the girls of her age in the school (with the exception of three or four,) feel her imaginary superiority, either by silent reserve, or ill-concealed contempt. She showed other tokens of evil, but I will mention only one more. Long before she reached womanhood, and just at the age when children begin to understand religious instruction, and are most interesting to the teacher, she got the notion that she was *too old to go to school*! I am glad, my dear, that you do not indulge this absurd opinion; for children of your age, more than those

who are younger', need the teachings and restraints of religion. Besides', I think that every one, grown or small', should be either a teacher or a scholar. Religious instruction is so important, both for this world and the next', that we ought to continue it, either in teaching or in being taught', as long as we live."

"The persuasions of a few friends kept Ellen a few months longer in the school'; but she became so restless and impatient at the irksome task, and her influence was becoming so injurious to her class', that it was thought best not to constrain' her to come'; and she left the school as gladly as a caged bird escapes, when some careless hand leaves the gate of its little home unfastened."

"The same vanity which had led Ellen through these exhibitions of character, made her anxious to show herself in society'; and as these traits would not be noticed in the eyes of the worldly-minded', and as her manners were sprightly and attractive, she was much noticed and flattered by the ungodly. A subscription was raised among these for the employment of a dancing master, whom Providence threw in their way', and who, like most of his kind, carried more brains in his heels than in his head. She took her place regularly at every cotillion. When that season of folly was over, recourse was had to extravagant parties'; so that, in a year after Ellen left Sunday School, she was in the inner circle of the whirlpool of fashion and dissipation. The religious instruction which she had received seemed all to be as water that is spilled on the ground, and cannot be gathered. Oh, how often did I sigh over the wreck of my hopes and prayers!"

"About a year after this, her mother died. She had often exerted a restraining influence over her child, but had, for a year or two, contented herself with hoping that she would lose her giddiness, and settle down into sobriety, as she grew up. Ellen always loved her mother, and seldom went directly against her will'; but through her influence over her father, she almost always succeeded in gaining her mother over to her views. The shock of her death sobered her for a brief period', during which I had hopes that she would turn from her folly. But, not long after this, a ball was projected', at which, it was reported', a young lady of great beauty, from a neighboring city, was to be present', and who, it was said', would eclipse every rival. Ellen heard this

gossip'; and, as her own pride of heart told her that no one was so pretty as herself, she determined that nobody should think that she had a superior. Accordingly, on the appointed night, she cast off her still fresh mourning', clad herself in her gayest dress, and made her appearance in the festive room. Eager hands were offered for the honor of her company in the mazes of the giddy dance; and her pleasure would have been complete', if she had not noticed that the rival stranger attracted still more favor than herself. Her vexed heart could not bear its own jealousy', and long before the hour of breaking up', she left the room to return home. At that early hour no carriage was in attendancè; and she chose to walk home, in a wintery night, clad in her thin dress and light shoes."

"That night was a sleepless one'—partly from vexation, and partly because she felt unwell. She found, next day, that she had taken a severe cold, in consequence of her exposure the evening before. She neglected suitable remedies, until it ripened into disease. Before long it was evident that consumption had fastened on her constitution. The luster of her eye waned', the bloom of her complexion faded', except when it was flushed by diseasè; the fullness of her cheek wasted', and her light step became feeble. At the season when gentle spring was giving fresh life to every thing, and calling forth into her walks every creaturè, she was confined to the housè;—soon after, to her room';—and next', to her bed. I was anxious to see her, and at length went, though uninvited. When she heard that I was below, she sent a request that I would come up. She received me kindly; for she had always expressed great regard for me, and she knew that, though I condemned her follies, I still earnestly longed for her welfare. But when I drew her mind to the subject of religion', and suggested the necessity of a preparation for death', I could see the scowl of offence on her brow.. She candidly told me, that she had no pleasure in such thoughts', and that she would see no company that would introduce such conversation. I left her, with the painful conviction that my visit was both an ungracious and hopeless one."

"I need not weary you," continued Mr Green', "nor distress myself', by any further details of her sickness. She sunk rapidly'; and one day, while a thoughtless friend was reading to her a chapter in a new novel', she sunk unconsci-

ously in death. I always feel, when I think of her, and especially when I look on her gravé, that her *beauty* was her curse', and the stumbling block over which she fell, I fear', into endless perdition."

Although her uncle did not say that he intended this melancholy narrative for Mary's warning', yet she felt that he meant it; and she silently resolved, as he finished it, that thenceforth' she would set no value on beauty', but seek rather to adorn the mind', and to grow in grace'; which, after all, are the only useful and enduring forms of loveliness.

LESSON LX.

THE THEATER.

As I was one day walking out for my accustomed exercise, a gentleman passed me in his carriage, and invited me to ride with him. He is a gentleman of wealth and distinction', and of an elevated and pious character. He came to the city when young', without friends', without money', without reputation', without any extrinsic means whatever' of getting started in business. Soon after I took a seat with him', two young men of dissipated air, with cigars in their mouths, dashed furiously by us in a chaise. "There," said he, "are two young men going fast to ruin." This incident turned our conversation upon the exposures and the ruin of young men in the city. He remarked that most of the young men, who came to live in the city at the same time he did', had already gone to ruin. I told him that the interest which I felt in young men prompted the inquiry, how it came to pass that he escaped, and by what means he had succeeded so well in life'?

He replied, that when he came to the city, it was under the conviction that he had himself to make'; that he then laid down some rules, which he had stedfastly observed. Among them are the following—that he would always attend meeting upon the Sabbath'; that he would never read loose and infidel writings', nor attend infidel meetings'; that he would devote a portion of his time to some profitable study'; that he would be always diligent and faithful in business, however discouraging things might look'; that

he would not frequent shops of refreshment', unless for necessary food'; that he would form no alliance with any individuals, for society or amusement', till he knew them to be virtuous and safe companions'; and that he would not go to the *theater* till he was forty-five years old', when, he supposed, he should be above the reach of any injury from that source. Long before he reached that age he became a pious man', and of course he now finds higher sources of pleasure than the theater—a place which he never visited. Another youth, who came to the city at the same time, and from the same place with him, took lodgings at a house with some theater-going young men'—was prevailed upon to go for once—then again'—and again'—became loose in his principles and habits'—one wrong step led on to another', until he went headlong to ruin', and found an infamous grave! And this, he remarked, had been the sad history of many, who, with him, began their career in life.

LESSON LXI.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

He that covereth a transgression seeketh love, but he that repeateth a matter separateth friends.

The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water'; therefore, leave off contention before it be meddled with.

A friend loveth at all times', and a brother is born for adversity.

A foolish son is a grief to his father', and bitterness to her that bore him.

Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace', is counted wise'; and he that shutteth his lips is considered a man of understanding.

Before destruction' the heart of man is haughty', and before honor is humility.

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city'; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.

Death and life are in the power of the tongue'; and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.

A false witness shall not be unpunished', and he that speaketh lies shall perish.

A foolish son is the calamity of his father', and the contentions of a wife are a continual dropping.

He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the LORD', and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

Chasten thy son while there is hope', and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

He that wasteth his father', and chaseth away his mother', is a son that causeth shame', and bringeth reproach.

Cease, my son', to hear instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge.

Wine is a mocker', strong drink is raging'; and whoever is deceived by it is not wise.

The sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold'; therefore shall he beg in harvest', and have nothing.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean', I am pure from my sin'?

Divers weights, and divers measures', both of them are alike abomination to the LORD.

Even a child' is known by his doings', whether his work is puré, and whether it is right.

Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty'; open thine eyes', and thou shalt be satisfied with bread.

It is naught, it is naught', saith the buyer', but when he has gone his way' then he boasteth.

Bread of deceit is sweet to a man', but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel.

He that goeth about as a tale-bearer revealeth secrets'; therefore, meddle not with him who flattereth with his lips.

Whoever curseth his father or his mother', his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.

An inheritance may be obtained hastily at the beginning', but the end thereof will not be blessed.

To do justice and judgment' is more acceptable to the LORD than sacrifice.

A high look, and a proud heart, and the ploughing of the wicked', is sin.

It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top', than with a brawling woman in a wide house.

Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor', he also shall cry himself', but shall not be heard.

He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man'; he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious and angry woman.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.

There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel', against the LORD.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches', and loving-favor rather than silver and gold.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

The slothful man saith', there is a lion without', I shall be slain in the streets.

Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child', but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

He that oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich', shall surely come to want.

Make no friendship with an angry man', and with a furious man thou shalt not go, lest thou learn his ways', and get a snare to thy soul.

Withhold not correction from the child', for, if thou beatest him with the rod', he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod', and shalt deliver his soul from hell.

Hearken to thy father who begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.

Buy the truth and sell it not'; also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding.

Who hath wé? Who hath sorrow'? Who hath contentions'? Who hath babblings'? Who hath wounds without causé? Who hath redness of eyes'?—They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou on the wine when it is red', when it giveth its color in the cup', when it moveth itself aright'; at the last it biteth like a serpent', and stingeth like an adder.

Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth', and let not thy heart be glad when he stumbleth', lest the LORD see it', and it displease him', and he turn away his wrath from him.

LESSON LXII.

PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG.

PETER BRIGHAM paid his last penny to the toll-gatherer at Charles River, as he made his entrance into Boston. He walked about most of the forenoon, and finally asked a gentleman near one of the insurance offices, if he wanted to *hire*? Struck with the appearance of the lad, he said yes', and Peter was provided with a comfortable home, as a sort of "do all," in a gentleman's family. To make a long story short', Peter was no common youth'; and he gradually rose in the employ of Mr. Parker, till for years and years he was his head clerk'; and, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted into the house as a partner, at one third of the profits. The well known house of "Parker & Co." continued for a goodly number of years', and became one of the largest establishments of the day. The senior partner finally retired', leaving the whole concern in the hands of the junior'; and for thirty years the house continued to grow with the growth of the city', under the prudent management of Mr. Brigham. He was esteemed a merchant of the utmost integrity', and maintained a most enviable reputation during his long mercantile career.

One day, the old gentleman said to Peter, Jr. his oldest son, who had been brought up in the store'—

"Do you think you could manage business alone'? I leave you the store', a large stock of goods', and perhaps the best set of customers of any dealer in Boston'; but remember', Peter', I paid my last penny to the toll-man when I entered Boston."

The elder Brigham retired to Watertown, in a neat country abode. Peter went on in the business. The spirit of improvement went abroad, and Peter thought he must tear down the old store', and erect an elegant one, with a granite front, and of great depth', to accommodate his business. When he got comfortably into it, with elegant fixtures to match, the elder looked in upon Peter, Jr.

"How do you like the store, father'?"

"Peter', the store is too long."

Peter, Jr. continued to extend his operations', and finally became the importer of the teas and coffee which he sold at

wholesale. He was considered a desirable match for almost any young lady', and in the following year espoused Julia Wentworth', an heiress of thirty thousand. He purchased an elegant mansion opposite the Hall, and, of course, fitted it up in great splendor', becoming the high circle in which his beautiful bride would move. The father of Peter claimed the privilege of presenting the Mirrors for the dining-hall. They arrived from Liverpool on the day preceding the nuptial dinner party. The old gentleman had personally superintended their adjustment in the hall. All the Wentworths and Brighams were around the festive board, when, speaking of the nuptial presents, the son, in the joyousness of the occasion', exclaimed', "Father', I have not seen the Mirrors which you gave us."

"They are suspended in this hall, my son'."

All eyes were turned upon them'—when, on a golden tablet, crowning each reflector, they read', "PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG."

Peter recollected the remark of the old gentleman, when he had asked his opinion of the store'; and although he had to laugh with the rest of the company, still he felt there was meaning in it', and he never went into the dining hall' but his eyes would involuntarily revert to the mirrors with'—"Peter, the store is too long." However, Peter went ahead in business. He obtained a fortune by his marriage, in addition to the excellent business left him by his father', and Brigham, Jr. was not a very small man on 'Change. He fell into the speculating mania which seemed to possess the people of the age. His notes were as good as bank notes, and his credit was, "A. No. 1." Every body was making fortunes in stocks—and was there any earthly reason why hē should not'? He went into the fancy line pretty largely. The cotton speculation, too, was all the rage', and he went into the adventure', as a matter of course.

And why not add a million or so by purchasing lots in the West'? Mr. Colbier had made two millions by the sale of his lots where the city of Orient now rears its aspiring head'—and Brigham, Jr. went for \$20,000 into the lots of the intended city of Hamiltonia, the most beautiful site', (situated at the confluence of six rivers',) in all the teeming empire of the mighty West. It was whispered on 'Change that he had made more than half a million of dollars in stocks, and his western lots', and that he was to make four

hundred thousand dollars in his "Eastern Townships." He was written down as a man worth a million; and, at the next election, Peter Brigham, Jr. was made President of the Bank of Exchange.

But there must have been a race of Peter Brigham, Juniors, in the days of Shakspeare—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men ;"

and Peter found his' on the ebb in the midst of the money pressure. Stocks down—cotton ditto—western lots, no sale—eastern townships ditto. As a last resort, Peter was obliged to visit the country seat of his father at Watertown, to solicit funds to help him through the pressure, or he must fail. The prudent old merchant sat down and took a cool survey of Peter's affairs. He then called the servant to bring him some bank checks, one of which he filled out thus :

"Pay to Peter Brigham, Jr. one penny, the amount possessed by his father when he arrived at Charles River bridge; and the best inheritance that a father can give his son to begin the world with.

PETER BRIGHAM.

The next day the failure of the house of Peter Brigham, Jr. was announced on 'Change for more than a million of dollars. And when the stock in the new store, with a granite front, was sold beneath the red flag, wild and headstrong speculators had read to them an important lesson of prudence and sagacity, in the little emblem of'

"PETER, THE STORE IS TOO LONG."

LESSON LXIII.

CALORIC.

IN those ancient days so much boasted by the moderns, when the philosophers were content with believing that the sun was a fiery cloud a foot in diameter, or, at most, no larger than Peloponnesus, one of the most renowned sages, in the midst of the gardens of the Academy, was theorizing with great confidence and power. He was explaining, in brief terms, how all the worlds, which roll in space, were created. A young disciple of Plato, accustomed to reason by proposing questions, as is the fashion with some

of his modern disciples in a part of our country, thus addressed him:—"O sagé, condescend to enlighten me in regard to these mysteries"; how it happens that the rays, falling upon wax, cause it to drop in threads of gold', while the same heat, applied to moist clay', changes it to stoné? Or that man, moving under the full ardor of these rays, is covered with sweat', while the same heat dries up the fountains and streams'? Or, that the same light reddens the rose, stripes the tulip, blanches the lily', and browns the shepherd girl'? Whence is it that the same cause operates such opposite effects'?" The disciple of Plato ceased'; and the sage world-builder', not being able to resolve the questions of a scholar touching the most obvious matters of daily observation', retired overwhelmed with shame from the academy.

In these more fortunate days, we have in our ordinary schools young doctors of sixteen', and fair Euclids at twelve', who, standing at the black-board during an examination', are able to discourse, at least, learnedly' upon these points of philosophy', if they cannot satisfactorily explain them.

The great agent of these seemingly contradictory results, is a subtil, invisible fluid', of which I have already spoken', called caloric. The effect of the presence of this fluid to the perception of a sentient being', is warmth. It is supposed to expand bodies by penetrating between their molecules. In this way, a bar of red hot iron becomes perceptibly longer than when cold. A still greater quantity of caloric would have caused this bar to melt and flow, like a fluid. Whoever visits the mint will see gold and silver, by this action', become as liquid as water. Caloric, entering into the particles of water', dilates them first into steam', and then into invisible vapor. Remove this power', and the transparent fountains change to a substance like glass. To this element air owes its fluidity. The atmosphere itself would become a solid body', if caloric did not expand the molecules which compose it. It is affirmed, in these days', that philosophers have succeeded in compressing air so as to render it twice as dense as water.

Although caloric and light are frequently found in union', it is not uncommon to find them in separation. We have seen that sea-water, and many insects, offer us the brightest light without a particle of heat'; and we can heat a great number of substances without rendering them luminous. It is natural to suppose, then, that caloric and light are two

different bodies, which have a great analogy the one with the other, though many modern philosophers confound them.

The most remarkable property of caloric is its power to expand bodies'; that is to say', to augment their volume by gliding between their molecules. This effect, as I remarked at the commencement of these lectures', is directly opposed to that of the attraction of aggregation', which draws the molecules of bodies towards one another. There is, therefore, a continual war between these two forces'; and from this war results all the varied forms of matter', from the state of a solid to that of a liquid', and still further to that of an aeriform fluid.

A certain quantity of caloric, added to a solid body', changes it to a fluid. If we add still more caloric', it separates the molecules of the fluid so far from each other, that their attraction of aggregation is entirely destroyed', and the liquid is transformed into vapor or steam.

When I touch a warm body, the caloric', which is perpetually tending to an equilibrium', passes from this body into my hand. On the contrary, when I touch a cold' body, the caloric passes from my hand into that body', and I experience a sensation of cold. To the property which caloric thus has', of passing from one body to another', we owe the invention of the thermometer. The heat, in expanding the quick-silver, increases its volume, and causes it to ascend in a small cylindrical glass vessel, marked with circles at equal distances', called a graduated scale, by which the increase of the heat is noted.

There are bodies which heat penetrates only with difficulty. They retain' their caloric, and grant it a difficult passage. They are called bad conductors. On the contrary, bodies which give a free and easy passage to their caloric', are called good conductors. If you raise the wick of a lamp with a pin', the heat is immediately communicated to your hand. Metals are good conductors. You burn a match', on the contrary', until the flame almost touches your hand', without giving you the sensation of heat. Wood is, therefore, a bad conductor.

A little girl went into the study of Mezerai,* the celebrated historian, to get fire. Having forgotten to bring a vessel in which to carry the fire, she put some ashes in the bottom

* *Mez-er-ai*; four syllables and the fourth long.

of her hand'; and, to the great astonishment of the philosopher, put the burning coals upon the ashes', and carried off the fire in her hand. Experience had taught the child that ashes were a bad conductor of heat.

The warmest bodies are bad conductors. Such a substance is a woollen dress. It keeps off the cold, not, as some suppose, by imparting warmth', but in hindering the warmth of our bodies from escaping. Hence, when the air is warmer than our bodies', a woollen dress tends to keep us cool.

Most animals, by an admirable contrivance of the Creator, are covered with wool, fur, hair, feathers', all substances among the number of bad conductors. They are clothed by the hand of Providence exactly in conformity with their wants', and the nature of things. Their dress accommodates itself to the heat of summer', and the cold of winter. It falls, and becomes thin, in the former period', and grows thicker during the winter. Aquatic birds have a species of very warm down', which only covers that part of their breast exposed to water', which is varnished with a bland oil', and is at once fortified against cold and humidity.

Nature carries her foresight still further. The same animal acquires a different fur in different climates. The northern frosts impart to the goat, rabbit, cat, and sheep', a thick and furry vestment. The same animals are almost entirely deprived of hair in the burning regions of Senegal and Guineá; while in Syriá, according to the expression of a naturalist', they are covered with a long, light, and silky vestment', like the robe of the Orientals. The wants of all beings have been calculated with such an exactness of benevolent justice that the animals, which live in valleys where they enjoy a mild temperature', are more thinly clad than the animals of mountains', that wander in the midst of storms and snow.

We might trace the same wise arrangement even in the conformation of vegetables. Their flower-buds are destined to multiply and perpetuate the species. They contain, at the same time, the seed', the fruit', and the coming tree. Nature, neglecting nothing that could tend to preserve so important a change, has fenced the bud with scales', overlaying one another like tiles'; bristled them with hairs which defend them from insects'; and lubricated them with a light

varnish', over which the water glides without leaving a trace of humidity.

As animals are more warmly clad, by nature, in proportion as their climates are colder', so, as we approach the warm countries, these scales which envelop the germs, diminish by degrees', and end by disappearing entirely. In the torrid zone, the light buds of flowers are naked', like the savage that dances round the tree which bears them. Transfer this vegetable to our climate', and you will see nature take care to clothe and defend it by numerous scales. This is her process of acclimation.

Every thing in the universe perishes only to be renewed. Nature incessantly struggles against destruction'; and her wise and benevolent foresight maintains the equilibrium between life and death. What admirable precaution has she taken to assure the reproduction of the humblest plant! During the close of summer, she covers the ears of our maize with husks, more or less thick', according to the mildness or severity of the winter that is to follow. The naturalist discovers this provident care in many of the coverings of the fruits and grains. The savage counts the number and thickness of these coats', and is forewarned for what severity of winter he has to prepare; and, unread in the lore of our books', in reading the beautiful book of nature', he is enabled to regulate his labors', his hunting and fishing in the desert.

I hope that you have seen that the study of nature is full of charms. In proportion as you investigate her secrets, the wisdom of Providence is continually disclosed', and your views become more broad and delightful', and all dryness disappears from the pursuit of knowledge. You enjoy such a pleasure as the traveler experiences', who has finally toiled to the summit of a mountain. The prospect of boundlessness opens before him', and the heavens surround him on all sides.

LESSON LXIV.

COMPLIANCE WITH A HUSBAND'S WISHES REWARDED.

I MUST not omit to introduce at this period a department of my establishment, which, though humble in itself', wrought important effects on my after happiness.

I carried with me from my mother's house a cat', which was so beautiful that I named her * Fairy', in honor of the damsel who was changed to Grimalkin in the old romance. If I had a prejudice, it was in favor of cats' and against dogs'; this was unfortunate', for, soon after my marriage', I was introduced to a mastiff of Edward's † nearly as large as myself. I had often heard him speak of this dog', and praise the faithfulness with which he guarded the office. I was too busy in other interests to think much of Growler for some time. I only observed that, on his occasional visits', (for the office was his head-quarters',) Fairy's back rose indignantly', and I felt mine disposed to mount too'. At length, Growler finding the house so comfortable, came home at night with his master', and daringly laid his unwieldy form on the center of the hearth-rug', while Fairy', routed from her luxurious station, stood upon her dignity', hissing and sputtering in one corner.

For a long period a single look from mē would make Edward banish Growler from the room'; but a present of a new office-dog from a friend completely established him at homē, and my husband became accustomed to m̄ lōok' and Growler's presence. When he grew indifferent', my ire was roused. I affirmed that, of all created things', dogs were the dirtiest',—that the house was filled with fleas',—that my visitors could never approach the firē,—that Growler ate us out of house and homē,—and if he was to be indulged in tracking the Wilton carpet and painted floors', we had better live in a wigwam.

Edward sometimes gently excused his dog', sometimes defended him', and always turned him out of doors. The animal', knowing that he had an enemy in the cabinet', would sneak in with a coward look', his tail between his

* Pronounced Fa-ry.

† Edward was the lady's husband.

legs', but invariably succeeded in ensconcing himself on Fairy's rightful domain.

At length I became quite nervous about him. It seemed to me that he haunted me like a ghost. I was even jealous of Edward's caresses to him', and looked and spoke as no good wife should look or speak to her husband.

It is from permitting such trifles to gain the ascendancy over the mind that most connubial discord proceeds. We dwell on some little peculiarity in manner or taste opposed to our own', and jar the rich harp of domestic happiness', until, one by one, every string is broken. I might have gone on in this foolish ingenuity in unhappiness', and perhaps have been among those whose matrimonial bands are chains', not garlands', had I not, when reading one Sabbath morning the fifth chapter of Ephesians', been struck with a sudden sense of my duty', as I met the words', "and the wife see that she *reverence* her husband."

Oh, young and lovely bride', watch well the first moments when your will conflicts with his' to whom God and society have given the control. Reverence his *wishes* even when you do not his *opinions*. Opportunities enough will arise for the expression of your independence, to which he will gladly accede', without a contest for trifles. The beautiful independence that soars over, and conquers', an irritable temper, is higher than any other. So surely as you believe that faults of temper are beneath prayer and self-examination', you are on dangerous ground'; a fountain of bitter and troubled waters will spring up on your household hearth.

When this conviction came over me, I threw myself on my knees', and prayed to God for a gentle, submissive temper. After long and earnest inquiry into my own heart', I left my chamber calm and happy. Edward was reading', and Growler stood beside him. I approached them softly', and patting the dog's head, said', "So, Growler', helping your master to read'?" Edward looked at me inquiringly. I am sure my whole expression of face was changed'; he drew me to him in silence', and gave me a token of regard which he never bestowed on Growler. From that moment, though I might wince a little at his inroads on my neat housekeeping', I never gave the dog an angry word', and I taught Fairy to regard him as one of the lords of the creation.

Growler's intelligence was remarkable', although it did not equal that of Sir Walter Scott's bull-dog terrier, Camp', that could perceive the meaning of words', and understood an allusion to an offence which he had committed against the baker', for which he had been punished. In whatever voice and tone it was mentioned', he would get up and retire into the darkest part of the room with an air of distress. But if you said', "The baker was not hurt after all'," Camp came forth from his hiding-place', capered', barked', and rejoiced. Growler, however, had many of those properties of observation which raise the canine race so high in the affections of man.

When Edward made his forenoon *sortie* from the office to look at his sleeping boy', Growler always accompanied him', and rested his fore-paws on the head of the cradle. As the babe grew older', he loved to try experiments upon the dog's sagacity and the child's courage.

Sometimes Fred was put into a basket', and Growler drew him carefully about the room with a string between his teeth'; as the boy advanced in strength', he was seated on the dog's back with a whip in his hand. When my attachment to Growler increased', new experiments were made', particularly after the birth of Martha. She was an exquisite little infant', and it seemed to us that the dog was more gentle and tender in his movements with her' than with Frederic. When two months old, Edward sometimes arranged a shawl carefully about her', tied it strongly', and, putting the knot between the dog's teeth', sent her across the room to mē. No mother ever carried a child more skillfully. Of course, all these associations attached him to the infant', and after a while he deserted the rug, where Fairy again established herself', and laid himself down to sleep by the infant's cradle.

There is nothing more picturesque than the image of an infant and a large dog. Every one has felt it. The little plump hand looks smaller and whiter in his rough hair', and the round dimpled cheek rests on his shaggy coat'—like a flower on a rock.

Edward, and I, and Frederic', rode one afternoon to Roxbury to take tea with a friend. Our *woman in the kitchen* wished to pass the night with a sick person after the evening lecture', and I felt no hesitation in leaving Martha to Polly's care. We were prevented, by an accidental delay', from returning until ten o'clock. The ride over the

Neck,* although it was fine sleighing', appeared uncommonly long', for I had never been so far' and so long from my infant. The wind was sharp and frosty', but my attention was beguiled by sheltering Frederic with my furs', who soon fell asleep', singing his own little lullaby. As we entered the *Square* we perceived that the neighboring houses were closed for the night', and no light visible', but there was a universal brilliancy' through the crevices of our parlor-shutters.. Our hearts misgave us. I uttered an involuntary cry', and Edward said that "a common fire-light' could not produce such an effect." He urged his horse'—we reached the house',—I sprang from the sleigh to the door. It was fastened. We knocked with violence. There was no answer. We looked through a small aperture', and both screamed in agony', "fire!" In vain Edward attempted to wrench the bolt', or burst the door', that horrible light still gleaming on us. We flew to the side-door', and I then recollected that a window was usually left open in that quarter', in a room which communicated with the parlor', for the smoke to escape when the wind prevailed in the quarter it had done this day. The window was open', and as Edward threw down logs that we might reach it', we heard a stifled howl. We mounted the logs', and could just raise our heads to the window. Oh, heavens! what were our emotions', as we saw Growler with his fore-paws stationed on the window', holding Martha safely with her night-dress between his teeth', ready to spring at the last extremity', and suspending the little cherub so carefully that she thought it but one of his customary gambols! With a little effort Edward reached the child', and Growler, springing to the ground', fawned and groveled at our feet.

Edward alarmed the neighborhood and entered the window. Poor Polly had fainted in the entry from the close atmosphere and excess of terror. She could give no account of the origin of the fire', unless she had dropped a spark on the window-curtain. The moment a blaze appeared' she endeavored to extinguish it'; "but," said she, "the flames ran like wildfire"; and when I found I could do nothing, I snatched Martha from the cradle', and ran into the entry to go out by the backdoor'; after that I recollect nothing."

With prodigious efforts the house was saved', though with a great loss of furniture. But what were pecuniary losses that night to us? We were sheltered by a hospitable neigh-

* The narrow strip of land between Boston and Roxbury is so called.

bor'; our little cherub was clasped in our arms, amid smiles and tears'; and Growler, our good Growler', with a whimpering dream', lay sleeping at our feet.

LESSON LXV.

THE PURITAN WHORTLEBERRYING PARTY.

BUT were the Puritans a sour and morose generation', who, in pursuit of their political theories and religious abstractions', had extinguished all the spontaneous boundings of the heart'? Had they no amusements'; no relaxation'; none of those free hours, when character throws off its fetters', and friendship is cemented'? The reader perhaps has seen, in walking in a pine forest in the month of November', when the sun was near setting', how his level beams stole through the evergreen foliage', and the time and place, though somber and severe', gave their darkened brightness a warmer welcome. It is no unapt illustration of Puritan amusements. They are rare'; but they fall not upon exhausted and hackneyed hearts.

Believe me on this point', for I speak from experience. With what delight, in former years', did I set out on a whortleberry expedition'; or, as we had it, in colloquial language', going a *huckleberrying*'! David, in the first place', brings up old Dobbin from the pasture', takes off his fetters', combs down his mane', smooths his fetlocks', sees that his shoes are tight', and *tackles* him into the old wagon', whose capacious body, like the Trojan horse', can hold a host of people. Over this wagon we weave branches of birch and hemlock', forming a grateful shade, to protect us from the sun of a New England summer', on the last of July or first of August. In this are placed three or four transverse boards', planed smooth like the seats in a whale-boat', for the party to sit on. Into this arbor on wheels we crowd lads' and lasses', young' and old', with a good supply of cakes', biscuit', and cheese', and with little baskets made of birch bark', into which we are to drop our whortleberries', after picking them. After much tumbling, laughing, and crowding', (one lady drops her bon-

net', and another her gloves'), the old bay horse puts forth his sinews', and the wagon begins to move'—

Over hill', over dale',
Through bush', through brier',
Over park', over pale',
Through flood', through fire',

until we reach the whortleberry pasture', which lies about four miles off. Here begin the labors of the day.

But now the character of the several *pickers* begins to be developed. Some make it a point of conscience not to put any thing into their baskets' until they have first filled their own maw', of which number, I must confess', I was one. Some love to wander about, to explore new grounds', and, like other mortals', are so intent on distant prospects', as never to collect the treasures around them. Some ladies fancy that they must scream at every toad or reptile which they see'; and some are so engaged in talking and laughing', that they wholly overlook the business of the day. My aunt Hannah was the best picker I ever knew'; and my uncle Gideon incomparably the worst': for he was so intent on taking care of the young ladies', freeing their clothes from briers', and assisting them in skipping from rock to rock', that the expedition was always, to him', one of more gallantry than thrift. I believe, in my conscience', that he never got berries enough to speckle the surface of one pudding.

So roll the hours', the company scattering like a flock of white sheep', and the woods and ravines* resounding with the vacant laugh', until the hour of dinner comes. This was always a busy time to my uncle Gideon. First, you must select your spot by the side of a rock', or under a great tree', and at a convenient distance from some living spring', or running stream. You take out a large jack-knife and cut up the shrubbery around you', and stick it, in connected branches, around the spot where you design to spread your table', forming a little arbor', such as Adam might have dressed for Eve in Paradise. Then you take all your boards from the wagon'; and piling up stones for legs', you make as good an extemporaneous table as you can'; covering it over with all the towels, cravats, and white aprons that you can beg or borrow', for a table-cloth'; your dishes are slate-

* *Ravens*; or *rav-in*.

stones'; and your seats are made of mounds of earth'; and here, with many a joke and many a laugh', you pile up your cold tongues', your slits of dried beef', your slices of ham', your cake and cheese', and down' the party sits, with keen appetites', to what our newspapers call a *cold collation*. Your water you bring from an adjacent spring, in your hat', or a wooden bowl', unless a sudden thunder-shower should come up', and then you can open your mouth and catch it directly from the sky.

Here the party sit and talk, as Adam and the angel did in Eden', without fear, lest *dinner cool*. The cheeks of the girls are painted with what I consider as the best rouge*, good native fresh air', and abundance of exercise', and I have known very important connections formed for life', whose commencement was in a whortleberry pasture. After dinner they scatter again to their afternoon work'; and as the sun descends and the time becomes shorter', I have observed that they generally become more sober, and double their diligence', in order to fill their boxes and baskets before evening. Besides, nature becomes a little exhausted', nor can the most lively stream dance and sparkle through the whole of its course.

I remember that near a great pasture', where our parties used most frequently to go', and which my grandfather called the *Take-up-time*', on the opposite side of the road', on a smooth grassy plain', stood a little cottage', owned by Mr. Johnny Croft, a widower', whose wealth was by no means to be measured by his outward display. Beside this cottage flowed a river', fringed with alders', which shall be nameless', because in New England, we do not give very poetic names to our rivers'; for who can hitch into rhyme, or soften into an essay', the Amonoosuc', the Shetucket', the Quinebaug', and the Quineboag', Mother Brooks', and a hundred other fluvial mothers' names', which seem to have been given to fright the muses from our shores', and to invite nothing but factories and paper-mills to the banks of our streams. Well—the said Mr. Johnny Croft', one day, when the sun was declining, came out', and, with all the politeness of which he was master, invited a large party of us to come into his sentry-box to take tea', previous to our returning home.

* *Roof*.

It is a maxim among the schoolmen, that *whatever is received, is received according to the capacity of the recipient*; and accordingly', my first wonder was how so small a house was to hold so many people. But as Mr. Croft was a widower', and my aunt Hannah a single lady', we agreed, with many winks and much tittering', to accept his invitation. His little room was soon filled'; there was hardly a place to set the table. The seats at the table were soon occupied by the junior visitants'; and the only chair left vacant for aunt Hannah was next to our host', the worthy Mr. John Croft', a little older than herself', and a widower. In such a condition, it was impossible to restrain the looks', the winks', and smiles', of the company. Mr. Johnny was all attention'; and my aunt looked queer several times. Sometimes he would help her to a spoonful of honey', and sometimes to a bunch of grapes'; and once he invited her to come and make a week's visit at his house'; for which compliment she returned him her humble and hearty thanks', but left it ambiguous whether she ever intended to come. Mr. Croft was a man who mingled very little in society'; he lived in a solitary part of the town', and in his politeness he was not always able to fulfill his good intentions. The scene would have passed off very well but for accident. My aunt's tea happened to be too strong'; and Mr. Croft, who was all attention', jumped up and took the tea-kettle off from the fire-place, in the same room', and began to replenish the cup with water. But whilst in the act', the handle slipped from its socket', the tea-kettle fell', scalded Mr. Croft's foot disastrously', and tumbled, with its sooty sides', on my aunt's chintz gown. Many were the apologies on both sides', and deep the sorrow expressed; and I need not say that all the wit in the wagon, as we rode home that evening', was at my aunt's expense.

Oh, scenes of simplicity and comparative innocence! How can they regret the chandelier of the midnight dance', who can enjoy our rural moon'; or wish for the music or floor of a ball-room', who can hear the melody of our cat-birds as they pursue their simple pleasures on the carpet of nature? Why should those manners be thought despicable, in our fathers', which Goldsmith has commended in verse?

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play',
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway';

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind',
 Unenvied', unmolested', unconfined.
 But the long pomp', the midnight masquerade',
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed',
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain',
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain';
 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy',
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy'?

LESSON LXVI.

QUESTIONS TO A FLOWER.

LITTLE flower, with infant eyé,
 Very much I wonder why
 Thou hast thus thy leaves unfurled'
 In this cold and cruel world.
 Hast thou heard no friend repeat'
 "Tales of trials" thou mayst meet'?
 Know'st thou that, beneath our skies,
 Many a tender flow'ret dies'?
 Sometimes scanty rain drops fall'—
 Sometimes do not come at all';
 Sunbeams fierce their heat will shed
 On thine unprotected head';
 Sad indeed, poor flower, for thêe'
 Thus to die in agony.
 Or, if struggling with thy pain,
 Life should barely yet remain',
 There are other woes in storé,
 Worse than these recounted o'er.

Now, the summer sky is bright',
 All its clouds are soft and white';
 Sunbeams near thee love to stray';
 Zephyrs with thy leaflets play';
 But ere long a blacker cloud
 May thy sky in darkness shroud';
 Fiercest winds in midnight storm
 Shall approach thy fragile form';
 Thou wilt find no zephyr's grace
 In their rude and rough embrace';

Biting winds will whistle nigh',
 Leaves will fade and flow'rets die';
 Thou wilt only stive in vain
 With the storm of wind and rain';
 Faintly thou wilt gasp below
 Coming piles of winter snow';
 There, oh hapless fate', thou'lt lie,
 Thus alone, poor flower', to die.
 Why then hast thou in the world
 Leaflets frail and fair unfurled'?

LESSON LXVII.

ON A YELLOW WREN.

(An Anecdote from Herbert's Researches.)

AND hast thou return'd to the place of thy birth,
 From thy flight through the regions and cities of earth';
 Over islands of spice, where the air is perfum'd',
 Where the rose in its eastern luxur'ance has bloom'd'?

Hast thou sipp'd of the river whose sands, mix'd with gold',
 No eye but its Maker's did ever behold'?
 Where the diamond lies buried, the pearl is concealed';
 Where the secrets of Nature were never reveal'd'?

Hast thou perch'd on the palace of barbarous kings,
 And witness'd the sorrow which ignorance brings';
 Where their wives are neglected, their children untaught',
 Where the sound of salvation has never been brought'?

Passing over the coast, hast thou seen the poor slave',
 In chains, and in tears', borne far o'er the wave',
 To toil in the land where his soul' cannot dwell'?
 For what is immortal' man cannot compel.

On the grave of the traveler now has thy flight
 Been compell'd in the desert, to rest for the night',
 Where a tree has been planted in beauty to bloom,
 Where the bones* of the weary are mold'ring too soon'?

* The bones of Capt. Clapperton, who accompanied Major Denham to Africa, from England, on a scientific expedition

Hast thou crossed over states where the trumpet's loud call
Is sounding for war, and the soldier must fall',
And soon desolation its ruin must spread,
Where they weep for the dying, and mourn for the dead'?

Hast thou pass'd over cities of famous renown',
Whose suns brightly rose', but in darkness went down';
Where not even a ruin remains now, to state
That their Princes were mighty, their riches were great'?

Oh, much hast thou seen we should like to behold,
Which the tongue of no trav'ler has yet ever told';
And much we must turn from in horror away';
But for earth's restoration we cease not to pray.

Away from those scenes, and alight on the eave
Which in freedom thou once wast permitted to have';
And confess, though by nature addicted to roam,
There is no place beside, so delightful as *Home*.

LESSON LXVIII.

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.

It is related by Mr. Belzoni, in the interesting narrative of his late discoveries in Egypt', that having succeeded in clearing a passage to the entrance of an ancient temple, which had been for ages buried in the sand', the first object that presented itself, on entering, was a toad of enormous size'; and, (if we may credit the assertions of some naturalists respecting the extraordinary longevity of these creatures, when in a state of solitary confinement,) we may believe that it was well stricken in years.

Whether the subjoined document was entrusted to our traveler by the venerable reptile', as a present to the British Museum', or with the more mercantile view of getting it printed in London, in preference to Alexandria', on condition of receiving one per cent. on the profits, after the sale of the 500th edition', (provided the publisher should by that time be at all remunerated for his risk and trouble,) we pretend

not to say. Quite as much as can be vouched for is, that the MSS. are faithfully rendered from the original hieroglyphic character.

(The dates are omitted.)

—"CRAWLED forth from some rubbish, and wink'd with one eye;

Half opened the other, but could not tell why:

Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,

Then drew all together and slept for a year,

Awakened, felt chilly—crept under a stone;

Was vastly contented with living alone.

One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,—

Could not get it away—had the cramp in my leg:

Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand

To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand;

Pull'd harder—then dozed, as I found 'twas no use;—

Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose.

Crawled forth from the stone; when completely awaké

Crept into a corner, and grinned at a snake.

Retreated, and found that I needed repose;

Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze:

Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,

And did not awake for a cent'ry or more;

But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe:—

Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve;

And I in some garden deliciously fed,

In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry bed.

There fine speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,

And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.

Here long I regaled with emotion extreme;—

Awoke—disconcerted to find it a dream;

Grew pensive;—discovered that life is a load;

Began to be weary of being a toad:

Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears."—

Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

To find a moral where there's none

Is hard indeed, yet must be done:

Since only morals sound and sage

May grace this consecrated page:

Then give us leave to search a minuté,

Perhaps for one that is not in it.

How strange a waste of life appears
 This wondrous reptile's length of years'!
 Age after age afforded him
 To wink an eyé, or move a limb',
 To dozé and dream';—and then to think
 Of noting this' with pen and ink;
 Or hieroglyphic shapes to draw',
 More likely', with his hideous claw';
 Sure, length of days might be bestowed
 On something better than a toad'!
 Had his existence been eternal'
 What bétter could have filled his journal'?

True, we reply'; our ancient friend
 Seems to have lived to little end';
 This must be granted';—nay the elf
 Seems to suspect as much' himself'.
 Refuse not then to find a teacher
 In this extraordinary creature':
 And learn, at least', whoe'er you be',
 To moralize as well as he.
 It seems that life is all a void',
 On selfish thoughts alone employed';
 That length of days is not a good',
 Unless their ùse be understood';
 While if good deeds òne yēar engage',
 That may be longer than an age;
 But if a year in trifles go',
 Perhaps you'd spend a thousand so.
 Time cannot stay to make us wise',—
 We must improve it as it flies';
 The work is òurs, and they shall rue it
 Who think that tìme will stop to do it.

And then, again', he lets us know
 That length of days is length of wo.
 His long experience taught him this'—
 That life' affords no solid bliss':
 Or if of bliss on earth you scheme',
 Soon you shall find it but a dream';
 The visions fade', the slumbers break',
 And then you suffer wide awake.
 What is it but a vale of tears',
 Though we should live a thousand years'?

LESSON LXIX.

THE WILD VIOLET.

VIOLET', violet', sparkling with dew
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew',
How did you come by the beautiful blue
 With which your soft petals unfold' ?
And how do you hold up your tender, young head',
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed',
And dark, gloomy clouds ranging over you, shed'
 Their waters so heavy and cold' ?

No one has nursed you, or watched you an hour',
Or found you a place in the garden or bower';
And they cannot yield me so lovely a flower,
 As here I have found at my feet' !
Speak, my sweet violet', answer, and tell,
How you have grown up and flourished so well',
And look so contented where lowly you dwell',
 And we thus by accident meet !

'The same careful hand', the violet said',
'That holds up the firmament', holds up my head' !
And He, who with azure the skies overspread',
 Has painted the violet blue.
He sprinkles the stars out above me by night',
And sends down the sunbeams, at morning, with light'
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright',
 When formed of a drop of his dew !

'I've' naught to fear from the black heavy cloud',
Or the breath of the tempest that comes strong and loud',
When, born in the lowland', and far from the crowd',
 I know, and I live but for ONE.
He soon forms a mantle, about me to cast',
Of long, silken grass', till the rain and the blast',
And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly passed',
 As the clouds scud before the warm sun !'

LESSON LXX.

THE STAGECOACH.

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers', who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets, and boxes of delicacies'; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box',—presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit' which I have observed in the children of this country.* They were returning home for the holydays' in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure formed by the little rogues', and the impracticable feats which they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household', down to the very cat and dog', and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed': but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam', which I found to be a pony', and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus.† How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman', to whom, whenever an opportunity presented', they addressed a host of questions', and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman', who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in

* England.

† Favorite horse of Alexander the Great.

the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business', but he is particularly so during this season', having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries', who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air', peculiar to themselves', and prevalent throughout the fraternity'; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen', he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full facé, curiously mottled with red', as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin'; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors', and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats', in which he is buried like a cauliflower', the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat'; a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck', knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom'; and has, in summer-time, a large bouquet* of flowers in his button-hole', the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color', striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision': he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials'; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance', there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road'; has frequent conferences with the village housewives', who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependencè; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed', he throws down the reins with something of an air', and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler': his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the

* *Boo-kay*; a nosegay.

pockets of his great coat', and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers', stable-boys', shoe-blacks', and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns', and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs', for the privilege of battenning on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin, that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant: sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid, an odd shaped billet-doux* from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances, on every side, of fresh country faces, and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops† round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter in brown paper cap, laboring at

* Billet-doo.

† In ancient fable, *Cyclops* were giants with but one eye, inhabiting Sicily; blacksmiths; and employed often by Vulcan, Jupiter, &c.

the bellows', leans on the handle for a moment', and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh', while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holyday might have given a more than usual animation to the country', for it seemed to me as if every body was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages'; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order'; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries', began to appear at the windows.

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles', recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home'; and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John! and there's old Carlò; and there's Bantam'!" cried the happy little rogues', clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them: he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer', and by the redoubtable Bantam', a little old rat of a pony', with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail', dozing quietly by the road-side', little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman', and hugged the pointer', that wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam' was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once'; and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns', and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last'; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him', and the others holding John's hands'; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated': for I was reminded of those days, when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow', and a holyday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses', and on resuming our routé, a turn of the

road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the porticó, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John', trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting', but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

LESSON LXXI.

DRINKS.

WERE man, like the inferior animals, to obey the laws of his organism, and follow the instinct of nature in supplying its wants', he would rid himself of a multitude of ills which are now considered inseparable from the human system. The mortality of the human race is far greater than that of any of the brute creation'; comparatively few of the former attaining to three score and ten', while we seldom witness the death of one of the latter, except from old age or accident', when allowed freely to follow the impulse of nature. And even when their habits are changed by domestication, and they are made to lead an artificial life, they die more frequently from the wear and tear incident to the abuse and hardship to which they are subjected, than from actual disease. The difference in mortality between man and the lower animals, is, doubtless, in part owing to his more complex and perfect organization', to his undue exposure to the vicissitudes of climate', to the influence of occupation', and to the effect of the mind on the operations of the vital organs. But, to compensate for being naturally more obnoxious to disease, a beneficent Creator has endowed man with reason. For the bane' he has provided an antidote'—to man' he has given a head and a hand to provide for his necessities in want and disease', and to protect himself in any unexpected emergency. But reason, instead of being used, as it was intended, to contribute to our comfort and usefulness here, and happiness hereafter', has been perverted to the most unhallowed purposes'—it is put to the stretch to discover means by which to gratify the most unlawful passions and propensities', whose end is certain misery and death. God made man upright', but that he has sought out

many inventions', can by nothing be more clearly evinced than by articles of drink. To reasonable and reasoning man, who was fashioned after the image of his Creator, and placed but a little lower than the angels', and to whom was given dominion over the earth', belongs all the credit of indulging and delighting in drinks', of which none of the brute creation can be made to taste. Even the swine', the most filthy, voracious, and least discriminating in its taste of all quadrupeds', turns with disgust from those intoxicating drinks to which refined man is devotedly attached. From this fact we might derive a salutary precept'; resting assured that if nature requires only water to sustain animal life in quadrupeds', it alone is necessary for man in health.

Drinks are necessary to aid in the process of digestion', to repair the waste of the fluids of the body by perspiration and by the other secretions'; and of all drinks, nothing quenches thirst, nothing supplies the wants of the system', but water', the universal beverage of animated nature. However highly artificial drinks may be prized, however much extolled', and however zealously their devotees may bend or *wallow* in devotion to them', few, under any circumstances, are capable of quenching thirst. The burning thirst of fever', the ardent, irresistible desire for cold water after exercise in warm weather', cannot be allayed by any alcoholic liquor. In disease, nature speaks a language not to be misunderstood', and in terms not to be disregarded'; it is then that the demand for cold water must be complied with. Who, either in health or disease', ever quenched natural thirst with ardent spirit'? It will just as soon extinguish fire, as satisfy the wants of the system for refreshing drink. But it is claimed that distilled and fermented liquors are useful', and that they may be habitually used in moderation' with impunity. Intemperance has, of late, in the opinion of some', become a hackneyed subject'—threadbare', and worn out'; but till its evils' are worn out, ~~all~~ they cease to exist', the friends of temperance, health, and happiness, should not keep silence. I need not enter into a formal argument, or a lengthened discussion, to prove the universal bad effect of all intoxicating drinks on health', by whatever name they may be called'; it is sufficient to give my unqualified denial that they are ever necessary for any person in health. In combating disease' they may occasionally be used to advantage'; but even then they should not

be administered without the sanction of a physician. Much discrepance of opinion exists as to their ever being absolutely necessary'; those who maintain the negative', claiming that a *substitute* may be found. But this substitute has not yet been discovered'; and when it is' found, it will be quite time enough to banish alcohol from the *Materia Medica*. I speak now of ardent spirit', alcohol', under the varied forms of distilled liquors, and wines', free from the admixture or adulteration of any noxious or unwholesome drug. With the compounds denominated porter, ale, and beer', the evils are magnified'; they not only contain the noxious ingredients of their ordinary' composition, but the vile drugs with which they are adulterated. There are, doubtless, some honest brewers'; but, to a certainty', there are a few consummate rogues. It is known, beyond a possibility of doubt, that the most poisonous drugs with which we are acquainted are used, more or less', in the adulteration of malt liquors'; but the extent to which this murderous system is carried, is best known to those whose reckless love of money prompts them to the practice of this diabolical knavery. But a pure malt liquor, the old fashioned ale, made of malt, hops, and water', is claimed to be a wholesome and nutritious drink'; and "'tis passing strange" that this claim has been almost universally acknowledged—that too' even by medical men. A most important item in making up the account of the wholesomeness of this beverage', has been unaccountably overlooked'; it has been thought that if nothing worse than hops' entered into its composition', it could not, therefore, be hurtful to the healthy constitution. But how justifiable this conclusion is from the premises', a moment's examination will enable us to decide. Dr. Chapman, in his *Therapeutics*, says', "that it," the hop', "is possessed of such medicinal qualities as to entitle it to a place in the *Materia Medica*. It is, perhaps, as a *narcotic* that it has the highest claims. The fact of its having this property was long known', so generally so, indeed', that a pillow of it came to be a popular expedient to quiet nervous irritation and procure sleep. As an anodyne it may be substituted for opium', where the latter, from idiosyncrasy* or other causes', does not suit the case."

The dose of the powdered hop is from three to twenty grains; and the other preparations are given in a dose of

* Peculiar temperament of the constitution.

proportionate strength. The testimony of many other writers', and the experience of multitudes of practitioners, confirm the above statements. The usual quantity of hops, according to the formula of brewers', is about one ounce avoirdupois in a gallon of ale'; so that he who drinks his quart of beer a day, swallows each day, the active properties of a quarter of an ounce of hops. The eclectic Dispensatory recommends that the infusion of hops, to be administered with a view to obtain its sedative, narcotic effect', be made in the proportion of half an ounce of hops to one pint of boiling water'; and of this, *one ounce and a half* to be taken *two or three times a day*. Thus, then, a single glass of *pure ale* contains twice the quantity of hops that is prescribed as a sufficient dose when used as a medicine! Little wonder there need be at the bloated carcasses of beer-drinkers'; but we may well be astonished at the infatuation of man', in daily pouring down such quantities of this most "villainous compound." Can any man, dare any man', put the question to his conscience', whether or not, with these facts staring him in the face', he can any longer indulge in the habit of beer-drinking'? But if his conscience impose no obstacle', reason', speaking by facts like these', must lead him to consider well before he tastes.

I am not the advocate of a cold ascetic philosophy', which would lead men to mortify their appetites', and to abstain from every good thing to which their taste inclines', but I would rather take sides with those whose practice is to enjoy the good things with which a kind Providence has surrounded us', not to tantalize, but to gratify our desires. But to our enjoyment nature has set limits'; to excess in indulgence she has annexed heavy penalties', and when we see the habitual, though moderate use of any thing followed by a train of evil consequences', we cannot be mistaken in the conclusion that it ought wholly to be avoided.

Where health is wanting, life is oftener *suffered* than *enjoyed*'; hence, if we consult our own interest, our own pleasure in every respect', we shall studiously endeavor to avoid all the causes of disease and pain. I am very far from regarding this world as altogether a place of tears and penance'; there is pleasure to be enjoyed here, which although not unalloyed with pain', is yet sufficiently pure to render our abode on earth, if rightly appreciated', any thing but unhappy. There are those who experience a sort of negative happiness,

in leading a kind of vegetative^b life, and gratifying the animal passions and propensities^b; they thus exhibit only the animal^b in their lives^b, and seem content to live, and move, and die. But man is an intellectual being^b; there are pleasures of a higher grade than those which consist in the momentary gratification of the palate in eating and drinking^b; there are enjoyments of a more elevated cast, and of longer duration, and more consonant to the character and dignity of man^b, than any that can result from the gratification of an animal taste. Were a man devoted to the pleasures of the table^b, were he a thorough-going epicure in his food^b, but a total abstinence man in relation to intoxicating drinks^b, he would find his enjoyment enhanced tenfold more than if he were to deprave his taste by the habitual use of alcoholic liquors.

By the exercise of the mental faculties, man is distinguished from the brute^b, and assimilated to the Divine Original. If any truth in physiology is susceptible of positive demonstration^b, there can be nothing clearer than that the brain is the organ of the intellect^b; it is through it^b, and by it^b, that the faculties of the mind are manifested. Upon the integrity of the brain, then, must depend all its healthy actions^b; and when that is diseased^b, the mind itself must be proportionally affected also. It is a universal fact, which has been verified by examinations after death^b, that the brains of drunkards and hard drinkers become changed in structure^b, and have their organization altered from its natural healthy state. The brain in such cases is found to be converted from its soft pulpy state^b, which it always exhibits in health^b, into a harder and more firm consistency. If such be true in relation to the intemperate^b, then it is fair to conclude that moderate^b drinkers are affected^b, in proportion as they are exposed to the same cause. Observation corroborates the above testimony^b; for it is notorious that confirmed drinkers are remarkable for obtuseness and imbecility of intellect^b, and a general feebleness of the mental character. But this is not all^b; as the mind loses its vigor^b, reason is dethroned^b—the animal passions are under no restraint^b—and the man is transformed into a demon. What pleasure, then, in any manner connected with the indulgence of the appetite for distilled or fermented liquors^b, can in any degree compensate for the least obscurity of the Divine impress^b?

LESSON LXXII.

DRINKS—CONTINUED.

It is possible that some may indulge to a considerable extent in intoxicating drink, and yet attain a good old age; and so a man may suffer shipwreck, once' and again', and finally', notwithstanding the danger of the seas', die a quiet, peaceful death on shore. But few, comparatively, possess so happy a conformation of body, such vigor of constitution, as to resist the malign influence of alcoholic stimulants; and those who do escape' are as fortunate as he who comes unscathed from the field of battle. If the brain does not, in every case, suffer', some other organ does eventually'; and when a man has reached his fiftieth year', and says that he has grown old in the use of strong drink', and that he yet retains his youthful strength and activity, and fears no evil consequences from his habits', he yet knows not how soon the gathering storm may burst', although he may not hear the distant thunder. Disease is induced by such imperceptible and slow degrees, till the general health and strength of the constitution are greatly impaired', that it is not manifest to the individual himself', when some slight cause calls it into action which, under other circumstances would not be felt. The predisposing cause, the habitual drinking', is not then taken into the account'; the disease is mainly attributed to something else', and man's perverted animal appetite, which sinks him to a level with the brute', goes unblamed. But this is not all: if the health continues good', yet in case of bodily injury', or when a surgical operation is necessary', the difficulty and danger in a moderate drinker are greatly magnified'; or, if disease supervene from natural and uncontrollable causes', the evil is at once fully developed'; a disease, mild in itself', and in the abstinent free from danger', often assumes the most alarming aspect. Every individual, then, who cares for his personal health, pleasure, or comfort', or who regards his obligations to his Maker, to his country, or to his fellow-men', or who appreciates his own interest, his children's welfare, or the rights of succeeding generations', will use his utmost endeavor to

discountenance the habitual use of intoxicating drinks in health', under any circumstances', in any quantity', and under whatever name or form they may be disguised.

There are those who are willing to banish ardent spirit from civilized society', who yet plead to retain wine[†], at least, on the ground that some stimulating drink is necessary'; and in proof of their assertion, they quote the practice of all nations. Doubtless it is true that most, if not all people, civilized as well as savage', have some method by which to obtain a stimulating article, in the solid or fluid form. The Turk is addicted to the use of opium'; the Siamese, of all ages and sexes', are in the constant practice of chewing a composition of the areka nut, betel leaf, and chunam,* or quicklime', which is so acrid as to excoriate all that part of the mouth with which it comes in contact'; and although it produces disgusting ulcerations of the lips and cheeks', still it has not, like our favorite drinks, the brutalizing effect to destroy the intellect. Mohammed had prescience enough to forbid his disciples the use of wine', the strongest drink known in his day'; and the Mohammedans, probably the most temperate people on earth', use an inoffensive, refreshing, and delicious beverage called sherbet', which is simply water sweetened with sugar, and flavored with rose water.

An argument is drawn in favor of the use of wine from the fact that the inhabitants of wine countries, and particularly France', use wine as their common drink, *without injury to health*. That the peasantry in the vine districts of France do use wine as an ordinary beverage' cannot be questioned'; but it should be remembered that their wine is of a light kind', containing only from six to twelve per cent. of alcohol. It should also be borne in mind that a majority of the inhabitants in these districts are laborers', sustaining their health, and counteracting the effect of wine-drinking, by their daily active avocations. Contrasted with a beer-drinking or whiskey-drinking population', they, no doubt, have greatly the advantage in point of health'; but compared with water-drinkers', a class which, till recently, was seldom or never found', they suffer nearly as much as do whiskey-drinkers when compared with them'.[†] It is claimed,

* Accent on the last syllable.

† It is now ascertained from the best authority that the wine-drinkers of France are in no better condition, as it regards health and sobriety, than are the spirit-drinkers and elder-drinkers of other countries. Intemperance is a wide-spread evil throughout

also, that the inhabitants of cider countries indulge freely in the use of cider without experiencing any evil consequences. In the course of my professional life, I have had some opportunity of becoming acquainted with the population of some of the finest cider regions of New-England', and, from my own limited observation, I have no hesitation in saying that cider-drinkers are much more obnoxious to disease', than those who practice upon the *total abstinence* plan.

LESSON LXXIII.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

Just one mile, two furlongs, and seven rods, from my grandfather's house', on a sightly hill called *Mount Pleasant*', stood the abode of Jonathan Oldbug', my father', in whose spacious but decaying mansion', I spent part of my time'; for I would not have the reader imagine that my parents were always so negligent as to leave me perpetually to write rebusses* with my uncle Gideon', or to eat turn-overs from the hand of my aunt Hannah.

My father was a tall, stately man', with one good coat', which he kept to wear to meeting'; one decent pair of shoes', which lasted, in my memory, seven years'; one cotton shirt', with a linen collar to it'; and he was sometimes compelled to lie in bed, in order that it might be washed. He dwelt in a large house, whose exterior, though not splendid', was much preferable to some of the rooms within'; it was surrounded by a white fence with some of the parts broken down'; a front gate swinging on one hinge'; several of the window panes were broken'; on two of the front windows swung two shattered blinds', which had once been green'; and before the house, as you entered the garden', grew two spacious lime trees', forming a grateful shade. As you entered the house, you came to a large, massy, oak door', big enough to be the gate of a castle', with an iron knocker

that country, with all its usual concomitants. Alcohol is alcohol, with whatever it may be mingled, and in whatever form it may be found; and however it may be used, its appropriate effects will be produced, and must be endured.—Ed.

* A kind of riddle.

on it shaped for a lion^t, but looking more like a dog^t; and as you entered the building, you saw a front entry^t, the paper torn and colored by the rain^t; on your left hand was one room covered with a carpet, and containing an eight-day clock^t, reaching from the floor to the ceiling^t, and telling the age of the moon^t; the other furniture passable^t; but the rest of the rooms in a condition which I blush to name. There, in this stately mansion, dwelt my venerable sire^t, who might justly be denominated a *poor gentleman*^t; that is, he was a *gentleman* in his own estimation, and *poor* in the esteem of every body else.

My father was a man of expedients^t, and had spent his whole life, and exhausted all his ingenuity, in that adroit presentation of pretences^t, which, in common speech, is called keeping up appearances. In this art he was really skillful^t; and I often suspected then^t, and have really concluded since^t, if he had turned half the talent to procuring an honest livelihood^t, which he used to slobber over his ill-dissembled poverty^t, it would have been better for his soul and body both. He was a man that never told a liê, unless it was to *keep up appearances*.

I forewarn the reader that I am now entering on the tragic part of my story^t, and if he has sympathy or pity for mé, I hope that he will bestow it here. I know how hard-hearted the world is to such miseries^t, and I hope that none of my readers will be so unfeeling as to smile^t when they peruse this paper. Still, much as I value the sympathy of a kindred heart^t, I will not be so cruel as to hope that any of my readers have been taught such afflictions by experience. I hope that none who hold this book, have been reduced to the miserable necessity of tying up their pantaloons with pack-thread, instead of lawful suspenders^t; of using a remnant of a pillow-casé for a pocket-handkerchief^t; of sticking a bur on their rent stocking^t to cover up a holé; and, after slitting their worn pantaloons on the kneé, when they had got half way to meeting on the Sabbath^t, of being obliged to tie a pretended pocket-handkerchief over a pretended wound^t, seeming to be lamé, and perhaps before they had walked ten rods^t, forgetting in which leg the lameness was seated. Nò, these are the incommunicable sorrows of mē, of mē, the sad hero of a sad family^t; the prince and heir-apparent to the ragged generation. To me, and to me alone, was reserved the awful destiny of being invited to a party^t, where

were to assemble the first beauties of a country village—not daring to go until evening', lest the light of heaven should expose a threadbare coat'—having no clean shirt'—not even a dickey', which had not been worn ten times'—supplying its place with a piece of writing paper'—afraid to turn my head' lest the paper should rattle or be displaced'—and then', just as a poor wretch was exulting in the hope that the stratagems of poverty were to pass undetected', to have a lady', perhaps the youngest and most beautiful in the whole party', come provokingly near and beg to examine your collar', because she admires the pattern. Often has it been my lot to return home from the company, where all hearts seemed to bound with gladness', to water my couch with tears'; amid sorrows which I could tell to none', and with which none would sympathize. I thought it poverty. But I was mistaken. It was something else which begins with a P.

And then the awkward apologies to which one is reduced in such a situation', come very near to a mendacious violation of real verity. Oh, how often have I seen my honored father put to his trumps', steering between Scylla and Charybdis', adroitly adjusting his language so as to make an impression, without incurring a lie', and reduced to shifts by which none were deceived', because all understood them. Once on a time, after a week's starvation to procure a velvet collar for my father's best coat', we were sitting down to a dinner of hasty-pudding and molasses', when, unluckily', one of our neighbors happened to walk in without knocking', (a very improper act'), and we had no time to slip away the plates and tablecloth'; we were taken in the very fact. I never saw my poor father more confounded. A hectic flush passed over his long, sallow cheek', like the last sad bloom' on the visage of a consumptive man. He looked, for a moment', almost like a convicted criminal'; but, however, he soon recovered himself', and returned to his expedients. "We thought'," said he', "we would have a plain dinner to-day'; always' to eat roast turkeys' makes one sick." There was no disputing this broad maxim. But happy would it have been for our ill-fated family', if there had been no sickness among its members, either of the head or heart', but such as is produced by eating roasted turkey.

In our town, at the period of my boyhood', the severity of puritan manners was relaxing into a species of gentility';

and though my father and mother never went to balls and theaters, they were very fond of evening parties', where, after cards and conversation', they closed their enjoyments with an elegant supper. But, Oh, at what an expense on our poor pursé, were these pleasures bought! Once, I remember, to buy my mother's muslin gown, we sold our pig', our only pig—our only hope of animal food through the winter. And mark the malice of mankind, when you are trying to tower over them! The very next week were written by a piece of chalk, on the door of Bob Gill's gristmill', the following lines', where every body could read them. They were the production of some cruel, country wit', whom I could almost have murdered, had I known him.

A pig is raised for food';—it makes you stare
To know that pigs are ever raised to wear;
But madam Oldbug puts her brains to rack',
And wears her pig', transformed', upon her back.

How the writer came to know the fact, I never could guess'; only, hypocrisy in poverty', as well as in religion', is seldom long successful. Sometimes my mother would borrow her shawl at one place', and her tippet at another', and her cap at a third. Often would she come home late at night, on a winter evening', without a spark of fire on the hearth', or wood to kindle it', shivering in her airy dress'; and I have been sent down cellar to pull off the boards from the potato crib', or to bring up an old flour barrel, to light a transient flame', blazing and dying', like the fading joys on which our hearts were set. Sometimes we would pull down one part of the house to warm the other', so that the old mansion was made to perform a double office', yielding us at once shelter and fuel.

Yet my father, with all his expedients', was a very unpopular man. Though he was always angling for public favor, he never had skill enough to put on the bait so as to conceal the hook', even to the gudgeons that floated in our shallow streams. There was a broken bridge near our habitation', and one year he was plotting and expecting to be surveyor of the highways', that he might mend it for public convenience', at the public expense. He was disappointed'; and old Mr. Slider, his rival and enemy, was put in the office', who suffered the bridge to remain unrepaired', with the ungenerous sarcasm', that a man who lived in such a

shattered house', might well endure to ride over a rotten bridge. There was a militia company', and my father was expecting to be chosen captain', especially as he had been in the revolutionary army', and had actually spoken to Gen. Washington. But at the age of forty-one', they chose him orderly-sergeant'; which office my father refused', declaring, with much spitting and sputtering', that he would never serve his ungrateful country again. Thus closed his military honors'; he was reduced to the necessity of finding *the post of virtue in a private station.*

LESSON LXXIV.

FEMALE DRESS.

Among the many evils which judicious ladies will labor to oppose as far as their influence extends, I ought to mention extravagance and vulgar finery in dress. They will set an example of neatness and modesty in apparel, without approaching to singularity. They will never adopt a ridiculous fashion', nor be backward in adopting what is convenient and becoming. I have often observed that the example of ladies' in this respect, has a great influence on those around them. I have seen domestics imitating the dress of their ladies in every thing but the quality and texture of the materials', and even Sunday-school children' aping the bows, and feathers, and necklaces, of their teachers.

It very often, however, requires some care and pains to bring young girls into right habits in this respect. In fact, I believe that I have sometimes myself received a hint or two on the subject'; at all events I have gathered a few hints', which, for whomsoever they might originally have been intended', are much at the service of all to whom they may be applicable.

To many young women the love of dress is a great snare; it leads them into a series of mistakes from beginning to end. In the first placé, they mistake by thinking that fine clothes set off their persons to advantage; whereas, all persons of taste acknowledge that real beauty does not need

the aid of finery', and that ugliness is only displayed and rendered conspicuous by it.

Next', they imagine that fine clothes give them the appearance of belonging to a higher class of society', and prove their introduction to it. No such thing. The real lady is discovered in her education, speech, and manners', which are not so easily imitated'; and is more frequently distinguished by plainness' of dress than by finery, which generally bears the stamp of vulgarity.

Another mistake is, that fine clothes will recommend them to the notice of young men', and lead to an advantageous marriage—a very unlikely thing! There are many young men who will admire such a girl as they would a peacock', and play with her as with a doll'; but no sensible, discreet young man would ever think of making her his wife. "No, no," says he; "give me a wife who does not carry her chief beauty outside, and all her wealth on her back. I must see the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit', which is of great price; and the treasures of understanding and discretion', and the fear of God', which are more precious than rubies', and more rare than diamonds."

Another mistake of dressy girls is, they believe that foolish fellows, who flatter them about their beauty and fine appearance, are really sincere, and mean what they say'; while the truth is, that they in heart despise and ridicule them'; or, if they feel any of the fondness which they profess', it is but a low, selfish passion', to which they will not hesitate to sacrifice their pretty', garnished victim. But, oh, when the silly girl is induced, by the love of finery, to receive presents' with which to indulge it', or perhaps to make free with the property of others'!—but these are mistakes too dreadful to be entered on here. Alas'! by these mistakes thousands are every year brought to ruin and disgrace; and she who thoughtlessly begins with the first and simplest of these mistakes', is in danger of proceeding to the last and grossest.

I recollect a remark which I heard many years ago, and which my own observation has never contradicted', namely, that a dressy girl generally makes an untidy, slatternly wife, and a negligent mother. I can look round me and see it confirmed in the dirty, blowzy finery of mothers and children', and the untidiness of the dwellings which they inhabit'; and in the remarks of occasional visitors'—"Is it possible that that dirty, untidy slattern' is the once smart;

dressy Susan' ——? I could not have believed that a few years would have made such an alteration. And who is that neat, respectable matron at the next house, surrounded by her little, cleanly, orderly group of children? I certainly recognize the cheerful, modest countenance and respectable appearance that I used so to admire in Mary' —— Well', the only change in her' is as natural and pleasing as from the chaste blossoms of spring' to the ripening fruits of autumn'; but in the other', it is as contrary and disgusting' as if the flaunting poppy should ripen to the loathsome toadstool."

Many a husband, who has been won by finery, has been weaned by slatternly negligence.

It was a saying of Augustus Cæsar, the Roman emperor', that rich and gay clothing is either the ensign of pride', or the nurse of luxury.

A profusion of fine bows, feathers, necklaces, and earrings', may be regarded as the outward and visible sign of inward emptiness and vanity.

A minister, calling to visit a lady, was detained a long time while she was dressing. At length she made her appearance', bedizened in all the frippery of fashion and folly. The minister was in tears. She demanded the cause of his grief'; when he replied', "I weep, madam', to think that an immortal being should spend so much of that precious time which was given her to prepare for eternity', in thus vainly adorning that body which must so soon become a prey to worms."

A lady once asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud'. "Madam'," replied the minister', "when you see the fox's tail peeping out of the hole', you may be sure the fox is within." Another lady asked the Rev. John Newton what was the best rule for female dress and behavior? "Madam'," said he, "so dress, and so conduct yourself, that persons who have been in your company will not recollect what you had on." This will generally be the case where singularity of dress is avoided', and where intelligence of mind and gentleness of manners are cultivated.

Two holy apostles have not considered it beneath them to describe a well-dressed woman. St. Paul directs', "That women adorn themselves in modest apparel', with shamefacedness and sobriety'; not with brodered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array'; but', which becometh women

professing godliness', with good works'." St. Peter also exhorts', "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, and of putting on of apparel'; but let it be the hidden man of the heart', in that which is not corruptible', even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit', which in the sight of God is of great price."

Solomon winds up his description of a virtuous woman, and one that is worth seeking in marriage', in these words: "Favor is deceitful', and beauty is vain'; but a woman that feareth the Lord', she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands', and let her own works praise her in the gates."

This is a good place to set down the following remarks on the importance of teaching young women to pay attention to something better than mere outside show and finery. "The importance of female education will rise in our opinion', if we consider women as persons who may become wives and mistresses of families. In this situation, they have duties to perform which lie at the very foundation of human life. The support or the ruin of families depends on their conduct. A judicious woman, that is diligent and religious', is the very soul of a house. She gives orders for the good things of this life', and for those also of eternity."*

It was a judicious resolution of a father', as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife', when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls', he replied', "I intend to apprentice them to their mother', that they may learn the art of improving time', and be fitted to become like her—wives', mothers', heads of families', and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless', dressy slattern':—"It is hard to say it', but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing', they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

* Gisborne.

LESSON LXXV.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is brutish.

A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband; but she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his bones.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but he that followeth vain persons is void of understanding.

The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they who deal truly are his delight.

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction; but a scorner heareth not rebuke.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction.

The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.

There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.

Wealth obtained by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathereth by labor shall increase.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he that regardeth reproof shall be honored.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just.

He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.

Go from the presence of a foolish man, when thou perceivest not in him the words of knowledge.

Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is favor.

There is a way which seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly'; and a man of wicked devices is hated.

In all labor there is profit', but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.

In the fear of the LORD is strong confidence', and his children shall have a place of refuge.

The fear of the LORD is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding', but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker'; but he that hōnoreth him hath mercy on the poor.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness', but the righteous hath hope in his death.

Righteousness exalteth' a nation', but sin is a reproach to any people.

A soft answer turneth away wrath'; but grievous words stir up anger.

The eyes of the LORD are in every placé, beholding the evil and the good.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is', than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wise son maketh a glad father', but a foolish man despiseth his mother.

The LORD is far from the wicked', but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul'; but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.

Commit thy works to the LORD', and thy thoughts shall be established.

When a man's ways please the LORD', he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

Better is a little with righteousness', than great revenues without right.

How much better is it to get wisdom' than gold'; and to get understanding' rather to be chosen than silver.

Pride goeth before destruction', and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Better is it to be of a humble spirit with the lowly', than to divide the spoil with the proud.

The hoary head is a crown of glory', if it be found in the way of righteousness.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city.

LESSON LXXVI.

THE ADVANTAGES OF APPLICATION.

LOUISA SIMONS was a bright intelligent girl of fourteen, amiable and ambitious, the joy of her parents, the pride of her teachers, and far advanced in all her studies except arithmetic.

"Oh mother!" she exclaimed frequently, "this is the day for the blackboard; a black day to me! I hate arithmetic: I wish the multiplication table had never been invented.

' Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Fractions make me mad.'

Mrs. Simons sometimes reproved her for her vehemence; sometimes soothed, and sometimes encouraged her; but finding her more and more excited, she addressed her one day gravely and anxiously,—“My daughter, you make me unhappy by these expressions. I am aware that many minds are so constituted as to learn numbers slowly; but, that close attention and perseverance can conquer even natural defects, has often been proved. If you can pass over a rule carelessly, and say you cannot comprehend it, from want of energy to grasp it, you will never learn; and your “black” days, when you become a woman and have responsibilities, will increase. I speak feelingly on the subject, for I had the same natural aversion to arithmetic as yourself. Unfortunately for me, a schoolmate, quick at figures, shared my desk. We had no blackboard then, and she was kind, or unkind enough to work out my sums for me. The consequence is, that I have suffered repeatedly in my pursuit, and from my feelings of ignorance. Even now I am obliged to apply to your father in the most trifling calculations; and you must have sometimes noticed my mortification under such circumstances.”

"I look to you for assistance," continued she, affectionately, to Louisa. "You have every advantage; your mind is active, and in other respects disciplined, and I am sure your kind heart will prompt you in aiding me."

Louisa's eye looked a good resolution; she kissed her mother, and commenced her task with right feelings.

Success crowned her efforts, while it added to the pleasure of acquisition; and she began to experience the higher joy of self-conquest, and her mother's approbation. She gave herself up for two years to diligent study, and conquered, at length, the higher branches of arithmetic.

Louisa, the eldest of three children, had been born to the luxuries of wealth, and scarcely an ungratified want had brought a shade on her brow. Mr. Simons was a merchant of respectable connections; but, in the height of prosperity, one of those failures took place which sometimes occur in commerce, and his affairs became suddenly affected by the shock which is often felt so far in the mercantile chain. A nervous temperament, and delicate system, were soon sadly wrought upon by the misfortune; and his mind, perplexed and harrassed, seemed to lose its clearness in calculation, and its happy view of life. Louisa, at this period, was seventeen years of age; her understanding clear and vigorous; her passions disciplined; and her faculties resting, like a young fawn, for a sudden bound.

It was a cold autumnal evening; the children were beguiling themselves with wild gambols about the parlor; Mr. Simons sat leaning his head on his hand, gazing on an accumulated pile of ledgers and papers; Mrs. Simons was busily sewing, and Louisa, with her finger between the leaves of a closed book, sat anxiously regarding her father.

"These children distract me," said Mr. Simons peevishly. "Hush, Robert; Come here, Margaret," said Mrs. Simons gently; and taking one on her lap, and another by her side, whispered a little story and put them to bed.

When Mrs. Simons left the room, Louisa laid aside her book, and stood by her father.

"Do not disturb me, my child," said he roughly. Then recollecting himself, he waived his hand gently for her to retire, and continued;—"Do not feel hurt, dear, with my abruptness. I am perplexed with these complicated accounts."

"Father," said Louisa, hesitatingly and blushing, "I think that I could assist you, if you would permit me."

"You, my love," exclaimed he laughing—"these papers will puzzle a deeper head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast," said Louisa modestly; "but when Mr. Random gave me my last lesson he said"—

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Simons, encouragingly.

"He said," answered she, blushing more deeply, "that I was a better accountant than most merchants. And I do believe, father," continued she earnestly, "that if you would allow me, I could assist you."

Mr. Simons smiled sadly, but to encourage her desire of usefulness, opened his accounts. Insensibly, he found that his daughter followed him into the labyrinth of numbers.

Louisa, with a fixed look and clear eye, her cheek kindling with interest, and her pencil in her hand, listened to him. Mrs. Simons entered on tiptoe, and seated herself softly at her sewing. The accounts became more and more complicated. Mr. Simons, with his practiced habits, and Louisa with her quick intellect and ready will, followed them up with fidelity. The unexpected sympathy of his daughter gave him new life. Time flew unheeded, and the clock struck twelve.

"Wife," said he suddenly, "matters are not as desperate as I feared; if this girl gives me a few more hours like these, I shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child," said Mrs. Simons, pressing Louisa's fresh cheek to hers.

Louisa retired, recommending herself to God, and slept profoundly. The next morning, after seeking his blessing, she repaired to her father; and again, day after day, with untiring patience, she went through the details of his books, copied the accounts in a fair hand, nor left him till his brow was smoothed, and the phantom of bankruptcy had disappeared.

A day passed by, and Louisa looked contemplative and absorbed. At length she said, "Father, you complain that you cannot afford another clerk at present. You have tried me and find me worth something. I will keep your books until your affairs are regulated, and you may give me a little salary to furnish shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Simons accepted her offer with caresses and smiles. Louisa's cabinet increased in value; and the beautiful fe-

male handwriting in her father's books was a subject of interest, and curiosity, to his mercantile friends.

And from what, as year after year wealth poured in its luxuries, and Louisa Simons stood dispensing pleasures to the gay, and comforts to the poor, did she trace her happiness? To early self-conquest.

LESSON LXXVII.

TREATMENT OF SISTERS.

EVERY young man ought to feel that his honor is involved in the character and dignity of his sisters. There is no insult which he should sooner rebuke, than one offered to them. But if you would have others esteem and honor them, you must esteem and honor them yourself. Treat them with far less reserve, but with no less delicacy, than you would the most genteel stranger. Nothing in a family strikes the eye of a visitor with more delight, than to see brothers treat their sisters with kindness, civility, attention, and love. On the contrary, nothing is more offensive, or speaks worse for the honor of a family, than that coarse, rude, unkind manner, which brothers sometimes exhibit.

Beware how you speak of your sisters. Even gold is tarnished by much handling. If you speak in their praise—of their beauty, learning, manners, wit, or attentions—you will subject them to taunt and ridicule; if you say any thing against them, you will bring reproach upon yourself and them too. If you have occasion to speak of them, do it with modesty and with few words. Let others do all the praising, and yourself enjoy it. I hope that you will always have reason to take pleasure in your sisters.

If you are separated from them, maintain with them a correspondence. This will do yourself good as well as them. Do not neglect this duty, nor grow remiss in it. Give your friendly advice, and seek theirs in return. As they mingle intimately with their sex, they can enlighten your mind respecting many particulars relating to female character, important for you to know; and on the other hand, you have the same opportunity to do them a similar

service. However long or widely separated from them, keep up your fraternal affection and intercourse. It is ominous of evil, when a young man forgets his sisters.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE ADVENTUROUS BOY.

WHILE the fleet lay at anchor, one of the most heart-thrilling scenes occurred on board the Commodore's vessel, that my eyes ever witnessed. In addition to the usual appendages of a ship of war, there was a large and mischievous monkey on board, named Jocko, retained for the amusement and diversion of the ship's company. It was my watch on deck; and having retired to the side of the vessel, I was musing on the beauty of the fleet, when a loud and merry laugh burst upon my ear.

On turning to ascertain the cause of such an unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I perceived the Commodore's little son, whom the crew nicknamed 'little Bob Stay,' standing half way up the main-hatch-ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance explained the occasion of the merriment. As Bob was coming up from the gun-deck, Jocko, the monkey, perceived him on the ladder; and dropping suddenly from the rigging, leaped upon his shoulder, seized his cap, and running up the main-top-sail-sheet, seated himself on the main-yard.

Here the monkey sat picking the tassel of his prize to pieces, occasionally scratching his sides, and chattering, as if in exultation for the success of his mischief. Bob being a sprightly, active fellow, did not like to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly inclined to make chase after Jocko, from observing me smile at his plight, and hearing the loud laugh of Cato, a black man, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence.

'Ha, you rascal, Jocko,' said the black man, 'had you no more respect for de young officer, dan to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a thief.' The monkey looked down from his perch, as if he understood the threat of the

negro', and chattered a sort of defiance in answer. 'Ha', ha', Massa Bob', he say you mus' ketch him 'fore you flog him'; and 'tis no easy matter for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot.'

The cheeks of little Bob looked red, as he cast a glance of offended pride at Cato'; and springing across the deck, in a moment he was half way up the rigging. The monkey quietly watched his motions'; and, when nearly up, suddenly put the cap on his own head, and ascended to the top cross-trees'; and, quietly seating himself', resumed his work of picking the tassel.

In this manner the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head'; when, suddenly springing on the rigging, he again descended to the fore-top, and, running out on the fore-yard', hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail-boom', where taking his seat', he raised a loud and exulting chattering. By this time Bob was completely exhausted'; and not liking to return to the deck to be laughed at, he sat down on the cross-trees.

The spectators, presuming that the boy would not follow the monkey, but would descend to the deck, paid no further attention to them. I also had turned away, and had been engaged some minutes', when I was suddenly startled by a cry from Cato, exclaiming that, 'Massa Bob was on the main-truck!' A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ears. I cast my eyes up—it was too true.

The adventurous boy, after having rested a little', had climbed the sky-sail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on that circular piece of wood', on the very summit of the loftiest mast, at a height so great that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. There was nothing above him, or around him, but empty space'; and beneath him, nothing but a small unstable wheel.

Dreadful temerity'! If he had attempted to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his motion'? His feet covered up the small and fearful platform on which he stood', and, beneath that', a long smooth pole that seemed to bend beneath his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. In endeavoring to get down, he would inevitably lose his balance', and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass.

In this terrible exigency, what was to be done'? To hail him and inform him of his danger, it was thought, would

insure his ruin. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. By this time the deck was covered with officers and crew, to witness this appalling, this heart-rending spectacle. All seemed mute. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed absorbed in one deep, intense emotion of agony.

At this moment, a stir was made among the crew about the gangway, when the Commodore, the boy's father, made his appearance. He had come on board without being noticed by a single eye. The Commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was an austere man; and it was thought by some that he did not entertain a very strong affection for his son. All eyes were now fixed on him, endeavoring to read his emotions in his countenance.

The scrutiny, however, was vain; his eye retained its severe expression; his brow the slight frown it usually wore; and his lip its haughty curl. In short, no outward sign indicated what was passing within. Immediately on reaching the deck, he ordered a marine to hand a musket; when, stepping aft, and leaping on the look-out block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him with his trumpet, in a voice of thunder.

'Robert,' cried he, 'jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you.' The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering;—for his arms were thrown about like one endeavoring to balance himself. The Commodore raised his voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone cried—'Jump! 'tis your only chance for life.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before he left the truck, and sprang out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips.

The father spoke not—sighed not; indeed, he seemed not to breathe. For a moment of intense agony, a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water; and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwark. Another short period of suspense ensued. The boy rose! he was alive! his arm was seen to move—he struck out towards the ship.

In spite of the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, the outburst of unfeigned joy from the hearts of five hundred men', pealed through the air and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old Commodore had stood unmoved. His face was now ashy pale. He attempted to descend from the block', but his knees bent under him'; he seemed to gasp for breath, and attempted to tear open his vest'; but in the attempt he staggered, and would have fallen', had he not been caught by the bystanders.

He was borne to his cabin, where the surgeon attended him', whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equilibrium and self-command', in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as the former recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him'; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin', that he was in tears.

LESSON LXXIX.

DANCING.

THERE is probably no amusement more universally prevalent, and more fascinating, than dancing. One of the most prominent errors attendant upon this amusement is the unseasonable hours selected to engage in it'; balls and dancing parties being generally held at a time past the common hour of retiring', and beyond the hour too when nature has ordained that we should seek repose. The system is thus robbed of its restorative', sleep'; and to this privation there is superadded the unaccustomed and severe exercise and fatigue of dancing. Many delicate females, who would think it cruel in the extreme to be compelled to walk two miles', will dance almost constantly for half the night', when, from sheer exhaustion', they are obliged to desist. For sundry reasons the dress must on such occasions be light'; but when a person is freely perspiring from the exhilarating dance', a ball dress is not an adequate protection from taking cold during the intervals of repose. The fatigue from this exercise is the greater from the fact, that one half the females who are most fond of it' are unaccustomed to much active exercise of

any' sort; and while others feel no inconvenience', they are surprised to find themselves fatigued and exhausted.

From a mistaken notion of appearing very pretty', dresses at balls are worn very tight'; but if there ever is a time when the full, free, and uninterrupted play of the breathing apparatus is absolutely necessary', it is on occasions like the present. The writer is acquainted with more than one instance where ladies have suddenly expired in the midst of a dance', from no other cause, unquestionably', than impeded respiration from being too tightly laced.

Exposure to a current of air, such as sitting in an open window, or in a balcony after dancing', is the cause of much mischief. It is agreeable', no doubt', and is one of those sweet things which are very sure to be followed by bitterness.

There is another train of evils, of a somewhat different character, connected with this fascinating amusement'; and if they are not quite as conspicuous, they are not the less certain to be felt. A ball is an event of no little importance to a female', and of no small magnitude in her estimation', especially if she be of the younger and less experienced class'; and her mind is, at such a time, more agitated by conflicting emotions than she is, perhaps, herself aware', or willing to acknowledge. It may be that young ladies of the présent day have a little sprinkling of pride, vanity, jealousy, and the like turbulent ingredients', in their composition'; and whatever mortal tenement these passions inhabit', they are sure, when occasion offers, to make their influence felt', and their power known. It is not impossible that a young lady, who is to attend a ball or dancing party, may feel ambitious to acquire glory, by excelling in the splendor of her appearance'—she may be desirous of exciting general admiration', or of making a more particular impression. The anxiety of mind for two or three days previous to the grand event, is oftentimes so intense as to destroy the appetite', and not unfrequently to cause the nights to be spent in a sleepless, feverish state. A young female, then, with a naturally delicate constitution', thus debilitated and rendered irritable', and already on the threshold of disease', is compelled to undergo the fatigue and excitement of a ball, and perhaps its consequent exposure.

The young of both sexes should be taught that they have minds', that they are rational creatures, born for social intercourse', and that all enjoyment is not to be found in the

fashionable follies and amusements of the day. The effect of most popular amusements, if indulgence is not regulated by moderation and discretion, tends to the destruction of intellectual enjoyment', as well as to sever the bands of social and kindred feeling'; so that the devotees of pleasure think of but little else than gratifying their own taste', even at the sacrifice of all sympathy for their fellow-creatures. Look at those who have a great fondness for fashionable recreation', or, more properly, dissipation', and see if they regard the claims of society', or the wants and necessities of needy relatives. Are their names found in looking over the list of contributors to any benevolent enterprise'? Are they found in the ranks of philanthropists'? Their charities are all bestowed on their own dear selves', and their pecuniary sacrifices are made on the altar of pleasure. Their names may, indeed, be found at the head of the catalogue of those who are foremost in getting up a "benefit" for a K'— or a K'—; and they may be remembered with a peculiar gratitude in the diary of some strolling actor', or, peradventure, in the more celebrated journal of some "Fanny."

Having been called, not long since, to visit the family of an old acquaintance, in a professional way', I have thought best to insert in this place the substance of an interview which presents this subject in its true light. My advice was requested in the case of a young lady' who was indisposed after a night's dissipation at a fashionable party. I found her reclining in an easy chair', with cheeks flushed', hurried respiration', and the whole countenance expressive of great anxiety. After a few preliminaries, a conversation occurred, nearly as follows:—

"Were you in usual health till last evening'?"

"Yes, nearly', except the anxiety of preparing for the party."

"Did your anxiety destroy your appetite'?"

"Oh no', not much'; it only kept me a little flurried."

Her father, an honest, plain man', very promptly answered', "She has hardly taken food enough to keep her alive, the last two days."

"Have you slept well at night'?"

"Yes', generally, very well."

Her sister, a frank, open-hearted girl, replied', "Why, Jane! we have both of us lain awake, and talked almost all night about the party', ever since we received our invitations."

"How long was you at the party'?"

"About three hours."

"At what time did you return home'?"

"About one o'clock."

"Did you feel chilly when coming home'?"

"Yes', doctor', and before too'; for when I sat by the window to rest me, after dancing', I felt as if I was taking cold."

"Did you dance much in the course of the evening'?"

"Oh, no', indeed, I never dance much at parties'; I only danced *ten times*."

"Did you experience any shortness of breath when dancing'?"

(With her hand on her side, and panting.)* "No', doctor', I never get out of breath'; I could breathe last night just as well as I can this moment."

Her sister again says', "Why, Jane'! how can you say so'? I wonder how you could breathe at all, for you know we broke three strings before you were laced to suit you'."

"Did you rest well last night', or rather this morning', after you retired'?"

"No', doctor'—I had such a pain in my stomach that I could not sleep."

"By the way', did you take any thing last night to disagree with your stomach'?"

"No', not in the least."

"I presume, you at least tasted the refreshments'?"

"Yes', I ate five or six pickled oysters', and drank a little coffee."

"Did you eat a bit of the tongue'?"

"I just tasted it."

"A-la-mode beef'?"

"Only a morsel."

"Did you try a bit of the turkey'?"

"Just a wing."

"How was the jelly'?"

"Very fine', but I only tasted it."

"Did you try the sweetmeats', blanc-manger',† ice-creams', oranges', custards', and cakes'?"

"Only a mouthful' of each."

* The parenthesis should be omitted in reading.

† *Mouj*,—a kind of jelly.

"Mr. ——— is noted for his choice wines'. I presume you tasted his champagne* and lemonade'?"

"I drank two glasses of champagne', and when I was very warm, two or three of lemonade."

"And yet you took nothing to disagree with you'?"

"No', not in the least."

"Did you dance after this'?"

"Only twice—for I felt fatigued, and had a little of a headache."

"Let me tell you, miss', that your supper and dancing have put you in' such a condition', that if you are able in a month to attend another party', you may be thankful."

"Why', doctor', you needn't say that; for I saw ladies who ate twice as many things as I did', and twice as much of them."

All other amusements partake of the nature of the two now considered', active' and passive'; these being sufficient to illustrate the principles by which we should be governed in our choice, and in the application of pastimes', it is therefore unnecessary to go into the subject and discuss the merits of each particular amusement. Sedentary amusements, for those who lead inactive lives', are not to be indulged in with impunity'; for those who take much active exercise they are more proper', and the health of such is rarely affected by them.

LESSON LXXX.

THE RAIN-DROP AND THE LILY.

A CLOUD, that had hung like a veil o'er the sun',
Was melted, and came to the earth on the run';
When one of its parts', in a round, sparkling drop,
That coursed down the air', on its way made a stop
To crown a fair Lily, that, lowly and pale,
Was bending to pour out her sweets o'er the valè;
Because, not another of all the bright shower
Could bathe, in descending', so lovely a flower.

* *Sham-pain.*

The Lily was shocked by the signal of state.
 She shook when it came, and was bent with its weight.
 " 'Tis brilliant and heavy," she modestly said,
 " And must not be worn by so humble a head.
 For mē, in my simple and plain robe of white,
 To wear a gay coronet courting the sight,
 It ill would befit!" so, she bowed herself down,
 And on a green leaf meekly cast off her crown.

" And now," said the Drop, " as it clearly is seen'
 The crown was not needed to make thee a queen',
 Permit me awhile at thy feet to repose,—
 A few secret things of my life to disclose;
 And then may I sink in the earth, where thy root
 Will take mē, and let me return in a shoot',
 To hang on thy stem in a beautiful bell',
 As pure as the one that I laved when I fell."

The Lily consented. The Drop then began':—
 " My birth was before the creation of man'!
 When darkness was yet on the face of the deep,
 I lay in its bosom', an infant asleep.
 The Spirit moved over us through the black night';
 And when my Creator said', ' Let there be light',
 Its first rays awoke mē! I sparkled and played',
 In praise of the power by whose words we were made.

" And sincé—but 'twould take many lives, such as thine',
 To learn half the change that has since followed minè!
 I've run in the stream', I have leapt in the fount';
 I've slept in the laké, and have rolled up the mount
 In a light curl of mist. I have strengthened the oak',
 When o'er its lone head the red thunderbolt brokè!
 I've sailed in the cloud', and distilled in the dew.
 As old as the world', I've a form ever new.

" When earth was submerged, I was under the ark',
 Combined with my kindred to bear up the bark.
 I've been at the poles. All the zones I have crossed.
 I've fled from the fire', and been caught by the frost.
 I've plunged in the avalanche'* heaved in the seà;
 And ocean's deep things have been open to me.

* Pronounced *av-a-lanah*;—a large mass of snow, or ice, falling from the side of a mountain. Sometimes a large mass of loosened earth and stones is so called.

The ruins unknown', and the treasures untold',
That lie in her caverns', 't was mine to behold!

"Through groves of rich coral', while winding my way
Where pearls strewed the bed, and the mariner lay',
I bathed his pale lips and his eye's heavy lid',
When all those bright things from its vision were hid';
And cold, rayless orbs seemed to tell me their sight
By Him was recalled', who said, 'Let there be light.'
From scenes deep and sad', to the skies high and clear',
I rose in a vapor, to fall in a tear.

"Approaching the earth, where I paused on thy stem',
Transfixed by a sunbeam', I turned to a gem'!
That delicate union of water and light,
Where so many beauties and wonders unite',
Was formed on thy head', and disporting its powers',
To mark thee the fairest and sweetest of flowers.
And now, the next form that to sight I assume',
I hope will appear on thy stalk, in its bloom!"

The Drop sunk away where the root drew it in.
And ye, who will go, when the lilies begin
Their buds to unfold to the warm, vernal sun',
And look in the vale', ye may there find the one
That cast off her crown'; and the Drop will be seen
To rise gently up o'er the leaves fresh and green',
Transformed to a bell of a pure, snowy white',
And still praising Him, who said', "Let there be light."

LESSON LXXXI.

THE WHITE CLOUD.

WHAT next'—what next', thou changeful thing',
With the feathery breast and the silver wing',
That seem'st, like a lonely bird', to fly
To some distant home, o'er the clear, blue sky?
I saw thee suspended, a moment ago',
By a hand unseen, like a wreath of snow',
Withheld from a fall that might give it a stain'
So deep it could never be blanch'd again.

And once thou hast shone in a cluster of flowers',
Pure as if bent from the heavenly bowers',
Defying this valley of shadow and blight'
To sully or wither their leaves of light'!
I've seen thee, too, pass over my head',
Like a beautiful ship with her sails all spread',
That, laden with treasures too pure and bright
For an earthly touch', or a mortal's sight',
Was proud to some far-off port to bear
Her viewless riches through seas of air'!
Again—thou hast seemed as the spirit of love'
His mantle had dropped from the realms above',
And 't was floating along, as a sign, to show'
To those who might look from the world below',
That their garments must be of a spotless white'
Before they can enter a world of light'!
Beautiful changeling'! now'—even now',
I see thee dissolving', I know not how'—
Thine atoms are scattered', and, one by one',
Melted and lost in the rays of the sun!
Vapor deceitful'! cloud of the morn'!
Like thee are the hopes that of earth are born'!
Their forms are varying, high and fair',
But melted by light'—rent in pieces by air'!
Bright vision of falsehood', thou shalt teach
The soul, in her search for joys, to reach'
To a world of truth, where deceit is o'er'—
Where changes and clouds shall be known no more!

LESSON LXXXII.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill that, from the springs
Of yonder grove, its current brings',
Plays on the slope a while, and then'
Goes prattling into groves again',
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet', when life was new.
When woods in early green were dressed',
And from the chambers of the west

The warmer breezes', traveling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about',
My truant steps from home would stray
Upon its grassy side to play',
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn',
And crop the violet on its brim',
With blooming cheek and open brow',
As young and gay, sweet rill', as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came',
And I had grown in love with fame',
Duly I sought thy banks', and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes', that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek',
Passed o'er me; and I wrote, on high',
A name I deemed would never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still',
Yet tell', in grandeur of decay',
How swift the years have passed away',
Since first, a child', and half afraid',
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou', ever joyous rivulet',
Dost dimple, leap', and prattle yet';
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave',
And dancing to thy own wild chime',
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear';
As pure thy limpid waters run',
As bright they sparkle to the sun';
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks';
The violet there, in soft May dew',
Comes up, as modest', and as blue';
As green amid thy current's stress',
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress';
And the brown groundbird', in thy glen',
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed'
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged';
And the grave stranger', come to see
The playplace of his infancy',
Has scarce a single trace of him'
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are past'—
Too bright', too beautiful', to last.
I've tried the world'—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth';
The radiant beauty, shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God',
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye',
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away',
And I, all trembling', weak, and gray',
Bowed to the earth', which waits to fold
My ashes in the embracing mold',
(If, haply, the dark will of fate
Indulge my life so long a date',)
May come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
The sparkle of thy dancing stream',
And faintly on my ear shall fall
Thy prattling current's merry call;
Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep'—and on thy side',
As ages after ages glide',
Children their early sports shall try',
And pass to hoary age', and die.
But thou, unchanged from year to year',
Gaily shalt play and glitter here';
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass';
And, singing down thy narrow glen',
Shalt mock the fading race of men.

LESSON LXXXIII.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know',
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume',
Sweet flower', I love, in forest bare',
To meet thee', when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train', the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold',
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun', who bade thee view
Pale skies', and chilling moisture sip',
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue',
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form', and low thy seat',
And earthward bent thy gentle eye',
Unapt the passing view to meet',
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Of, in the sunless April day',
Thy early smile has stayed my walk',
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May',
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they', who climb to wealth', forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret'
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light',
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

LESSON LXXXIV.

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning
Ting'd with the rising sun';
And in the dawn they floated on',
And mingled into onè:
I thought that morning cloud was blest',
It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
Flow smoothly to their meeting',
And joined their course, with silent forcé,
In peace each other greeting':
Calm was their course through banks of green',
While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion',
Till life's last pulse shall beat';
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream',
Float on', in joy, to meet'
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
A purer sky', where all is peace.

LESSON LXXXV.

CHANGES ON THE DEEP.

A GALLANT ship'! and trim and tight',
Across the deep she speeds away',
While mantled with the golden light'
The sun throws back at close of day.
And who, that sees that stately ship'
Her haughty stem in ocean dip',
Has ever seen a prouder one'
Illumined by a setting sun'?

The breath of summer sweet and soft
Her canvass swells', while, wide and fair',
And floating from her mast aloft',
Her flag plays off on gentle air.
And as her steady prow divides
The waters to her even sides',
She passes, like a bird, between'
The peaceful deep and sky serene.

And now grave twilight's tender veil'
The moon, with shafts of silver, rends';
And down on billow, deck, and sail',
Her placid luster gently sends.
The stars, as if the arch of blue'
Were pierced to let the glory through',
From their bright world look out and win
The thoughts of man to enter in.

And, many a heart that's warm and true'
That noble ship bears on with pride';
While, 'mid the many forms, are two'
Of passing beauty, side by side.
A fair young mother standing by'
Her bosom's lord', has fixed her eye',
With his, upon the blessed star'
That points them to their home afar.

Their thoughts fly forth to those, who there'
Are waiting now, with joy, to hail'
The moment that shall grant their prayer',
And heave in sight their coming sail.
For, many a time the changeful queen'
Of night has vanish'd', and been seen',
Since o'er a foreign shore to roam',
They passed from that dēar, native home.

The babe, that on its father's breast',
Has let its little eyelids close',
The mother bears below to rest',
And sinks with it in sweet repose.
The while a sailor climbs the shroud',
And in the distance spies a cloud':
Low, like a swelling seed, it lies',
From which the towering storm shall rise.

The powers of air are now about'
 To muster from their hidden caves';
 The winds unchained come rushing out',
 And into mountains heap the waves.
 Upon the sky the darkness spreads'!
 The tempest on the ocean treads';
 And yawning caverns are its track'
 Amid the waters wild and black.

Its voice'—but, who shall give the sounds
 Of that dread voice'?—The ship is dashed'
 In roaring depths'—and now, she bounds
 On high', by foaming surges lashed.
 And how is she the storm to bide'?
 Its sweeping wings are strong and wide'!
 The hand of man has lost control'
 O'er her'! his work is for the soul!

She's in a scene of nature's war.
 The winds and waters are at strife';
 And both, with her, contending for'
 The brittle thread of human life'
 That she contains'; while sail and shroud
 Have yielded', and her head is bowed.
 Then, who that slender thread shall keep'
 But Hē, whose finger moves the deep'?

A moment'—and the angry blast'
 Has done its work', and hurried on.
 With broken cables', shivered mast',
 With riven sides', and anchor goné,
 Behold the ship in ruin lie';
 While from the waves a piercing cry'
 Surmounts the tumult high and wild',
 And sounds to heaven', 'My child'! my child'!

The mother, in the whelming surge',
 Lifts up her infant o'er the sea',
 While lying on the awful verge'
 Where time unveils eternity'—
 And calls to mercy from the skies',
 To come and rescue, while she dies',
 The gift that, with her fleeting breath',
 She offers from the gates of death.

It is a call for Heaven to hear'.
 Maternal fondness sends above
 A voice, that in her Father's ear'
 Shall enter quick', for God is love.
 In such a moment, hands like these'
 Their Maker', with their offering', sees ;
 And for the faith of such a breast'
 He will the blow of death arrest !

The moon looks pale from out the cloud',
 While Mercy's angel takes the form
 Of him', who, mounted on the shroud',
 Was first to see the coming storm.
 The SAILOR has a ready arm
 To bring relief', and cope with harm.
 Though rough his hand, and nerved with steel',
 His heart' is warm and quick to feel.

And see him, as he braves the frown',
 That sky and sea each other give' !
 Behold him', where he plunges down',
 That child and mother yet may live',
 And plucks them from a closing grave' !—
 They're saved' ! they're saved' ! the maddened wave'
 Leaps foaming up to find its prey'
 Snatched from its mouth and borne away.

They're saved' ! they're saved' ! but where is he',
 Who lulled his fearless babe to sleep' ?
 A floating plank on that wild sea'
 Has now his vital spark to keep' !
 But, by the wan, affrighted moon',
 Help comes to him' ; and he is soon'
 Upon the deck with living men'
 To clasp that smiling boy again.

And now can He, who only knows
 Each human breast', behold, alone',
 What pure and grateful incense goes'
 From that sad wreck to his high throne.
 The twain, whose hearts are truly one',
 Will early teach their prattling son'
 Upon his little heart to bear'
 The SAILOR to his God', in prayer':—

' Oh, Thou, who in thy hand dost hold'
 The winds and waves, that wake or sleep',
 Thy tender arms of mercy fold'
 Around the seamen on the deep!
 And, when their voyage of life is o'er',
 May they be welcomed to the shore'
 Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved';—
 And angels sing, " They're saved'! they're saved'!"

LESSON LXXXVI.

THE WINDS.

WE come'! we come'! and ye feel our might',
 As we're hastening on in our boundless flight';
 And over the mountains, and over the deep,
 Our broad, invisible pinions sweep'
 Like the spirit of liberty', wild and free',
 And ye look on our works, and own 'tis wē;
 Ye call us the Winds'; but can ye tell'
 Whither we go', or where we dwell'?

Ye mark', as we vary our forms of power',
 And fell the forests', or fan the flower',
 When the hare-bell moves', and the rush is bent',
 When the tower's o'erthrown', and the oak is rent',
 As we waft the bark o'er the slumbering wave',
 Or hurry its crew to a watery grave';
 And ye say it is wē! but can ye trace'
 The wandering winds to their secret place'?

And whether our breath be loud and high',
 Or come in a soft and balmy sigh',
 Our threatenings fill the soul with fear',
 Or our gentle whisperings woo the ear'
 With music aerial', still, 'tis wē.
 And ye list', and ye look'; but what do you see'?
 Can ye hush one sound of our voice to peace'?
 Or waken one note, when our numbers cease'?

Our dwelling is in the Almighty's hand';
 We come and we go at his command.
 Though joy', or sorrow', may mark our track',
 His will is our guide', and we look not back':
 And if, in our wrath, ye would turn us away',
 Or win us in gentle airs to play',
 Then, lift up your hearts to him who binds',
 Or frees', as he will', the obedient Winds!

LESSON LXXXVII.

FOLLY MADE LEFT-HANDED.

WIT was fairly tired of play';
 And the little archer lay
 On a grassy bank, one day',
 By a gurgling river.
 Here, he thought he'd take a nap',
 And, to guard them from mishap',
 In his mantle he would wrap
 His golden bow and quiver.

Scarce a moment had he slept',
 Ere upon his finger stepped
 Some one', who was no adept
 In the art of creeping.
 Wit was ever quick to feel';
 Soon he knew the heavy heel'—
Folly came his bow to steal',
 While he thought him sleeping.

He arose'; and, "now," said he',
 "Let my bow and arrows be,
 Till their use you learn of me,
 Folly', I beseech you!
 But, if you would know my art',
 And be skillful with the dart',
 Let's a moment stand apart',
 So that I may teach you."

Folly moved a pace or two';
 Wit took aim, and quickly drew'—
 "Whiz'!" the arrow went', and flew',
 Fastening in his shoulder.
 "Oh!" cried Folly', "Oh! I'm dead'!
 Wounded both in heart and head'!"—
 "You will live'," Wit smiling said',
 "To be ages older.

"Banish every vain alarm';
 You receive no other harm
 Than a useless', palsied arm',
 For an hour of fooling.
 Hence, of that right hand bereft',
 Folly', you must use your left',
 A memento of your theft',
 And my timely schooling!"

Wisdom saw the war begin
 'Twixt the two so near akin',
 And she would, by stepping in',
 Fain have made them wiser.
 But, she was repelled by both',
 Who', alike incensed and loth
 To be tutored', took an oath
 Ever to despise her.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

HOPE.

PROFITIOUS Power, when rankling cares annoy
 The sacred home of Hymenæan joy;
 When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell',
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell'
 Unpitied by the world', unknown to fame',
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same'—

Oh there, prophetic Hope', thy smile bestow',
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know'—
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store
 To friendless babes', and weeps to give no more',
 Tell', that his manly race shall yet assuage
 Their father's wrongs', and shield his later age.
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distill',
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill';
 Tell', that when silent years have passed away',
 That when his eyes grow dim', his tresses gray',
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 And deck with fairer flowers his little field',
 And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath';
 Tell', that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
 The days of peace', the Sabbath of his years',
 Health shall prolong, to many a festive hour,
 The social pleasures of his humble power.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps',
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps';
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies',
 Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes',
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy'—
 "Sleep, image of thy father', sleep', my boy':
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine';
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine';
 Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
 In form and soul'; but, ah! more blest than he',
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last',
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past'—
 With many a smile my solitude repay',
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summoned from the world and thee',
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree',
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner', at my stone appear',
 And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near'?
 Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour', to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed';
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined',
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind',
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low',
 And think on all my love', and all my wo'?

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard', or brighten in reply';
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name';
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity', or a smile of love';
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care',
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer',
Or gazing, mutely pensive', sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear';
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while',
At every artless tear', and every smile'!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom', true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart', consigned to share
Tumultuous toils', or solitary caré,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day'?
Lo! nature, life', and liberty' relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom';
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored',
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board';
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow',
And virtue triumphs o'er remembered wo.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason', nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy',
That urge the lingering tide of life', and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark'! the wild maniac sings', to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail';
She, sad spectatress', on the wintry shore
Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore',
Knew the pale form', and, shrieking in amaze',
Clasped her cold hands', and fixed her maddening gaze':
Poor widowed wretch'! 'twas there she wept in vain',
Till memory fled her agonizing brain':—
But mercy gave, to charm the sense of wo',
Ideal' peace', that truth' could ne'er bestow';
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam',
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky',
 And the lone seabird wakes its wildest cry',
 Piled on the steep', her blazing faggots burn
 To hail the bark that never can return';
 And still she waits', but scarce forbears to weep'
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
 The world's regard', that soothes', though half untrue';
 Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore',
 But found not pity when it erred no more.
 Yon friendless man', at whose dejected eye
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks'—and passes by';
 Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam',
 Scorned by the world', and left without a home'—
 E'en he', at evening should he chance to stray
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way',
 Where', round the cot's romantic glade are seen
 The blossomed beanfield', and the sloping green',
 Leans o'er its humble gate', and thinks the while'—
 Oh! that for mē some home like this would smile',
 Some hamlet shade', to yield my sickly form'
 Health in the breeze', and shelter in the storm'!
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign'
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine'!
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care',
 And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope', when I mourn, with sympathizing mind',
 The wrongs of fate', the woes of human kind',
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be';
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan',
 And learn the future' by the past' of man.

Come, bright improvement', on the car of Time',
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime';
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore',
 Trace every wavé, and culture every shore.
 On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along',
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song',
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk',
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk';

There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
 Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew', as it tolls profound.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam',
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom', yet shall find a home;
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines',
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines',
 Truth shall pervade th' unsathomed darkness theré,
 And light the dreadful features of despair'.—
 Hark'! the stern captive spurns his heavy load',
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed:
 Fierce in his eyes the fire of valor burns',
 And, as the slave departs', the man returns'!

LESSON LXXXIX.

THE PRISONED BIRD.

Sing no more, thou prisoned bird',
 Hail not thus the rising day;
 Lighter lay was never heard
 O'er the valleys far away.

Sing not thus'—I cannot bear
 Here to listen to thy song;
 I would meet thee, wandering, where'
 Woodland waters glide along—

O'er the vale', and through the grove',
 Sporting like a summer bee'—
 Warbling to thy lady-love'
 Flattering tales of constancy'—

Mounting on the morning air',
 High above the flowery fields',
 Searching all things, sweet and fair',
 For the joy that nature yields'—

Or, when evening's solemn call
 Brings the wanderer home to rest',
 Where the lengthening shadows fall',
 Brooding o'er thy leafy nest'.

Such, thou warbler of the wild',
 Such should be thy happy doom';
 Ne'er should Nature's freeborn child'
 Pine within a gilded tomb.

Like a lute that once was strung
 For the light and jocund lay',
 Echoing where a festive throng
 Laughed the midnight hours away'—

Like the self-same lute', when heard
 Far from scenes of revelry',
 Is thy song, thou prisoned bird',
 Sweet', but oh how sad', to me!

LESSON XC.

THE MARCH OF MIND.

FAIR nature smiled in all her bowers';
 But man', that master work of God',
 Unconscious of his latent powers',
 The tangled forest trod';
 Without a hope', without an aim',
 Beyond the sloth's', the tiger's life',
 His only pleasure sleep', or strife'—
 And war' his only fame.

Furious alike, and causeless, beamed'
 His lasting hate', his transient love':
 And e'en the mother's fondness seemed
 The instinct of the dove'.

'The mental world was wrapt in night';
 Though some', the diamonds of the miné,
 Burst through the shrouding gloom', to shine
 With self-emitted light.

Then did the glorious dawn unfold
 The brighter day that lurked behind'.
 The march of armies' may be told—
 But not' the march of Mind.
 Instruction', child of Heaven and Earth',
 As heat expands the vernal flower',
 So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power',
 From thêe derive their birth.

From thêe all mortal bliss we draw';
 From thêe—Religion's blessed fruit';
 From thêe—the good of social law',
 And man redeemed from brutè';
 From thêe—all ties to virtue dear',
 The father's', brother's', husband's' namè';
 From thee—the sweet and holy famé
 That never cost a tear.

LESSON XCI.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

BE not a witness against thy neighbor without cause', and deceive not with thy lips. Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to mē—I will render to the man according to his work.

I went by the field of the slothful, and by the field of the man void of understanding', and lo', it was all grown over with thorns', and nettles had covered the face of it', and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well'; I looked upon it and received instruction—Yet a little sleep', a little slumber', a little folding of the hands to sleep', so shall thy poverty come as one who travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

If thine enemy be hungry', give him bread to eat'; and if he be thirsty', give him water to drink'; for thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head', and the LORD will reward thee.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.

The slothful man saith', there is a lion in the way', a lion is in the streets'.—As the door turneth on its hinges, so doth the slothful on his bed.

He that passeth by and meddleth with strife not belonging to him', is like one who taketh a dog by the ears.

As a mad man who casteth firebrands, and arrows, and death', so is he who deceiveth his neighbor, and saith', Am I not in sport?'

Where no wood is, the fire goeth out'; so where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth.

Let another man praise thee', and not thine own mouth'—a stranger', and not thine own lips.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend', but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

Thine own friend', and thy father's friend', forsake not', nor go into thy brother's house in the day of thy calamity'; for better is a neighbor who is near', than a brother far off.

A continual dropping in a very rainy day', and a contentious woman', are alike. Whoever hideth her hideth the wind', and the ointment of his right hand which betrayeth itself.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth', but the righteous are bold as a lion.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper'; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them' shall have mercy.

As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear', so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.

A man who doeth violence to the blood of any person' shall fly to the pit'—let no man stay him.

He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread': but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.

He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye', and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.

He that rebuketh a man' shall afterwards find more favor than he who flattereth with the tongue.

Whoso robbeth his father or his mother, and saith', it is no transgression', the same is the companion of a destroyer.

He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool'; but whoso walketh wisely shall be delivered.

He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly destroyed', and that without remedy.

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice'; but when the wicked beareth rule the people mourn.

The rod and reproof give wisdom'; but a child left to himself¹ bringeth his mother to shame.

Correct thy son' and he will give thee rest', yea', he will give delight to thy soul.

Seest thou a man who is hasty in his words'?—there is more hope of a fool than of him.

Many seek the ruler's favor'; but every man's judgment cometh from the LORD.

Every word of God is pure'; he is a shield to them who put their trust in him. Add thou not to his words lest he reprove thee', and thou be found a liar.

The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out', and the young eagles shall eat it.

Who can find a virtuous woman'? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her', so that he will have no need of spoil. She will do him good' and not evil' all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax', and worketh diligently with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships—she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth, also, while it is yet night', and giveth meat to her household', and a portion to her maidens.—She openeth her mouth with wisdom', and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household', and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed'; her husband also', and he praiseth her.—Favor is deceitful', and beauty is vain'; but a woman that feareth the LORD shall be praised.

LESSON XCII.

VISIT TO A SICK BED.

ONE morning, when my grandfather had just finished his third cup of souchong tea', there came a message for him to visit a young man apprehended to be dying in a distant part of the town. There was something startling in the very terms'; youth, and death, are ideas so contrary in all our common trains of thinking', that it is only by a painful

example that we can be compelled to yoke them together. I was immediately despatched, with the help of David', to put the old bay horse, with a star in his forehead, into a chaise. My grandfather put on his light blue coat', placed in his shoes his square silver buckles', and took down his three-cornered beaver', seized his ivory-headed cané, and in ten minutes we were riding, as fast as the horse would carry us', to the widow Russel's, whose only son was apprehended to be on his dying bed.

It had been so often my lot to drive my grandfather on such expeditions, that perhaps I should have felt little emotion', had I not known young Russel, a few weeks before, blooming in all the promises of youth and expectation. He was the son of a fond mother, who was ready to testify her fondness for her son by the most boundless indulgences. There was a passion in the young lads of B——, about that time, to cast off their rustic slough*, and to go into Boston and polish their manners behind a counter'; insomuch that I have seen many a hard hand and brown face, blackened by the dust of a potato field', after a few months' residence with a city shopkeeper', become as soft and as white as a barber's. They exchanged the honest simplicity of the country for all the vice and affectation of a town life. I remember that my aunt Hannah used to compare them to grubworms changed into butterflies'; and what was very wonderful', some parents, sober enough themselves', seemed to rejoice in the transformation.

The widow Russel's house stood near the burying ground. It was a small white mansion, with a few willow trees before it', which grew in a little inclosed garden dedicated to grass and to flowers. As we walked up to the door, the knocker of which was muffled', it seemed to me that the very pinks and daffodils drooped their heads', as if conscious that youth and beauty were approaching the tomb. A profound silence reigned around the mansion'; the dust at the gate was worn by the wheels of the physician's sulky', who had turned away his steed for the last time; and nothing now remained but for the mental' physician to minister, if possible, to a mind diseased', and fit a trifling spirit to take its flight to its Maker and its God. As we went in, his mother came, with tears in her eyes, to request my grandfather to deal gently

* *Stuff.*

with her son'; to be faithful', to be sure', but not to alarm his spirits with the horrors of his condition. "He must die, I know'," said she'; "no art can save him. But he is still cherishing foolish hopes of life, and a sudden fright might distract him. Oh, Sir, save his soul', but do not increase his weakness and accelerate his death."

We entered his chamber, and found him sitting up with several pillows at his back', near the head of his bed'; a green silk gown was thrown over his shoulders'; his bosom was ruffled with much caré, and a shining breastpin held the parts of his well-plaited shirt together'; in his hands he held a gold watch, which his fond mother had given him', and on his bed lay an inverted pamphlet', which he had just been reading, and which, on inspecting', I found to be the farce called the *Wags of Windsor*. He was excessively pale; his eyes prominent and staring'; his breathing already difficult'; and he looked like a skeleton' dressed out in the fopperies of a beau. I never saw a more ghastly sight.

He started, as we entered, as if he saw unexpected guests'; but my grandfather, with a kind of paternal familiarity', approached his bedside, took him by the hand', and asked him how he did, and how he felt. Oh, Sir', said he, I am growing better'; my mother and friends are somewhat alarmed about mé, but I conceive without reason. These last pills which my doctor has left mé, will set me on my legs again', and next week I hope to ride out and take the fresh air', and in a fortnight return to my business. For, Sir', I always choose to look on the bright side of things.

Dea. O. And is life the only bright sidé?

Russel. Yes', Sir'; if I were to die', I should be in despair indeed!

Dea. O. Why só?

Russel. Because I have been very wicked. I have no hope beyond the gravè; I have no peace of mind.

Dea. O. Well, my young friend', whether you livé or diè, it is vastly important that your peace be made with God. Tell me, do you believe in his word'? Have you confidence in your Biblé?

Russel. I oncè had.

Dea. O. And how is it now'? Have you lost your compass'? Have you lost your path'?

Russel. Alas, Sir', the city is a bad place for a youth like mé, unfixed in his principles. If you will take this key

and unlock yonder trunk', you will find the book that has undone me.

Here, with his pale, trembling hand, he took out the key', and sent the old gentleman to the trunk', who went and took out the volume of some infidel', I forget whom. "Thère, Sir'," said hè, "thère is the false wisdom which lured me in prosperity', and deserts me in my distress. I never told my mother my principles. Pray take the book and throw it into the fire."

"Well, my dear son'," said my grandfather', taking him by the hand', "it is never too late to repent', and you certainly nôw have no time to lose."

Russel. O, Sir', I cannot'; it is impossiblè; my heart is like a rock'; I have passed the exclusive linè; I am gone forever.

Dea. O. But this is sinful despair'; God commands all men every where to repent', and invites all to accept his gospel.

Russel. I wish, Sir', I had strength to tell you my story. Thèrè! adjust this pillow'; raise my head a littlè; let me breathe the fresh air'; I will try to speak. There was a time when I could not sleep without praying. But when I went to the city, I thought myself another man. Dress, and foppery, and amusement', and, I must say, vicé, occupied my heart. I went to scenes where I would not have had my mother's eye pursue me, indulgent as she is', for all the world. Shall I tell you, Sir', my present sickness is in consequence of my vices'; and I bear the secret sting in my body and my soul. I soon joined a club of young men, whose principles conformed to their practices', and we were accustomed to meet on Saturday evening', that once calm evening for preparation', to ridicule our Bible', to blaspheme our Savior', and to fortify ourselves in our courses. But I am exhausted—I am faint—call in my mother.

Here he sunk', and his distracted mother came rushing into the room', for she thought him dying. "Speak, William', speak'," said she', "shall this good man pray for you?" "Yes," said hè, "pray that I may live'; for I cannot'—I must not', die. Prây that I may live'—I am not prepared to gô. Prây, prây, prây, that I may live."

Here my grandfather kneeled down by his bedside', and took out his white pocket handkerchief'; and, while the mother bent over her son', grasping his hand and laving his fore-

head', he offered a short but fervent prayer. He prayed for his life, to be sure', but he prayed more fervently', I thought', for his repentance. When he had done, the youth lay in a stupor', grasping his mother's hand', and already half a corpse. She, with a woman's solicitude to catch some gleam of hope in the last extremity', with a frantic earnestness pressed his hand and said', "Speak, William', are you resigned to the will of God' ? If you cannot speak', squeeze my hand. O, say that you are willing." But he lay motionless'; and so far as I could discern', in the awful language of Shakspearé, *he died and made no sign.*

As we rode home that forenoon', my grandfather seemed lost in meditation. He was a man that never wept', but there was a volume in his face. "John'," said he', as we reached the gate', "rēmēber and lēarn." These pithy words rang in my ears for weeks afterwards'; and as I retired that night to my mournful pillow', I could not help saying, when alone'—*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

LESSON XCIII.

MAN VIEWED AS AN IMMORTAL BEING.

WHEN we consider our brethren of the human family in the light of *immortal* intelligences', and look forward to the scenes of the eternal world', a crowd of interesting reflections naturally arises in the mind. A wide and unbounded prospect opens before us. Amidst new creations, and the revolutions of systems and worlds', new displays of the Creator's power and providence burst upon the view. We behold ourselves placed on a theater of action and enjoyment', and passing through "scenes and changes" which bear no resemblance to the transactions and events of this sublunary world. We behold ourselves mingling with beings of a superior order', cultivating nobler affections', and engaged in more sublime employments', than those which now occupy our attention. We behold ourselves associated with men of all nations and kindreds', and with those who lived in the remotest periods of time. Millions of years roll on after millions', our capacities and powers of intellect are still expand-

ing', and new scenes of beauty and magnificence are perpetually bursting on the astonished mind', without any prospect of a termination. Amidst those eternal scenes' we shall, doubtless', enter into the most intimate connections with persons whom we have never seen', from whom we are now separated by continents and oceans', with those whose bodies are now moldering in the dust', with those who have not yet entered on the stage of existence', and with those with whom we now refuse to associate' on account of their rank, and station', and religious opinions. 'That man, into whose dwelling we would not at present deign to enter', and with whom we should abhor to mingle in the public services of religion', may then be one of our chief companions in the regions of bliss', in directing and expanding our views of the glory and magnificence of God. The man whom we now hate and despise', and whose offers of assistance we should treat with disdain', may in that happier world be a principal agent in opening to our view new sources of contemplation and delight. That servant whom we now treat as a being of inferior species', at whom we frown and scold with feelings of proud superiority', may be our instructor and director', and every way our superior', in that region where earthly distinctions are unknown. That humble instructor whom we now despise', and whose sentiments we treat with contempt', may, in that world of intelligence and love', be our teacher', and our guide to direct our views of the attributes of the Deity', of the arrangements of his providence', and of the glories of his empire. 'There the prince' may yield precedence to his subjects', the master' to the slave', and the peer' to the humblest peasant. For no pre-eminence of birth, fortune, or learning', no excellence but that which is founded on holiness and virtue', on moral and intellectual endowments', will have any place in the arrangements of that world where human distinctions are forever abolished and unknown. And shall we now refuse to acknowledge those who are to be our friends and companions in that future world'? Is it not agreeable to the dictates of reason', and to the voice of God', that we should regard them with complacency and affection, whatever be the garb they now wear', whatever be their color or features', and in whatever island or continent they may now reside'?

LESSON XCIV.

JESTING, FOOLISH SPORTS, AND FOOL-HARDINESS.

It is a considerable attainment always to preserve seriousness without gloom, and cheerfulness without levity. I never knew a more cheerful family than that of Mr. White's. Parents, and children, and servants, all had a happy expression of countenance: all tried to make each other happy: all, I believe, had a conscience void of offence both towards God and man; and as they felt really happy, they always appeared really cheerful; but levity and folly they could not endure; light, foolish jests were never heard, either in their parlor or kitchen. I have heard there many remarks on the subject, the truth of which I have seen exemplified in many other families, though not in theirs; and have observed that families, where a spirit of jesting is indulged, though they are sometimes very merry, are at other times very gloomy, and generally very contentious. Their conduct and temper reminds one of the saying of Solomon, "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot,"—a great blaze and soon over; and often, "in the midst of laughter, the heart is in heaviness."

How strikingly the apostle cautions us against "foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient." Indeed they are not; and it may be questioned which is greatest, the folly of jesting, or the mischief arising from it. A jester is a most contemptible, or a most dangerous person; no one either respects or trusts him. He who delights in puns, scruples not to make himself the ape or the buffoon of a company. He who indulges a more pungent and malignant kind of evil-speaking, spares neither the feelings nor the character of others, but is one

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would stick a dagger in a brother's heart."

Another poet has it,

"Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn."

The contemptible light in which jesters are held by all men of sound wisdom, is evident in many cautionary max-

ims left on record', such as', "Commit no business, no secret of importancé, to a jester."—"Let not a fool play with you in the house', lest he play with you in the market."—"The joking of wits, like the play of puppies', often ends in snarling."—"He that makes himself the common jester of the company', has but just wit enough to be a fool."

The jester has seldom any reverence for sacred things'; the sacred name of God', or some sentiment or precept of his holy word', is often perverted to give point to the strokes of his profane levity. "It may be wit' to turn things sacred to ridiculé, but it is wisdom to let them alone."—"Sin is too bad, and holiness too good, to make sport of'; the one demands repentance', and the other reverence."—"They are fools who mock either at sin or holiness."

It is a great pity that even religious people sometimes indulge themselves in repeating the puns, or mistakes of others, in the words of scripture', which are thus associated in the mind with improper and ludicrous ideas'; and the sacred influence of the passage is entirely lost. Some ministers have declared themselves precluded from preaching on certain solemn and weighty passages of scripture', from being unable to divest them of some ludicrous association which had been formed in their minds in the days of youthful folly and vanity'; or, what is still worse', which may have been more recently produced by some one who ought to have had veneration enough for the sacred oracles of God', to keep him from employing any part of them for the purpose of giving zest to a joke, or keenness to wit.

Not less foolish or injurious, are those practical jests which the young and thoughtless often practice on each other for mere sport. Many persons, as long as they live, never recover from the effects of some sudden surprise or fright, thus wantonly inflicted'; some now living, and once possessed of the finest faculties, fitting them to be ornaments of society and great benefactors to mankind', have been thus reduced to a mere state of idiocy', and present an affecting wreck of former capabilities thus wantonly shattered and destroyed. Truly, he is a "madman who casteth about firebrands, arrows, and death'; so is the man who deceiveth his neighbor, and saith', Am I not in sport'?"

Even in cases where neither death nor derangement result from such foolish jesting', it is often attended with consequences which, though less serious', occasion real suffering

and inconvenience through life. A child was terrified to silence by a wicked servant assuring her that if ever she mentioned some misconduct which she had witnessed, the birds would fly down and peck her—(the hangings of the bed in which the child slept were copperplate printing, in which trees, fruits, and birds were introduced.) Young as the child was, she knew enough to be sure that this was impossible; yet an undefined terror possessed her mind, which seriously affected her health and endangered her life. She could never afterwards have a quiet night's rest in that bed, nor could she see a bird, either living or dead, without an agony of terror. Even in mature life, (though by no means of a timid disposition,) she suffers more at having to pass near half a dozen harmless barn-door fowls, than if they were really fierce and destructive creatures of another species. More than once, in peculiar circumstances, her health and even life have been endangered by this ungrounded and yet unconquerable apprehension.

Surely this ought to be a caution to those intrusted with the care of children, never to fill their minds with imaginary terrors; and to young people, in their moments of sport, never to venture on a play or a joke which may wound the feelings of a companion, and perhaps endanger his reason or his life.

This is a good place to caution young people against such sports as would endanger themselves, or such feats of strength as, if accomplished, can scarcely fail to injure the constitution. There is no true courage in fool-hardiness; and no person can trifle with his own safety and health without sin. Our health and strength are talents bestowed on us by God, which we are to employ for the purposes intended, and for which we must be accountable; but it is no part of a man's duty, nor at all to his credit, to display the strength of a horse, for mere idle boasting of what he can do. Let a man, who possesses great bodily strength and courage, carry them meekly and quietly on ordinary occasions; and when a real emergency arises, let him rush forward, regardless of labor and fearless of danger, to save the life of a fellow-creature. This is a cause worth his exertion, and will secure, as it deserves, the admiration, respect, and gratitude of others. But he who hazards his health, limbs, or life, for the mere idle boast of what he can do, is deservedly despised even by those whom he amuses; and were it not for

the awful futurity awaiting him', others would be apt to form an estimate, similar to his own', of the worthlessness of that life which he so wantonly endangers.

A sailor had often run by the mouth of a cannon at the moment of its firing. Many of his comrades had admired the feat', and laid wagers on his performing it'; but others, more sober', entreated him to desist from so presumptuous an attempt', and even endeavored to pull him back'; but he persisted', and in an instant was blown to atoms,—an affecting picture of those who, in spite of all the warnings of the word of God', and the remonstrances of pious friends', madly rush on in the way of sin', and sport on the very edge of the pit of destruction. It is fool-hardiness, indeed, for a puny worm of the earth to rush forward and contend with his Maker', and dare the Almighty to do his worst',—to dance over the embers of sin and corruption', which one breath of Jehovah can kindle into everlasting burnings. "Who ever hardened himself against God and prospered'?" "Oh! that they were wisé, that they would consider this'!"—"He that, being often reprovéd, hardeneth his neck', shall be suddenly destroyed', and that without remedy!"—"Now, consider this, ye that forget God', lest he tear you in pieces', and there be none to deliver."

LESSON XCV.

THE FOX. A TRUE STORY.

My house was situated on the banks of the Connecticut River'; behind it was one of those great ranges of mountains of which Vermont is composed. I had a large poultry-yard, which contained a magnificent peacock, and his noble consort'; a noble turkey-cock, and a great many turkeys', with a countless progeny of all ages'; a venerable gander that was said to be more than seventy years old, with quite a large family of geese and goslings'; and likewise a noisy chanticleer, which, when surrounded by cackling hens', felt as proud as any of his brethren', and would yield to none of them in dignity.

One fine morning in summer, they were all let out of the yard'; and they immediately took up the line of march for the side of the mountain', at no great distance from the house.

The old peacock, to show his superiority', took to his wings, and arrived on the ground some time before the remainder of the troop'; the old gander acting, in the meanwhile, as a rear-guard. All having at length arrived at the place of destination', the peacock commenced the ceremonies of the morning by spreading his tail of many colors to the glories of the rising sun.

The turkey-cock', determined not to be outdone by his showy rival', hoisted his tail', dropped his wings', inflated his gills', strutted most hugely', and cried'—gobble, gobble, gobble! The noble chanticleer', though sensible that he could not make such a splendid show', was satisfied that he could make more noise than his vain neighbors'; and, mounting a pile of stones', crowed away most lustily. The old gander marched about hissing', as if in contempt of them all'; while the female part of the company kept quietly about their business, and employed their time in picking up bugs and grasshoppers' for their breakfast. I was engaged in a field near the foot of the mountain', when my attention was suddenly attracted to the place where the poultry were stationed' by the alarm of the hens', expressed by a loud cackling', and jumping up from the ground:

The peacock lowered his tail'; the turkey smoothed down his feathers'; chanticleer ran to and fro among the fowls'; and the old gander bustled about with all the importance of a brigadier-general during a sham fight. This terrible alarm, I soon perceived', was caused by the rolling down of several stones from the top of the hill. All was soon quiet again'; the peacock spread his tail to the size of a coach wheel', and the turkey almost split himself in attempting to look as big. Chanticleer mounted his rostrum', and crowed away to show that he was not frightened'; while the old gander marched about, thrusting out his long neck', as though he was reconnoitering', and suspected that all was not right. Very soon the same symptoms of alarm were exhibited', by the rolling down of stones. This was repeated, after short intervals of quiet', till the poultry were so accustomed to it, that it ceased to excite their fears. Not long after, my attention was attracted by a great outcry on the hill', and upon looking up', I saw what appeared to be a large red stone roll into the midst of the feathered assembly. It immediately spread out, and showed its real character in the shape of a fox'; which seized one of the old gander's favorite geese by

the neck', swung it over his back', and scampered "over the hills and far away."

The peacock and hen first sounded the retreat by a most tremendous scream', and, taking to their wings, flew more than a half mile', before they alighted. The turkey went gobbling down the hill, followed by his family', with chanticleer and his troop cackling behind them'; while the geese waddled after in all the sullen mood of a defeated enemy';—the old gander bringing up the rear', and turning round every few minutes to hiss out his anger at the artful rauder.

Now, my young friends', only think of the cunning of this fox. He began his game by rolling down small stones among the poultry'; then larger ones', till they were so accustomed to them that they did not notice them'; then he rolled himself up into a ball', came down among them', and accomplished his object.

MORAL.—You may learn, from this story, to avoid the company of those who lay snares for you. The wicked generally seduce the good from the path of virtue', by means of arts and allurements which are not seen through till the victim is caught.

LESSON XCVI.

POLITENESS.

THE students of a certain literary institution were assembled in commons at tea', at the commencement of a new academical year. A new class were thus, for the first time, brought to eat together. Their advancement in life and in education was such, that each one ought to have been a gentleman. As they sat down, one said to his friend at his right', "We shall soon see who is who." Presently a large, brawny hand came reaching along up the tabl , pushing by two or three, and, seizing the brown loaf, in a moment peeled it of all its crust', and again retired with its booty to the owner. "Hold there'!" cries one'; "to say nothing about the politeness', where is the justice' of such a seizur ?" "Oh! I love the crust the best." "Very lik ; and per-

haps others may also have the same taste." Here the conversation ended. But that unfortunate onset fixed an impression concerning the student which was never removed. He was at once marked as a man destitute of politeness', and justly', too. All believed that his heart was more to blame than his hand.

If my readers have ever watched at the door of the stage-office, as the load of wearied passengers came out, one by one', they are aware that we almost instinctively, and almost invariably', judge of men by their first appearance'—their address. They will notice, too, as they enter a stage for a journey', that the inquiring glance goes eagerly round the circle'; and at once, unhesitatingly, and almost intuitively, each one has made up his mind who are', and who are not', polite men in the company. In any company, a polite man will be selected as the one in whom all feel that they have a kind of friend and protector'—one who will neither disregard their rights', nor suffer others to do so. When among strangers', at the public table', the politest man is selected to carve and distribute to the company', because all have confidence in the uprightness and goodness of his heart. And such a man always carries, in his very manners, what is better than a letter of commendation. The letter may deceive', or it may be seen but by few', while his manners' will be seen by all. As politeness will not only add to your personal comfort, and the comfort of all among whom you move', but will also greatly add to your usefulness', I feel that no apology is necessary for introducing the subject here. Indeed, I should feel that the book was very deficient without it.

Nations and communities differ as widely in respect to politeness', as, perhaps, any one thing. The French are polite to a proverb'; but we, as a people, seem to be characterized as being a very impolite nation. I need not stop to vindicate our national character', even if it can be vindicated. But this is certain', that we can lay no claims to be considered in danger of being too polite. I have seen a gentleman in a large circle', in attempting to sit down, supposing a chair stood behind him', fall flat on his back. The company all laughed or tittered at his awkward situation, excepting a French gentleman present', who ran to him', helped him up', hoped it had not hurt him', gave him his own chair', and at once entered into a lively conversation to

make him forget the accident. The company all felt rebuked by the politeness of the Frenchman; but I doubt whether, had the same accident recurred the next evening, they would not have repeated the same conduct. Politeness was a *habit* with him; but with the rest of us, it was not a habit. In the same walk in a city, I have inquired at an American store for a place which I wished to find, and received an answer that was hardly civil, and no direction that was of any use. On inquiring at a French store, a few rods distant, the polite owner came out, showed me the street, and even went with me till the house was in sight. Which of these was the polite man?—and at which shop should I be likely to stop and make purchases in future? Yet it was not this motive that induced the man to be polite. It was his habit.

Some trample on all the forms of politeness, for the purpose of challenging and receiving attentions, especially in public places. But they greatly mistake human nature. Who does not know that he receives, and welcomes, and waits on a polite man, at his own house, with much more cheerfulness and alacrity than he does on one who has an opposite character? If you would be waited on, and receive the attentions of others, by all means be a man of politeness yourself.

Some think that politeness is inconsistent with independent feeling. The reverse is true. He who can but half respect himself, and place in himself but half a confidence, is the man to be jealous of others, and to demand of them, by impudence, what he fears they will not yield him without. "An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavors to hide its malignity from the world, and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence." You may regard the convenience of others, and do all that politeness requires, and your own independence will be actually strengthened by it.

Others feel that it is the mark of genius, or of a great mind, to be slovenly in appearance, and uncouth in manners. If this be a sure index, the world is certainly in no danger of suffering for the want of genius and talents. A man may be great and influential in spite of his manners; and so can the elephant do wonders with his trunk. The most refined lady cannot thread her needle quicker than he

can; but would she be improved by exchanging her hands for his trunk? If génius requires such manners, the Graces should have been hawkers of fish in the streets, and Genius himself a canal-digger.

No station, rank, or talents, can ever excuse a person for neglecting the civilities due from man to man. When Clement XIV. ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states, represented at his court, waited on him with their congratulations. As they were introduced, and severally bowed, he also bowed, to return the compliment. On this the master of ceremonies told him, that he should not have returned their salute. "O, I beg your pardon," said he; "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

LESSON XCVII.

THE BIBLE IN A COAL MINE.

SOME years ago I was on a visit to a friend who lived very near a large colliery, or cluster of coal mines, where a great number of workmen were constantly employed. They had been very much neglected, having no church within a reasonable distance; and, except when some pious man came among them, they scarcely heard the name of the Lord otherwise than in the blasphemies which were too frequently uttered by themselves. My friend had been a very short time in that neighborhood; and, feeling for their miserable condition, he had taken the greatest pains, since his arrival, to do them good, but was often treated very rudely; for their way of life, and absence from all that can soften the character of man, must, as you may suppose, make them very rough in their manners. My friend, however, was one who knew how to make allowance, and would not be discouraged, by the ill-behavior of a few, from seeking the salvation of all.

One morning he received a parcel from a distant town: he told me that it contained some Bibles which he had sent for, as two or three of the miners had expressed a willingness to subscribe for the word of God; and he hoped that the good effect would be seen, and that the Holy Spirit

would cause the truth to take root and to flourish among them. He added', "There is one poor fellow, who is so anxious for his book', that I must take it to him at once'; for he wants to read it at his resting hours. Will you come with mé, and visit what I can truly call regions of darkness', and of the shadow of death'?"

I had never gone into a mine', and wished to see one'; and I hope that a better feeling than curiosity' led me to agree readily to his proposal': he put a few Bibles into a small bag, and we set forth on our journey.

Dressed in our most ordinary clothes, we proceeded to the colliery where Tom Willis, the individual just mentioned, was at work'; and having reached the shaft, or opening', my friend desired the men to let us down'—which they did', by making us, in turn, seat ourselves in a large basket', and lowering it by ropes to the bottom. My friend went first': and, wondering at the length of rope that they continued to unwind', I asked how far it was to the bottom. "A good leap', Master'," answered one with rather a mischievous grin',—"about three hundred feet or so."

I had observed the sort of look' with which these men had regarded the bag so carefully carried by my friend'; and as the form of the books could be easily seen', I had no doubt that their ill-will was excited by thēm. So sad is the enmity of the carnal mind against God', so unwelcome the message of love, and peace', and reconciliation.

Committing myself to the care of the Lord, I got into the basket as soon as it was drawn up'; and I felt very giddy while swinging from side to side', and losing rapidly the cheerful light of day. It certainly appeared a long journey'; but I found myself, at last, on my feet', and on solid ground. Taking the arm of my friend, we went on by the light of a lantern, which was carried by the guide'; and after walking down a very slanting place', we came to the top of another, but much shallower shaft', and, on reaching the bottom', had but a little way to walk before we came to the party among whom Tom Willis was at work. There were, perhaps, six or seven employed in breaking the masses of coal from the sides of the pit', and the noise was terrible'; so, indeed, was the appearance of the place', illuminated by candles stuck here and there in lanterns or lamps', and throwing a feeble light on the coarse black faces of the men close by them', while the farther part of the cavern was lost in total darkness.

We had chosen the time when the men would leave off work to get their noontide meal'; and the clang of their iron implements soon ceased. They trimmed their lamps', got their baskets of provisions', and sat down', each by his own heap of coal', to refresh themselves. My friend saluted them', and was civilly answered by all'; while Willis expressed great delight on seeing him', and hearing what he had brought. Nothing', he said', could be more welcome'; for he found the word of God so precious, whenever he could have an opportunity to hear it above ground', that he longed to possess it down in the pit', to read it at resting times', and to think on it when at work.

Do you then think much on what you hear, or read, out of that book' ? said I.

"Indeed, Sir'," he answered', "I've been used to think of very different things'; but since I saw my own state made out so plainly in the Bible', I can't but think the whole book concerns me'; and therefore I cannot tire of it."

"And do you pray too'?" said my friend.

"It's poor praying, Sir', in the midst of such a clatter as we are obliged to keep up'; but I lift my heart to God, through Christ', as well as I can'; and at night, when above ground', I think I can affirm that I don't neglect to pray."

He took the Bible most thankfully'; and my friend, showing the rest', asked if any man wished to secure one. Most of them gave a civil answer', declining it'; but one, in a very surly way', said he did not pass all his days in that black hole of a place to earn a little money', and then lay it out for books.

"For Bibles', you mean'," said one of his companions'; "for you've an odd sixpence any day', when a songbook or jestbook comes across you.

"And what then'?" said the surly miner'; "if I please myself, who's to contradict me'?" Other things he uttered, to the same purpose, showing his contempt for God's word', his defiance of God's law', and his determination to live in sin. We tried to reason with him', but to no purpose'. Some of the rest, however, appeared to listen attentively'; and, on a remark being made that their lives were exposed to more dangers than most men's, one of these said to the stubborn sinner', "You may mark that', Dick', for you are always taking your candle out in the damp's, and will be blown up some day or other."

"I'll trust my luck for thāt'," answered the bold transgressor—"I'll lay a wager on it that I live the longest of you all."

The conversation ended by Willis's saying to him', "Believe me', Dick Jones', you will be forced yet to give up trusting in luck', and glad to throw yourself on the mercy of a Savior whom you despise." We added a few words on the power and love of that Savior to whom every knee shall bow', either in willing duty', or in helpless despair'; and we left the mine', rejoicing to have carried thither the word of life', and praying that we might not have spoken altogether in vain' to the poor thoughtless creatures there employed. Of Tom Willis we agreed in thinking very favorably, as of one who had indeed found rest in Christ', and who was bearing a faithful testimony among his ungodly companions.

But how shall I tell you what followed'? That very evening, while I sat conversing with my friend', admiring the beautiful appearance of the sky at sunset', and praying that the Sun of Righteousness might arise to shine upon those who were shut out from the golden beams of day', a terrible noise was suddenly heard', followed by shouts, and cries', and the running of people from all quarters to the spot whence the sound had proceeded. I asked my friend what it could be'; and never shall I forget his pale and solemn countenance as he faintly answered', "An explosion of firedamp."

Firedamp is a vapor which often gathers in the coalpits', and is so inflammable that it will go off like gunpowder, when touched by fire'; and many a life is lost by it through the carelessness of the men in exposing their candles to this combustible air.

The noise, which was like the firing of great cannon, came from the very place that we had visited in the morning'; and, on hurrying thither', we found the people gathered about the same shaft. Alas'! it was on the very party whom we had so lately warned', that the awful visitation had fallen'; taking Willis with his Bible', Jones with his jestbook', and their companions just as the hour found them—all, all wēre dēad. I saw the mangled remains when they had been dug out'; and I saw the long sad train of weeping followers'—the widows', orphans, childless parents', and mourning sisters'—who attended them to their common grave on the next Sunday. My friend wept too'; but there was joy in

his tears when he looked on the coffin of Tom Willis', and reflected that his last day had been marked by a faithful confession of Christ as his only Savior.

LESSON XCVIII.

SOBRIETY AND MODERATION.

I ONCE knew a girl of excellent, steady habits', who came to live in a gentleman's family. She had fared hard at home', for there was a large family to keep upon small earnings'; but she was healthy and industrious', well behaved', and willing to learn.

In the course of two or three months, she began to grow so fat, that you would hardly have known her'; and when any of her old friends met her, they generally accosted her with', "Well, Nancy', how hearty you look! You credit your keeper." Nancy always replied, that she had a very comfortable place', and a plenty of every thing'; and her father and mother often remarked, what a great thing it was for a healthy, growing girl' to live where she could have a plenty. True enough, it is a great blessing to have a plenty', and one for which we ought to be very thankful'; but there is a danger, of which many people are not aware', of having a little more than enough'; and the saying is', "Enough' is as good as a feast'; more' is as bad as a surfeit."

There are two sorts of people principally in danger from this source', namely', those who have not much to do', and can have what they please to eat'—one delicacy after another being contrived to make them eat a little more than is necessary';—and those who are suddenly removed from the hard fare of a parent's cottage' to the plenty of a gentleman's house'—all is new and tempting to them'; they wish to taste every variety that is set before them', and, at almost every meal, they eat a little more than nature requires', in order to gratify the palate with the taste of something new'; and health is soon injured by it. Nancy Cox had not been many months in such a family before she became less nimble in her movements'; her eyes looked heavy', her clear, ruddy complexion' assumed a yellowish hue'; she often complained of headaches'; and as soon as she sat down', was

sure to drop asleep. Her mistress now and then gave her a dose of physic', and then she was better for a little while; but at last she was quite laid up', and they had a doctor for her. He said it was a bilious fever', and added something about the blood' flowing to the head. I did not rightly understand his learned words', but, by what I could make out', he meant that the blood was clogged up', and could not flow freely', and that this made her so heavy and stupid'; but I have never forgotten what he said when he cautioned her, as she recovered', against eating much meat', or drinking much beer. He said', "I dare say that your health was much better when you had only water to drink', and but little meat to eat. Now, if you wish to keep well, you must have resolution to bring your diet much nearer to what it was then. Though you can get so much more victuals and drink', it is no proof that more would do you good'; indeed, this illness is a proof to the contrary. It is a sad mistake to suppose that a great quantity of food is nourishing and strengthening. It is not what persons eat', but what they digest', that strengthens them'; and if they eat a little more than they can digest', all this is so much hoarded up towards making them ill. It is against my interest to say so', for I can assure you that more than half the doctor's work consists in attempting to undo the mischief that people have done themselves by habitually taking a little too much."

I am afraid that Nancy had not resolution enough strictly to follow the doctor's directions. As her appetite returned, she was eager after a little more meat, and beer, and pastry', than was quite proper for her. She could not be persuaded but that they would help her to recover her strength', which, however', was very long in being restored; and as long as she was in that family, which might be five or six years', she was more or less unwell', and obliged to take physic.

At length she was married to a poor, laboring man', and once more restored to cottage fare. She found it very hard at first'; and, indeed, I have heard her say, that for years she could not get a relish for the plain food to which, in her childhood, she had been accustomed. A few months after she was married, she was very ill', and had gatherings on the tops of all her fingers. Dr. Collins attended her again', and told her that they were caused by the sudden change of living'; but that he thought, if she once got over the change', she would have better health than she had known while liv-

ing in the midst of plenty', and feeding to the full'; and so indeed it turned out. She became a very healthy woman', and the mother of a fine healthy family. She often looked back with regret on the years of her self-indulgence', and she brought up her children to be content with the homeliest fare', and to drink nothing stronger than water'; and when they grew up, and went to service', it was one of her great concerns that they should not learn to eat or drink more than was good for them. In particular', she used to caution them against becoming fond of strong beer', porter' or wine', and especially spirits', even in the smallest quantity. Some heads of families, out of false kindness, allow these things', when there is washing or any extra work about'; but these things neither give strength', nor prevent taking cold', nor indeed do any real good whatever'; and, too often', they form a habit that lasts through life', and proves very injurious in every respect.

I remember a poor, dirty, half-starved old woman', who, it was often said, had seen better days', and who, if she had but a few cents to provide for all her wants through the day', might be seen every morning coming out of the public house with her little cream-jug of gin. She said that she learned to take it from having a glass allowed her, before she began washing, by a very excellent and pious lady', who would have shuddered at the thought of being the occasion of sin to any one'; but thus the poor creature got the wretched habit', and though she owned it to be the cause of her poverty and misery', she said that now it was *impossible* to do without it. I fear that she never tried in good earnest'; but oh', how important is it that young people should guard against forming habits which may bring them into such disgraceful bondage! The only way to keep quite free from it, is by resolutely resisting the *first* temptation', from whatever quarter it may proceed.

LESSON XCIX.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"WILL you walk into my parlor'?" said a spider to a fly;
"Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor is up a winding stair',
And I have many pretty things to show when you are there."

"Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair' can ne'er come down
again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, with soaring up so high';
Will you rest upon my little bed'?" said the spider to the fly'.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around', the sheets are
fine and thin';

And if you like to rest awhile', I'll snugly tuck you in."

"Oh nō, no!" said the little fly', "for I've often heard it
said',

They never, never wake again', who sleep upon your bed'!"

Said the cunning spider to the fly', "Dear friend', what
shall I do'

To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you'?

I have, within my pantry', good store of all that's nice';

I'm sure you're very welcome'—will you please to take a
slice'?"

"Oh, nō, no!" said the little fly', "kind sir', that cannot be';
I've heard what's in your pantry', and I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature'!" said the spider', "you're witty', and
you're wise.

How handsome are your gauzy wings', how brilliant are
your eyes'!

I have a little looking-glass upon my parlor shelf',

If you'll step in one moment, dear', you shall behold your-
self."

"I thank you, gentle sir'," she said', "for what you're
pleased to say',

And bidding you good morning now', I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about, and went into his den',

For well he knew the silly fly would soon be back again':

So he wove a subtil web, in a little corner, sly',

And set his table ready to dine upon the fly.

Then he went out to his door again', and merrily did sing',

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly', with the pearl and silver
wing';

Your robes are green and purple'—there's a crest upon your
head';

Your eyes are like the diamond bright', but mine are dull as
lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly,
 Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
 With buzzing wings she hung aloft', then near and nearer
 drew',
 Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple
 hue;—
 Thinking only of her crested head'—poor foolish thing'!—
 At last',
 Up jumped the cunning spider', and fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den',
 Within his little parlor'—but she ne'er came out again'!
 And now, dear little children', who may this story read',
 To idle, silly, flattering words', I pray you ne'er give heed':
 Unto an evil counsellor, close heart', and ear', and eye',
 And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

LESSON C.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side'
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow',
 Demurest of the tabby kind',
 The pensive Selima',* reclined',
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared';
 The fair round face', the snowy beard',
 The velvet of her paws',
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies',
 Her ears of jet', and emerald eyes',
 She saw', and purred applause'.

* The name of the cat Accent on the first syllable.

Still had she gazed', but, 'midst the tide',
 Two angel forms were seen to glide'—
 The Genii* of the stream';
 Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue',
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw':
 A whisker first', and then a claw',
 With many an ardent wish'
 She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize':
 What female heart can gold despise'?
 What cat's averse to fish'?

Presumptuous maid'! with looks intent'
 Again she stretched', again she bent',
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by and smiled';)
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled';—
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood',
 She mewed to every watery god
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came',—no Nereid† stirred',—
 Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan' heard':—
 A fâv'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties', undeceived',
 Know, one' false step is ne'er retrieved',
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes',
 And heedless hearts', is lawful prize';—
 Nor all that glistens'—gold.

* *Genii*; good or evil spirits, supposed by the ancients to preside over the lives and destinies of men.

† *Nereid*, a sea-nymph; pronounced *Nee-re-id*.

LESSON CI.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

HAIL! queen of high and holy thought;
 Of dreams, with fairy beauty fraught;
 Sweet memories of the days gone by;
 Glimpses of immortality;
 Visions of grandeur, glory, power;
 All that in inspiration's hour,
 Like sunset's changing glories, roll
 Within the poet's raptured soul!

Thy throne is in the crimson fold'
 Around the setting day-star rolled'—
 Thou walkest through the sapphire sky'
 When the bright moon is sailing high',
 Touching the stars with purer light',
 And lending holier charms to night':
 The clouds a deeper glory wear',
 The winds a softer music bear',
 And earth is heaven', when thou art there.

There's not a murmur on the breeze',
 Nor ripple on the dark blue seas',
 Nor breath of violets, faintly sweet',
 Nor glittering dew-drop at our feet',
 Nor tinge of mellow radiance, where
 Soft moonbeams melt along the air',
 Nor shade, nor tint, on flower or tree',
 But takes a softer grace from thee.

And love itself'—the brightest gem
 In all creation's diadem'—
 Oh! what were mortal love', didst thou
 Not lend a glory to his brow'?
 Degraded, though of heavenly birth',
 And sullied with the cares of earth'—
 Wasted and worn, by doubts and fears',
 Its youthful smiles soon change to tears':
 But, at thy spirit-stirring breath',
 It bursts the bonds of sin and death';
 And, robed in heavenly charms by thee',
 It puts on immortality.

LESSON CII.

THE SILKWORM'S WILL.

On a plain rush-hurdle a silkworm lay',
When a proud young princess came that way';
The haughty child of a human king'
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing',
That received, with silent gratitude',
From the mulberry leaf her simple food',
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust',
Away from her sister child of the dust';
Declaring she never yet could see'
Why a reptile form like this should bē';
And that shē was not made with nerves so firm',
As calmly to stand by a 'crawling worm'!

With mute forbearance the silkworm took
The taunting words and the spurning look.
Alike a stranger to self and pride',
She'd no disquiet from aught beside';
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed',
Which these debar from the human breast.
She only wished, for the harsh abuse',
To find some way to become of use'
To the haughty daughter of lordly man';
And thus did she lay a noble plan'
To teach her wisdom, and make it plain'
That the humble worm was not made in vain';
A plan so generous, deep and high',
That, to carry it out', she must even die'!

'No more,' said shē, 'will I drink or eat'!
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet',
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light',
And hide my form from her wounded sight.
In secret then, till my end draws nigh',
I'll toil for her'; and, when I die',
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon'
To the proud young princess', my whole cocoon',

To be reeled and wove to a shining lace',
 And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face'!
 And when she can calmly draw her breath'
 Through the very threads that have caused my death',
 When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm',
 As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm',
 May she bear in mind, that she walks with pride'
 In the winding sheet where the silkworm died'!

LESSON CIII.

THE CHILD READING THE BIBLE.

I saw him at his sport erewhile',
 The bright exulting boy';
 Like summer's lightning came the smile
 Of his young spirit's joy';
 A flash that', wheresoe'er it broke',
 To life's undreamt-of beauty woke.

His fair locks waved in sunny play
 By a clear fountain's side',
 Where jewel-colored pebbles lay
 Beneath the shallow tide';
 And pearly spray, at times, would meet'
 The glancing of his fairy feet.

He twined him wreaths of all spring-flowers
 Which drank that streamlet's dew';
 He flung them o'er the wave in showers',
 'Till, gazing, scarce I knew'
 Which' seemed more pure, or bright, or wild',
 The singing fount', or laughing child.

To look on all that joy and bloom'
 Made earth one festal scene',
 Where the dull shadow of the tomb
 Seemed as it ne'er had been.
 How could one image of decay
 Steal o'er the dawn of such clear day'?

I saw once more that aspect bright'—
The boy's meek head was bow'd
In silence o'er the Book of Light',
And, like a golden cloud'—
The still' cloud of a pictured sky'—
His locks drooped round it lovingly.

And', if my heart had deem'd him fair
When, in the fountain glade',
A creature of the sky and air',
Almost on wings he played',—
Oh, how much holier beauty now'
Lit the young human being's brow!—

The being'—born to toil'—to die'—
To break forth from the tomb'
Unto far nobler destiny
Than waits the sky-lark's plume!
I saw him in that thoughtful hour'
Win the first knowledge of his dower.

The sōul, the awakening sōul', I saw';
My watching eye could trace
The shadows of its new-born awe'
Sweeping o'er that fair face';
As o'er a flower might pass the shade
By some dread angel's pinion made!

The soul'! the mother of deep fears',
Of high hopes infinite',
Of glorious dreams', mysterious tears',
Of sleepless inner sight';
Lovely, but solemn, it arose'—
Unfolding'—what no more might close'—

The red-leaved tablets undefiled',
As yet, by evil thought';—
Oh, little dream'd the brooding child'
Of what within me wrought'
While his young heart first burn'd and stirr'd,
And quiver'd to the eternal word.

And rev'rently my spirit caught
 The rev'rence of his gaze ;—
 A sight with dew of blessing fraught
 To hallow after-days ;—
 To make the proud heart meekly wise'
 By the sweet faith in those calm eyes.

It seem'd as if a temple rose
 Before me brightly there ;
 And, in the depths of its repose',
 My soul o'erflowed with prayer',
 Feeling a solemn presence nigh'—
 The power of infant sanctity.

O Father', mold my heart once more
 By thy prevailing breath ;
 Teach me, oh, teach me, to adōre',
 E'en with that pure one's faith'—
 A faith all made of love and light'—
 Childlike—and, therefore', full of might.

LESSON CIV.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert—these'
 The boundless, unshorn fields, where lingers yet
 The beauty of the earth' ere man had sinned'—
 The Prairies'. I behold them for the first,
 And my heart swells', while the dilated sight
 Takes in the circling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
 In airy undulations, far away',
 As if an ocean, in its gentlest swell
 Stood still', with all its rounded billows fixed',
 And motionless', forever. Motionless'?
 Nò, they are all unchained again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows', and, beneath',
 The surface rolls, and fluctuates to the eye ;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along', and chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South',
 That toss the golden and the flamelike flowers',

And pass the prairie hawk that', poised on high',
 Flaps his broad wings', yet moves not'—that have played
 Among the palms of Mexico', and the vines
 Of 'Texas', and have crisped the limpid brooks
 That from the fountains of Sonora glide
 Into the calm Pacific'—have ye fanned
 A nobler, or a lovelier, scene than this'?
 Man hath no part in all this glorious work':
 The HAND that built the firmament hath heaved,
 And smoothed, these verdant swells', and sown their slopes
 With herbage'; planted them with island groves',
 And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
 For this magnificent temple of the sky'!—
 With flowers whose glory, and whose multitude,
 Rival the constellations'! 'The great heavens
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
 A nearer vault', and of a tenderer blue',
 Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed
 Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides',
 The hollow beating of his footstep seems'
 A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
 Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here'—
 'The dead of other days'? And did the dust
 Of these fair solitudes once stir with life',
 And burn with passion'? Let the mighty mounds
 That overlook the rivers', or that rise
 In the dim forest', crowded with old oaks',
 Answer'. A race that long has passed away
 Built them'; a disciplined, and populous race
 Heaped', with long toil, the earth', while yet the Greek
 Was hewing the Pentelicus* to forms
 Of symmetry', and rearing on its rock
 The glittering Parthenon'.† These ample fields
 Nourished their harvest'; here their herds were fed',
 When, haply', by their stalls the bison lowed',
 And bowed his maned‡ shoulder to the yoke.
 All day this desert murmured with their toils',
 Till twilight blushed'; and lovers walked, and wooed',
 In a forgotten language'; and old tunes',

* A mountain in Attica, famous for its marble quarries.

† A temple of Minerva at Athens.

‡ Two syllables, with the first long.

From instruments of unremembered form',
Gave the soft winds a voice'. The red man came'—
The roaming hunter tribes', warlike and wild'—
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf
Hunts in their meadows', and his fresh dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone'—
All', save the piles of earth that hold their bones'—
The platforms', reared to worship unknown gods'—
The barriers', which they builded from the soil,
'To keep the foe at bay', till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguers broke,—and', one by one',
The strong holds of the plain were forced', and heaped
With corpses. 'The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers',
And sat unscared', and silent', at their feast.
Haply, some solitary fugitive',
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the scene
Of desolation, and of fear, became
Bitterer than death', yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly looks
Welcomed the captive', and consoling words.
The conquerors placed him with their chiefs'; he chose
A bride among their maidens', and, at length',
Seemed to forget', yet ne'er forgot', the wife
Of his first love', and her sweet little ones
Butchered, and their shrieks', with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being'; thus arise
Races of living things', glorious in strength',
And perish', as the quickening breath of God
Fills them', or is withdrawn. The red man, too;
Has left these beautiful and lonely wilds',
And nearer to the Rocky Mountains sought
A wider hunting ground. The Beaver builds
No longer by these streams'; but far away',
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face'—among Missouri's springs'
And pools', whose issues swell the Oregon',
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues

Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp',
 Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake'
 The earth with thundering steps'; yet here I meet
 His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
 Myriads of insects', gaudy as the flowers
 They flutter over', gentle quadrupeds',
 And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man',
 Are here'; and sliding reptiles of the ground',
 Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
 Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee'—
 A more adventurous colonist than man',
 With whom he came across the eastern deep'—
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings',
 And hides his sweets', as in the golden agé,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum', and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude
 Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children', the soft voice
 Of maidens', and the sweet and solemn hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
 Over the dark brown furrows. All at oncé,
 A fresher breeze sweeps by', and breaks my dream';
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

LESSON CV.

RUINS OF EPHEBUS.

Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith', "lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised', and her magnificence be destroyed'?" and how the people', having caught "Caius and Aristarchus', Paul's companions in travel'," rushed with one accord into the theater, crying out', "great is Diana of the Ephesians'?" My dear friend', I sat among the ruins of that theater'; the stillness of death was around mè; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be

seen save my two companions and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook.

A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even one like *mé*, brought up among the technicalities of declarations and replications', rebutters and surrebutters', and in no wise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused', and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world'; when a large and busy population was hurrying through its streets', intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now'; that he should, in imagination, see before him St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians', shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers', gods made with their own hands', together with the noise and confusion', and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat'; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears', "Great is Diana of the Ephesians';" and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory, and eternal ruin', to his own far-distant land'; a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of'; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast', when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater', when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone', and its very site unknown.

But where is the temple of the great Dianá, the temple two hundred and twenty years in building'; the temple of one hundred and twenty-seven columns', each column the gift of a king'? Can it be that the temple of the "Great goddess Diana'," that the ornament of Asia', the pride of Ephesus', and one of the seven wonders of the world', has gone, disappeared', and left not a trace behind'? As a traveler, I would fain be able to say that I have seen the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately', I am obliged to limit myself by facts. Its site has, of course, engaged the attention of antiquaries: I am no skeptic in these matters', and am disposed to believe all that my *cicerone** tells me. You remember the countryman who complained to his minister that he never gave him any Latin in his sermons'; and when the minister answered that he would not understand it', the countryman replied that

* *Sic-c-ro-ne*; Guide.

he paid for the best', and ought to have it. I am like that honest countryman'; but my cicerone understood himself better than the minister'; he knew that I paid him for the best'; he knew what was expected from him', and that his reputation was gone forever if, in such a place as Ephesus', he could not point out the ruins of the great temple of Diana. He accordingly had his' templé, which he stuck to with as much pertinacity as if he had built it himself'; but I am sorry to be obliged to say, in spite of his' authority and my own wish to believe him', that the better opinion is, that now not a single stone is to be seen.

Topographers have fixed the site on the plain', near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed the walls, has receded, or been driven back, for several miles. For many years a new soil has been accumulating', and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by different conquerors', is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

It was dark when I returned to Aysalook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had encamped there, and on my return found the camel-drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of us that we should make a tight fit in the sleeping part of the khan,* and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body', allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency upon the light slippers of the Turks', which they always throw off when they go to sleep', and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots'; and, in lying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps' to show them that I was restless in my movements', and that, if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbors.

And here I ought to have spent half the night in musing upon the strange concatenation of circumstances which had broken up a quiet practicing attorney', and sent him a straggler from a busy, money-getting land', to meditate among the ruins of ancient cities', and sleep pellmell with turbaned Turks. But I had no time for musing'; I was amazingly tired'; I looked at the group of Turks in one corner', and regretted that I could not talk with them'; thought of the

* Pronounced *kawn* : here, a Turkish inn.

Tower of Babel and the wickedness of man', which brought about a confusion of tongues'; of camel-drivers', and Arabian Nights' Entertainments'; of homé, and my own comfortable room in the third story'; brought my boot down with a thump that made them all start', and in five minutes was asleep.

In the morning I again went over to the ruins. Daylight, if possible, added to their effect'; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself', but which, under the circumstances, fastened itself upon my mind in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night', the jackall's cry was heard'; that, if a stone was rolled', a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it'; and, while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city', a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in his possessions. He moved a few paces towards us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols'; he then stopped', and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him', until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions', he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture, the Turk first', then the Greek'; each with a pistol in his hand'; then myself'; all on horseback', the wolf above us', the valley', and the ruined city. I feel my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular', block for block', fragment for fragment', here a column and there a column', I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

To the Christian', the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest'; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples', was established one of the earliest Christian churches'; but the Christian church has followed the heathen temple', and the worshippers of the true God' have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana'; and in the city where Paul preached', and where, in the words of the apostle, "much people were gathered unto the Lord'," now' not a solitary Christian dwells. Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration', the "candlestick is removed from its place;" a curse seems to have fallen upon it'; men shun it'; not a human being is to be seen among its ruins'; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur', is given up to birds and beasts of prey', a monument and a warning to nations.

LESSON CVI.

THE TOWN OF ROSS; RESIDENCE OF POPE'S MAN OF ROSS.

THE Man of Ross is intimately known to every reader of poetry', and his memory revered by all who can appreciate self-denying benevolencè, active charity', and an unceasing endeavor to do good', and to spread an atmosphere of happiness and prosperity wherever his influence could extend. If all men devoted their means, as unreservedly and judiciously, to the glory of God as that admirable philanthropist', and lived, like him', with a single eye to the good of others', what a Paradisè this world might bé, and what a Paradisè each individual might carry within his own breast! Half the miseries of life proceed from "man's inhumanity to man'," but the sunshine of inward peace would, in such a casé, diffuse its cheerfulness externally', while increased and enlivened by the participation of others. Pope celebrates "The Man of Ross" in lines worth all the monuments in Hereford Cathedral'; and though no overgrown hospital emblazons his namé, because he preferred usefulness to celebrity', yet, hearing a description of all this excellent man did', a stranger might be apt to imagine that he enjoyed an almost boundless incomè, and learns, with astonishment, that all he achieved was on an income of only £500 a year. "The liberal soul shall be made fat', and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." How many persons are apt to beguile their own idleness, and excuse their own illiberality', by complacently imagining what they would do if endowed with the large fortune of another', thus reveling in generous deeds at the expense of their neighbors'; but when the ability arises', the inclination seems to decline, or such actions, so often planned', would not continue always impossible. Instead of wishing for the leisure, the talents, or the wealth of another', we here study, with advantage, how much may be accomplished by the single-handed exertions of onè individual', who had but a light purse to assist a willing mind. Of such a man it was formerly said in his epitaph', "He exported his fortune before him into heaven by his charities";—he is gone thither to enjoy it." During a life extended to ninety years', Mr.

Kyrle made it his business to act as the guardian of all around him. He apprenticed orphans', visited the sick', employed the idlè, fed the poor', erected an almshousè, repaired the town at his own expensè, enlarged the church', planted the neighboring woods', and built the marketplace. Alluding to all these acts of beneficence, Pope winds up his panegyric', which heroes and philosophers might envy', by exclaiming, in reference to the moral fame of this remarkable philanthropist',—

"Blush, grandeur', blush'! proud courts', withdraw your blaze.

Ye little stars'! hidè your diminish'd rays."

LESSON CVII.

BIRTHPLACE OF SHAKSPEARE.

MEANTIME A—— and I prepared a fine burst of enthusiasm when approaching Stratford-on-Avon', where an hour was most interestingly passed in wandering from Shakspeare's birthplacé, a butcher's shop', to his tomb. This was not long to bestow on the whole existence of our illustrious poet', to whom we are indebted for so much entertainment and instruction'; but, though no author fills up so large a space in the public eye, yet as an individual, little of his private life is known. Originally a butcher', killing his own mutton' before he murdered kings', then a poacher', and last an actor', the three professions least respected in society', his fame is nevertheless pre-eminent now above monarchs', many of whom owe much of their celebrity to his genius'; and Queen Elizabeth herself, "in maiden majesty sublime," derives additional luster from his pen', which handed all contemporaries down to future honor or ridiculé, according to his own inclination. That worthy old country gentleman, Sir Thomas Lucy', has acquired much ludicrous celebrity', and undergone the bastinado during more than two centuries', in consequence of his rencounter with the bard of Avon', who might perhaps never have become a bard at all but for the trial, and consequent embarrassments', which drove him to the stagé, and piqued him into writing "Justice Shallow."

As a fire never blazes up thoroughly unless well beaten and violently stirred', so great genius would often smolder indolently away were it not for a few well-applied strokes. The Irish orator Curran completely stuck in all his attempts at public speaking', till, accidentally irritated beyond all bounds', he started up in a rage', and made so splendid an appearancé, that ever afterwards he felt perfect confidence in his own powers.

Shakspeare found, by sad experience, how truly this world is "our school', our theater', our prison', and our grave." Most of the applause occasioned by his brilliant appearance on the stage of life came after his exit. If he could have been called back, as performers are at a concert, to receive reiterated plaudits', his own success would have astonished him. The birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton, at Coltersworth, is scarcely known or noticed'; but the ornamental being generally preferred to the useful in literaturé, pilgrims flock from every quarter, doing homage to the bard of Avon's memory. One of these enthusiasts stole a pen' which belonged to the bust of Shakspeare—a most unaccountable theft', as it never could be shown'; and the perpetrator, certainly, endured what Dr. Johnson declares to be the most unpleasant of all sensations' the "consciousness of a crime committed in vain."

LESSON CVIII.

TOO MUCH FONDNESS FOR WHAT IS EUROPEAN.

We have in North America, almost within the United States', all the variety of climate that is to be found in the world'; and if there be one spot on this globe more likely to prove serviceable to invalids than any other', it may be met with here. In opposition to the boasted superiority of southern Europe, to prefer our own country as an asylum for the diseased', as well as oppressed of all nations', may be considered as little short of heresy'; and to say aught against the good opinions of those who think that every good thing in this world must have its origin or prototype in Europe', may, in this enlightened age, be deemed illiberal', at least', if not incompatible with common sense.

At the risk, then, of being considered intolerant or indiscreet, the writer takes this occasion to enter his protest, in the most decided, unequivocal terms', against the prevailing ridiculous fondness for every thing European'—against a hankering after imported folly and nonsense', which is not only in itself unwise', but unbecoming a people proverbial for boasting of their republicanism and independence. Our fondness for whatever comes from the Eastern World is so well known', that the reason why we are so shamefully imposed upon, and treated with such base ingratitude', is readily understood'; but we profit nothing from experience'—we take every renegade by the hand', and think him a paragon of perfection', till he grossly libels us', or plainly tells the truth. I have no desire to treat our mother country with disrespect', nor have I any disposition to receive, with the multitude of good things coming from her', a greater multitude of evil'; herein consists our error', in not making a discrimination between what is valuable' and what is worthless. This love of European fashion, and this aping of foreign manners, has not only extended itself to what and how we eat, drink, dress, and sleep', and, in fact, to all our life, and all the intercourse of life', but to the very air we breathe. We must wear European hats, European coats', European dresses'; and, if we have some trifling, unimportant disease', off we go to breathe the European atmosphere. There is a probability that an individual who follows the example of another in small matters', will soon imitate him in those of more importance'; and if one man thinks well enough of another to be particular, and take special pains' to wear his clothes of the same fashion', and ape his actions and manners', his thoughts' will ere long wear the same hue', and the whole character of the imitator will be a true copy of the original.

Every person of intelligence cannot be ignorant', and, however fond he may be of whatever comes across the Atlantic, he will not deny', that all European cities are deeply imbued with licentiousness and vice'; and, on the other hand', Europeans acknowledge the contrary' state of things in this country' to form our chief ornament. If we import their fashions and their manners, their modes of life, and their ways of thinking' come with them, for they are inseparably connected. We thus lose our nationality, and become transformed and amalgamated', in a manner little becoming independent republicans'; and we thus have infused into us

a spirit which tends evidently to the subversion of our peculiar institutions. Knowledge alone is not the basis of a free government—of a republic like ours; virtue, and the spirit of independence that brooks not foreign influence or foreign dictation in matters the most trivial, are needed to render the structure durable. Say not, then, that there is no danger in the importation of European character into our country; for just in proportion as we become assimilated in our habits and manners to those of the courts of European monarchs, we lose our fondness for republicanism. The first operation of foreign influence is in our principal cities; here it works its most perfect work, for here are its fittest subjects, and the soil and circumstances most congenial to its growth; and the fashions and practices of the cities are again widely diffused throughout the United States. I have no desire to maintain a non-intercourse with our fellow-men on the other side of the water, nor do I intend to speak disparagingly of those who have emigrated to this country. To those who seek an asylum heré, to those who make the land of our nativity the home of their adoption, let us extend the hand of fellowship, and give a most cordial welcome; for we know that those who make this the home of their choice, become quite as good republicans as many of those who write themselves native born Americans. Europeans are deservedly held in high estimation by all the world for their zeal and acquirements in the sciences and arts, and for their many virtues; and so long as their fashions and peculiar characteristics are confined to their own country, we wage war with none of them. But they are not all proper to be introduced heré; and yet, if introduced, the fault is all our own, and so foreigners regard it; they laugh at our boasted independence when we greedily swallow, at the same time that we affect to despise, every thing of European origin. While, then, we hail with a welcome all that may be useful, or valuable, or respectable, let us with united heart and voice protest against the introduction of any fashion, or any principle, into the United States, which was born, nursed, and attained its maturity, in any kingly court in Christendom. To our parent country let us always turn with that affection which she has any good right to expect from us; and if she once weaned us, thrusting us with violence from her bosom; let us, now that we have arrived at man's estate, show her that we can live alike independent of her frowns or caresses—

that with the same measure she metes', it shall be measured to her again'—that if she ridicule us for our plainness and want of refinement', we will pursue the even tenor of our way, regardless of her envious taunts', or the outbreakings of her jealousy', shown in the productions of her puny libelers.

LESSON CIX.

A LONDON FOG.

I HAD almost begun to doubt the existence of those fogs and showers with which London was associated in my imagination. Now, however, the scene was to be changed'; a new week was to introduce a new system'; and London was to exhibit itself in all the horrors of its November attire.

On Monday morning it was only by the aid of a light that I could contrive to make my toilet'; and on descending to the coffee-room, the like aid was not unwelcome in discussing breakfast and the newspaper. If there was much that was sad and gloomy in the scene within' doors', the spectacle from the windows was most deplorable. The street ran down with rain and mud', through which, clogged, coated, and overshadowed by his umbrella', stepped forth the Englishman. Just before the door stood a dirtcart', to which were harnessed two wet and disconsolate-looking horses. Some men, dressed in tarpaulin clothes, were shoveling the mud into their cart', where it floated a stagnant pool. Hard by was a coal-wagon', with its attendant colliers', engaged in carrying the fuel in bags to a poukterer's opposite. The rain had made some impression upon their blackened faces', leaving them streaked in the same unseemly way as the statues on the front of St. Paul's, and giving a singular and demoniac expression to their countenances and glaring eyes. There were quantities of women clattering over the pavements in iron clogs', and not a few thieves and adventurers in greasy black coats', from which the rain turned without effect', save where a rent left the skin visible.

Having remained in the coffee-room some hours, gazing in utter hopelessness in the fire',—for my own room proving to smoke badly, I had been obliged to discontinue the fire there',—I at length grew weary', and determined to go out in

search of distraction', and in the hope of killing a little time. So enveloping myself in my cloak, I went forth and strolled along the colonnade.

Every thing wore an air of inexpressible gloom. The houses of unpainted brick were half hidden at their topmost stories by the canopy of smoke, fog, and rain', which overhung the scene. It did not rain with that earnestness and energy common in our climate', which conveys the idea of a thing to be done as a matter of business', and despatched with business-like rapidity', but in a deliberate, cold-blooded way', as if it might continue on thus forever', without exhausting its capacities to curse and to annoy. An eternal dripping fell from every object'; and the Royal Perambulating Advertiser', which happened to pass like a moving house stuck round with newly-printed placards', shed big, inky tears', and seemed about to dissolve with grief. The enormous wagons, piled high with merchandise', were covered with huge tarpaulins', and the horses that drew them, as well as the drivers', were decked in garments of the same gloomy and desperate-looking material. Every man, except myself', was the bearer of an umbrella. The women, too, dashed through the mud with a courage above their sex'; holding in one hand the umbrella', in the other their shortened garments', they strode fearlessly on', transferring the mud from one leg to the other', until all was blackness.

Nor was it permitted to rest satisfied with such a share of mud as came within the compass of one's own gleanings', aided by such little acquisitions as were to be received from the tread of others. The coaches and cabs, rushing through the black rivers with which each street ran down', scattered it from their wheels like rays from so many miry suns', whose business it was to give out mud and misery', instead of vivifying heat and light. The ruffianly drivers of these seemed to have a thorough contempt for all pedestrians'; and, instead of admiring them for the courage and hardihood with which they trudged on', sought purposely to assist in dragging them, with a view to discourage the inelegant practice of walking. There was a strange confusion of substances. Every thing seemed to lose its identity', dissolve', and become mingled together'; the atmosphere was a mixture of rain', smoke', exhalations', and mud', set in motion by so many wheels'; the macadamized streets, mixed into a sickening decoction', formed vast quagmires'—

dead and despondent seas', in which one would expect to flounder, and sink, and expire, ignobly suffocated', with the prospect of being shoveled into a scrapings-cart', and there terminating one's career "unwept, unhonored', and unsung."

To walk in the mud is a bad thing at any rate'; and when one is wholly unaccustomed to it', it becomes awful indeed. It creates a feeling of melancholy dissatisfaction', not unlike what a hitherto honorable man might feel the first time that misfortune', the pressure of circumstances', and his own weakness', had led him to humble himself to the commission of a mean action. Thus reasoning, I ploughed my way through it like the rest. From having seen the carriages' keep to the left in my drive from Gravesend', I fancied that the rule must be the same for footmen. But I got on very badly with it. At each instant I was jostled and knocked out of my course'; and a great Welsh milkwoman', with red face', fat cheeks', and a figure running out every where into redundancies', as I was feasting my eyes on the spectacle of such prodigal charms', well nigh stove a hole through my shoulder with the sharp corner of her milkyoke. The gallantry which would not expire under so unkind a cut' must be glowing indeed.

Misfortunes never come singly. I was traversing the open space leading to Charing Cross'; just behind me came a female vender of old joints and broken meat', with her merchandise in a wheelbarrow. I stopped a moment to gaze at the lion over the Duke of Northumberland's palace', which, in the misty atmosphere, loomed singularly', and stood forth in strong relief', with a strange air of reality. The wheelbarrow struck against my heel', making me step quickly ahead', stooping at the same time from the pain. This brought my cloak' on the ground'; and the wheelbarrow continuing to pursue me', fairly took me prisoner. The little dog harnessed beneath the barrow', though sheltered in some sort from the weather', was yet wet, soiled', and looking in all respects uncomfortable', and impatient to finish the day's work and get home. He struggled hard', barked and snarled at my heels', and seemed indisposed to recede. The woman', seeing that there was no progress to be made in that' direction with such an obstacle in the way', moderated the ardor of her canine auxiliary', drew back her barrow', and released me', following her course', however,

not without a slight bestowal of Billingsgate, of which she shot off a broadside as she ranged past me.

Henceforth my fears were only for wheelbarrows. I looked round, saw none, and was safe. I turned again to gaze at the lion, when I was aroused by a rush of wheels and a shout. Two omnibuses were descending the hill, side by side, and at a rattling pace; a flight of inferior vehicles hovered on their flanks, and it was quite evident that I was likely to be hemmed in. Turning to escape in the opposite direction, I saw that there too I was equally cut off. There was a brewer's cart, drawn by enormous horses, which was close upon me, and a magnificent equipage, the panels of which were completely covered with armorial bearings; presently the blockade was rendered complete by a swift cab coming directly at me, whose wo-begone horse was trotting fiercely, as if it were his last race, and he had leave to die and escape from all his troubles when he had won it. How to escape, and where to go, was now the question. I looked, in vain, in search of any outlet, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for me but to choose my death.

To die by an omnibus or a cab were to die ingloriously; the newspapers could have told a story of the sort any day the last week. It would be far more honorable to be trampled into the mud by the aristocratic heels of the prancing steeds, which were already close upon me. As a last and only chance, I determined, upon philosophic principles, to trust to the magnanimity of the largest animal I could see. I swung myself under the neck of the brewer's horse, which was too noble to step on me; encouraged by this reception, I kept beside his head, making a tower of strength of him, and thus I managed to reach an open place and escape to the sidewalk alive. It was reasonable enough that I should recollect the proud equipage which had been so near crushing me. I saw it afterward in Hyde Park on a Sunday, and it was pointed out to me as belonging to a noted brewer; so that, after all, my choice of deaths had not been so various as I imagined.

I slunk home, nervous, covered with mud, and miserable, feeling very much as a dog might be supposed to do, which, being badly hung by some malicious urchins, contrives to worry himself loose, and escapes home with the rope about his neck, and looking very dejected. I determined, if I lived to see another day, that I would become, what I never

yet had been', the possessor of an umbrella', and substitute an upper benjamin' for the embarrassing folds of my Spanish capa.* In my professional pursuits the use of an umbrella was preposterous';† and in the climate of my own country it rains so seldom', that to a man of leisure, having no business avocations to call him inauspiciously into the open air', the umbrella is also a useless and disagreeable encumbrance. But in England the case is otherwise'; and a man without an umbrella' is as incomplete as a man without a nose.

LESSON CX.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

ON these subjects much advice is given, and very little taken. If asked at all, it is generally not until the mind is made up, the affections engaged', and perhaps the honor pledged.

There was one gentleman and lady in our village, who were commonly consulted on this business by all the prudent young people in the neighborhood. The first questions which they generally asked were, "Have you consulted your parents', and what do they think of it'?"—for you cannot expect happiness if you marry without the full consent of your own parents, and the parents of your intended partner." Very commonly the answer was, "I have spoken to my parents', and they advised me to consult you." These people had a way of making young persons themselves see and own if there was any thing imprudent or wrong', so as to induce them to give up the matter of their own accord.

My brother Richard, I remember, was in a great hurry to be married before he was out of his apprenticeship. Father and mother did all they could to persuade him to wait awhile, and it was well for him that they succeeded. The gentleman, too, of whom I have just spoken', talked kindly to him on the subject. "Don't be too hasty', young man'; 'tis easy to marry in haste and repent at leisure. I

* A cloak; pronounced capa; s as in father.

† The author was an officer in the U. S. Navy.

would advise you not to think of marrying till you are settled in a fair way of getting a living. You don't wish to be a burden to your parents', but to be able to provide for yourself', and those dependent on you'; and for some years to come it will be much better for you to have one plough going than two cradles. You may think that love and a *little*' will be quite enough', but, let me tell you', love and *nothing*' will be but sorry, farè; and, 'When poverty comes in at the door', love flies out at the window.' You think, perhaps, that no such thing can happen to you': then let me tell you, that, if you think your love strong enough to bear poverty after marriage, you had better try its strength in waiting beforehand'. If you really love one another', I think that you will find it easy and pleasant to work and savé, that you may have something about you to make your home comfortable' when it is prudent for you to marry." My brother promised to wait a year or two, and every leisure hour he had', to work and save in good earnest for future comfort. But in less than three months' time', he came again to his friend in great trouble', and told him that Fanny was getting very shy of him', and had been seen walking with the 'squire's groom'; and now what was to be done'?

"By all means let her go'," he replied', "and reckon it a very good miss for you. If she is tired of waiting', let her go on without' you; and when she is gone', comfort yourself with remembering that there are as good fish left' in the sea as ever were caught out' of it."

This seemed hard doctrine at the time, and Dick was half inclined to break his promise', and go after Fanny with an offer to marry directly'; but prudence prevailed.

After flirting about with three or four different young men, Fanny at last married William Stephens', the sawyer', and a poor, dressy, dawdle of a wife she made him. As for Richard', he soon found that he could do vastly well without her'; and, I believe, he forgot all about marrying for four or five years', when he met with a steady, respectable young woman', whom all his friends approved', and who turned out an excellent partner to him', and a good mother to his children. When he looked at his decent, tidy wife. his well-furnished cottage', and his clean well-managed children', and contrasted them with those of his neighbor

Stephens', he sometimes went across the house humming the old ditty',

"Sic a wife as Willie had'
I wadna gie* a button for her."

A second question which these friends used to ask the young people who came to consult them, was this: "What is it in the person of whom you speak', that makes you think that you should love him, (or her,) better than all the world beside'? You ought to be able to do this'; for it is a very foolish action either to marry without love', or to love without reason. Is it beauty'? Beauty is only skin deep', and sometimes covers a heart deformed by vice and ill temper. Beauty is a poor thing, unless it accompanies something far better than itself', and that will long outlive it. To marry only for beauty', would be like buying a house for the nosegays in the windows. 'Favor is deceitful', and beauty is vain', but a woman that feareth the Lord', she shall be praised', and chosen too, by the wise man who seeks a helpmate. Would you marry for money'? 'In seeking after a comfortable yoke-fellow, good conditions are more to be sought for than a great dowry.' 'Better have a fortune in a wife', than a fortune *with* a wife.'

"Is it for *genteel, attractive manners and polite accomplishments*? Don't be imposed upon'; 'all is not gold that glitters.' Beauty, and property, and pleasing manners, and polite accomplishments', are all very good make-weights to a bargain that is good independently of them', but would make a wretchedly bad bargain of themselves. In marrying, you want not only what will look well', and excite admiration when all goes on smoothly', but you want what will afford real comfort and support in the time of adversity."

Then they would ask', "How does the party behave in present relations'? Is he', (or she'), remarked as a dutiful, affectionate, attentive child'; a kind brother or sister'? for never yet was it found that the disobedient, rebellious son', or the pert, undutiful daughter', was fitted to make an affectionate, faithful, valuable husband or wife."

'Then again', "Is the intended party of age', temper', and habits', suitable to your own'? for people may be very good in themselves' who are not suitable to each other'; and

* Pronounced *gee*, *g* being hard; Scotch, for I would 'nt give.

two people who have been used to different ways of living', must have an uncommon share of good temper and forbearance', if ever they make each other happy in the married life. Remember', "Marriage with peace and piety is this world's paradise; with strife and disagreement", it is this life's purgatory."

"Is the person humble, industrious, and contented'? If not', your present lot will not satisfy her'; still less will she be willing to descend to a low state, if such should be the appointment of Providence.

"And then, how is it as to *the one thing needful*? Whatever you do, don't let this' be overlooked. Without true religion, you lose the best sweetness and relish of prosperity, and you have no provision whatever for meeting trials and afflictions': besides, if you could live together a century in the tenderest affection', and the most unmingled comfort', what a dreadful thing to think of death coming and separating you forever! Be sure', then', you remember the scripture rule, 'only in the Lord', and expect not the blessing of God if you violate it. Ask the blessing of God on all your engagements. 'A prudent wife is of the Lord.' 'In all your ways acknowledge Him', and He will direct your paths."

"When all these matters are satisfactorily settled, and your choice is fixed, be steady and faithful. Never act with levity', or say or do a thing that would give each other pain. Be very prudent and circumspect in your intercourse with each other. In this respect, your future comfort and confidence are at stake', as well as your fair character in the world. Let nothing that occurs now', furnish matter for reproach or regret at any future time."

To young married people, our friends would say', "Let your conduct be such as to render easy the duties of the other party." A wife is commanded to *reverence* her husband. Let his conduct be wise and holy', and then it will command' reverence. "Husbands, *love* your wives';" then, wives' should be truly amiable'; a man can hardly love a vixen or a slattern. If a wife wishes to keep her husband at home', she must make home comfortable to him': in order to this, she must be, as the apostle says', "discreet', chaste', a keeper at home." A giddy, gadding wife is sure to make a dissatisfied', if not a dissolute' husband. Seek to promote each other's comforts', so will you best secure your own.

"Let there be no secrets', and no separate interests. Do nothing that requires concealment', and never act in such a way as to provoke it. Many a partner, of a generous and open disposition, has been driven to practise concealment by the extravagance or unkindness of the associate."

'To husbands they said'—"Treat your wife always with respect. It will procure respect to you not only from her', but from all who observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her even in jest', for slights in jest, after frequent handings', are apt to end in angry earnest'." To both:—"Remember the design' of your union to promote each other's honor, comfort, and usefulness in this life', and preparation for a better. You are to walk together as fellow-travelers through the paths of time', whether smooth or rugged'; and as fellow-heirs of the grace of life, helping each other by prayer, counsel, sympathy', and forbearance."

"Always keep in view the termination of your union',—*'till death do part us.'* This will keep you sober and moderate in your worldly enjoyments and expectations', and at the same time will preserve you from such conduct as would embitter the parting moment', or add an unnecessary pang to the grief of the survivor."

It was no uncommon thing for persons to carry to our good friends complaints against bad husbands', or bad wives. Such complaints generally met the reply', "Go back, then', and be thyself a better wife', (or husband'), and see if that do not prevail with him', (or her'), to be a better husband', (or wife')." Another sound piece of advice often given them was this: "Whenever differences arise, endeavor to persuade yourself that they must have arisen from some mistake or misunderstanding of your own; never suppose the other party in fault', or that any thing unkind could have been intended, but charge all the blame on yourself', and make it your business to promote reconciliation and preserve peace. This will at once mellow your own spirit', and win the other party to reconciliation and love." I remember being greatly pleased with a fable which I once read. It was something like this:—The sun and the north wind were trying which could soonest make a traveler part with his loose coat. The wind began', and, storming with all its force, tumbled and tossed the coat about the poor man's ears', but to no purpose', for the stronger it blew, the man held and wrapt his coat the closer about him. When the wind was

weary', the sun began and played his cheerful beams so successfully', that he soon melted the traveler into a kindly warmth', and made his coat not only useless, but troublesome to him', and so he quickly threw it off. The moral is plain and easy'; and all married people, in particular, would do well to remember', that when storming and raging are ineffectual to gain their ends', kindness and good-nature will seldom or never fail of success.

Another good rule is this':—Let husband and wife never be angry at the same time: by this means family feuds and discord will neither come often', nor continue long.

By way of reconciling married people to their own peculiar lot, our friends would say', "If marriages are appointed in heaven before they are solemnized on earth', then, though a Christian might have had a richer, better, or more sweet-tempered yoke-fellow', yet probably not a fitter'; therefore, though nuptial love and other duties be not performed to you, yet do your part, in obedience to God', and you will assuredly find comfort in the end', whatever crosses you may meet with in the way."

I may add', that by the counsels of these judicious friends, many connections were prevented' which were likely to end in sorrow and ruin'; many were formed to the satisfaction and real enjoyment of the parties'; and many persons were brought to a more correct and faithful discharge of their duties', and, consequently, to a higher degree of happiness', in the conjugal relation.

LESSON CXI.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

How are very young persons to be convinced of the value of time', when to them a year seems almost endless, and a pleasure that is deferred for a month seems too far off for happy anticipation'? A year appears very long to the young, because it bears so large a proportion to the whole period they have lived'; as we advance, this proportion becomes less and less', till, in old age', a year seems no longer than a month did in childhood. Abundant as time seems to the young, we constantly hear them excuse themselves for some

duty omitted', by saying they had not time' to do it'; while this should convince them that they have no more of this precious gift than they require', and that there is some defect in their management of it', or they would not sometimes wish to accelerate the flight of a day', and at other times omit a duty', for want of an hour' in which to perform it.

There are a few plain questions, which, if honestly answered, might serve to convince any young lady, that, however long a year may seem to her in prospect, the proper use of each day would make it appear short. Let her ask herself, if her own clothes are in complete order', if there are no buttons and strings off', no gloves or stockings that need to be mended', none of those numberless stitches to be set which every young woman should do for herself', and the necessity for which is of perpetual recurrence? Let her consider whether there are not many books that she has been advised to read', but which she has not yet found time to begin'; whether she has not letters to answer', accounts to settle', papers to arrange', commissions to execute for absent friends', visits to make', kind offices to perform', which have all been deferred for *want of time*'; and then let her judge whether the days and weeks in which her duties ought to be performed are too long', and whether her use of the days that are gone has been the best possible.

Much of a woman's time is necessarily consumed by the everyday business of life. The proper care of her own person and clothing demands much more time than is required of the other sex for the like purpose. Some household duties fall to the share of almost all young women', and claim a portion of each day'; and, without a wise distribution of her time, and a strict adherence to her plan of life', she is in danger of having her intellectual and spiritual improvement continually sacrificed to the inferior interests of clothing and feeding the body. To prevent this, it is desirable that you should take into serious consideration the plan of life which best suits your age and circumstances', should decide upon what ought to constitute your daily round of occupations', and should allot to each its fitting time. By having regular hours for the different employments of the day, you will avoid the great waste of time which is occasioned by uncertainty as to what you shall do next. Having made a general distribution of your time and

occupations for the day', provide for unavoidable interruptions and delays by having a book of easy reading to fill up odd minutes', and a piece of needlework always at hand to employ your fingers upon when you are listening to others', or when your mind is so preoccupied that you cannot give it to a book.

The old adage, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves'," may be thus parodied'; Take care of the minutes', and the days will take care of themselves. If the minutes' were counted that are daily wasted in idle reverie or still idler talk', in thinking of setting about a task that is not relished', and in looking for things that should never have been mislaid', they would soon amount to hours', and prove sufficient for the acquisition of some elegant art', or the study of some useful science. Almost every young person has something in view which she would like to accomplish', if she had time for it'; and by scrutinizing her appropriation of every hour in the day, she will generally find as much time wasted as would suffice for the desired end', if resolutely redeemed from idleness.

I knew a family in which all the collars and wristbands of shirts were stitched in odd minutes', that would otherwise have been wasted. The lady of the house was always provided with one of the former in her bag', and used to stitch upon it when waiting for any body', and in scraps of time that must occur between regularly allotted portions of it. I myself, whilst detained from breakfast through the tardiness of an unpunctual member of the family', read through all the papers of the Spectator and Rambler', and netted many yards of lace', whilst he was discussing his toast and coffee. A friend of mine, going to consult her dentist, found in his parlor an elderly lady waiting to be operated on', and turning the odd minutes to account by stitching a wristband which she had brought with her for the purpose. This was not only good economy of time'; but an excellent sedative for the nerves', and must have rendered less tedious and irksome the time she was obliged to wait.

To sleep a greater number of hours than is necessary for rest and refreshment', is a voluntary and wanton abridgment of life. She who sleeps only one hour a day more than health requires, will', in a life of three score years and ten', shorten her active existence nearly four years', allowing sixteen hours to the day. Too much sleep weakens the body',

and stupifies the mind'; but when we take only what nature demands', the body is invigorated', and the mind has its powers renovated.

Early rising is not only expedient, but it is a duty on which many others depend. She who sleeps late and rises in haste, cannot find time for those thoughts and meditations which are suited to prepare her soul for the business of the day. Due care and attention will not be bestowed on her morning toilet'; her ablutions will not be such as are required by a due regard to health and cleanliness'; her hair will not be thoroughly combed and brushed', and put up nicely for the day'; every thing will be done carelessly and in haste'; and from another portion of the morning must be taken the time necessary for a farther adjustment of her dress.

When breakfast is late, the whole business of a house is retarded', and the heads of the family must not be surprised' if their example of late hours is followed by all in their employ. When parents rise early, and are ready for an early breakfast', they should insist on the younger members of the family conforming to their hours; for a habit of punctuality to an early breakfast is one of the best gifts they can bestow on their children. Where this is not enforced by parental authority', the good sense and good feelings of the young people ought to insure their punctual attendance at this meal. Those who do the work of the house feel it to be a grievance', when their business is retarded by the breakfast remaining on the table for one individual after the rest have done.

Let us now sum up the evils of late rising to a young lady. Her body is enfeebled', and her eyes are heavy'; her mind is stupified', her devotions are neglected', or hastily performed'; her toilet is slovenly and incomplete'; her morning meal is taken alone', or with those who are annoyed at having waited for her', and the attendants are out of humor'; to all this may be added a painful sense of ill desert hanging like a millstone round her neck all day. The reverse of this picture may be easily drawn. The early riser is refreshed and invigorated by the right quantity of sleep'; her eye is bright', and her mind unclouded. She has time and inclination to meditate upon God', and hold communion with him'; she prepares her mind and heart for the duties of the day. Her body is duly cared for'; all the niceties of a careful toilet are attended to'; she meets her family at the breakfast-table', and relieves her mother from the trouble of

presiding at it'; every thing is done in season'; the domestics smile upon her', and she feels the impulse which is given by a consciousness of having begun the day well.

LESSON CXII.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

For a young woman in any situation in life to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping', is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts', or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various work of a house should be done', she might as well know nothing', for housewifery is her express vocation'; and it matters not how much learning, or how many accomplishments, she may have', if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling.

Whether rich' or poor', young' or old', married' or single', a woman is always liable to be called to the performance of every kind of domestic duty', as well as to be placed at the head of a family'; and nothing short of a practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping can ever make those duties easy', or render her competent to direct others in the performance of them.

All moral writers on female character treat of domestic economy as an indispensable part of female education', and this too in the old countries of Europe', where an abundant population, and the institutions of society', render it easy to secure the services of faithful domestics. Madame Roland, one of the most remarkable women of the last century, says of herself', "The same child who read systematic works', who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere', who could handle the crayon and the graver', and who at eight years of age was the best dancer in the youthful parties', was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet', pick herbs', and skim the pot."

All female characters that are held up to admiration, whether in fiction or in biography', will be found to possess these domestic accomplishments'; and if they are considered

indispensable in the old world, how much more are they needed in this land of independence', where riches cannot exempt the mistress of a family from the difficulty of procuring efficient aid', and where perpetual change of domestics renders perpetual instruction and superintendence necessary.

Since, then, the details of good housekeeping must be included in a good female education', it is very desirable that they should be acquired by the young', and so practiced as to become easy', and to be performed dexterously and expeditiously'; for, important as they are, they must not be allowed to consume too much time'; and the ready wit and ingenuity of a woman cannot be turned to better account', than in devising methods of expediting household affairs', and producing the best effect with the least expense of time and labor.

It is worthy of remark, that in this country', where it is so difficult to procure a sufficiency of household labor', the mode of furnishing a house, and conducting the business of a family', is such as to require more attendance than the same style of living would demand in France, and other parts of Europe. The quantity of brass to be kept bright, and of mahogany furniture to be rubbed, is', in a considerable degree, peculiar to this country', and might be easily dispensed with', without any abatement of comfort and neatness'; whilst the labor, thus wasted', might be turned to much better account. It is for your own ease, and that of your domestics, to abridge the work of the house as much as possible', and, by endeavoring to find out the relative importance of the different branches of household economy', to give to each its due weight', and no more. By good management, the use of method, and the habit of moving quickly', all may be done in order and in season', and much of the day left for other things. Let those who find themselves so overloaded with these cares and duties, that they do not find time for cultivating their minds and attending to the claims of benevolence', carefully examine their way of life', and see if they cannot retrench some hours from their everyday occupations. Perhaps they may be doing as a young lady of my acquaintance did', who used to spend two hours, every morning', in arranging the glasses of flowers that adorned her mother's parlor'; and, when asked if she had read such and such books', replied in the negative', and gave as a reason', that she never could

find time' to read. Better would it have been for her never to have had a flower in the house', than thus to neglect the more important duties of mental culture. It is well to bear in mind, that there is commonly time enough for every thing that we ought to do', and that, if any duty is neglected from a supposed want of time', the fault is in our arrangement'; we have given too much to some occupation or amusement', and should immediately make a wiser distribution of our hours.

Now, if it is granted by my young friends that they ought to take a part in domestic affairs, then let them do it with a good grace', and not be ashamed of it. Some persons are very notable, but take the greatest pains to conceal it', as if it were a disgrace rather than a merit'; their moral sense' is clouded by some false notions of gentility', or their false pride makes them fancy certain occupations to be degrading', as if it were possible that persons should be degraded' by doing that which they ought to do.

The young lady who spends two hours a day over her flowers', ought to be ashamed of that'; but if the arrangements of her father's household make it desirable and proper that she should assist at the ironing-table', or in making cake and pies', or in clear-starching her own muslins', or in making preserves', or in cleansing silver', or in doing any such piece of notable work', she should no more think of concealing it, or being ashamed of it', than she would be of combing her hair', or hemming a pocket handkerchief. This false shame about housewifery adds much' to its unpleasantness'; whereas a true view of the beauty and fitness of these feminine offices would invest them with a charm', and recommend them to the most refined.

LESSON CXIII.

A RUSSIAN BATH.

HAVING secured my room, I mounted a drosky* and hurried to a bath. Riding out to the suburbs, the drosky boy stopped at a large wooden building', pouring forth steam

* A kind of Russian carriage.

from every chink and crevice. At the entrance stood several half-naked men, one of whom led me to an apartment to undress, and then conducted me to another, in one end of which were a furnace and apparatus for generating steam. I was then familiar with the Turkish bath, but the worst I had known was like the breath of the gentle south wind compared with the heat of this apartment. The operator made me stand in the middle of the floor, opened the upper door of the stove, and dashed into it a bucket-full of water, which sent forth volumes of steam like a thick fog into every part of the room; he then laid me down on a platform about three feet high, and rubbed my body with a mop dipped in soap and hot water; then he raised me up, and deluged me with hot water, pouring several tub-fulls on my head; he then laid me down again, and scrubbed me with soap and water from my head to my heels, long enough, if the thing were possible, to make a blackamoor white; he then gave me another sousing with hot water, and another scrubbing with pure water, and then conducted me up a flight of steps to a high platform, stretched me out on a bench within a few feet of the ceiling, and commenced whipping me with twigs of birch, with the leaves on them, dipped in hot water. It was hot as an oven where he laid me down on the bench; the vapor, which almost suffocated me below, ascended to the ceiling, and, finding no avenue of escape, gathered round my devoted body, fairly scalding and blistering me; and when I removed my hands from my face, I felt as if I had carried away my whole profile. I tried to hold out to the end, but I was burning, scorching, and consuming. In agony I cried out to my tormentor to let me up; but he did not understand me, or was loth to let me go, and kept thrashing me with the bunch of twigs, until, perfectly desperate, I sprung off the bench, tumbled him over, and descended to the floor. Snow, snow, a region of eternal snow, seemed paradise; but my tormentor had not done with me; and, as I was hurrying to the door, he dashed over me a tub of cold water. I was so hot that it seemed to hiss as it touched me; he came at me with another, and at that moment I could imagine, what had always seemed a traveler's story, the high satisfaction and perfect safety with which the Russian in mid-winter rushes from his hot bath and rolls himself in the snow. The grim features of my tormentor relaxed as he saw the change that came

ever me. I withdrew to my dressing-room, dozed an hour on the 'settee', and went out a new man. In half an hour I stood in the palace of the Czars', within the walls of the Kremlin.

LESSON CXIV.

A PERILOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

DIRECTLY opposite the Winter Palace, and one of the most conspicuous objects on the whole line of the Neva', is the citadel or old fortress', and, in reality', the foundation of the city. I looked long and intently on the golden spire of its church', shooting toward the sky and glittering in the sun. This spire, which rises tapering till it seems almost to fade away into nothing', is surmounted by a large globe', on which stands an angel supporting a cross. This angel, being made of corruptible stuff', once manifested symptoms of decay', and fears were entertained that he would soon be numbered with the fallen. Government became perplexed how to repair it', for to raise a scaffolding' to such a height' would cost more than the angel was worth. Among the crowd which daily assembled to gaze at it from below', was a roofer of houses', who, after a long and silent examination', went to the government' and offered to repair it without any scaffolding', or assistance of any kind. His offer was accepted'; and on the day appointed for the attempt, provided with nothing but a coil of cords', he ascended inside to the highest window', and, looking for a moment at the crowd below, and at the spire tapering away above him', stood up on the outer ledge of the window. The spire was covered with sheets of gilded copper', which, to beholders from below', presented only a smooth surface of burnished gold'; but the sheets were roughly laid', and fastened by large nails', which projected from the sides of the spire. He cut two pieces of cord', and tied loops at each end of both', fastened the upper loops over two projecting nails', and stood with his feet in the lower'; then, clinching the fingers of one' hand over the rough edges of the sheets of copper', he raised himself till he could hitch one of the loops on a higher nail with the other' hand; he did the same for the other

loop', and thus he raised one leg after the other', and at length ascended, nail by nail', and stirrup by stirrup', till he clasped his arms around the spire directly under the ball. Here it seemed impossible to go any farther', for the ball was ten or twelve feet in circumference', with a smooth and glittering surface', and no projecting nails', and the angel was above the ball', as completely out of sight', as if it were in the habitation of its prototypes. But the daring roofer was not disheartened. Raising himself in his stirrups, he encircled the spire with a cord', which he tied round his waist'; and, so supported', he leaned gradually back until the soles of his feet were braced against the spire', and his body fixed almost horizontally in the air. In this position he threw a cord over the top of the ball', and threw it so coolly and skillfully', that, at the first attempt', it fell down on the other side', just as he wanted it'; then he drew himself up to his original position', and, by means of his cord, climbed over the smooth sides of the globe'; and in a few moments', amid thunders of applause from the crowd below', which at that great height sounded only like a faint murmur', he stood by the side of the angel. After attaching a cord to it he descended', and the next day carried up with him a ladder of ropes', and effected the necessary repairs.

LESSON CXV.

A TERMAGANT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE entrance hall at Blenheim* is unspeakably grand, rising the whole height of the palace. It is ornamented on the roof with an allegorical painting by Sir James Thornhill', a skillful', but rather gaudy painter. You would wonder to observe how frequently the great Duke and his beautiful Duchess are represented here. They are exhibited in white marble', black marble', painting', engraving', bronze', tapestry', and fresco! In this one entrance hall we have a likeness of his Grace three times repeated. First', a very handsome bust is elevated over the door'; secondly', a por-

* The *ci*, in the last syllable, is pronounced like *i* in time. Blenheim is the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, in England.

that looks down from the ceiling', where he appears crowned by victory'; and thirdly', his Grace stands in a group, where it might be hoped he is crowned by domestic happiness', since he appears with the Duchess', a splendid beauty', though a perfect volcano for temper. I remember being much diverted at old Mrs. —s', the widow', when she pathetically lamented her deceased husband', saying', "We were the happiest couple in the world during forty years'; WHATEVER I SAID WAS LAW!"—and, on much the same terms, his Grace obtained peace at home', if he ever enjoyed any'; though his own house was, generally, more a scene of warfare than his camp. Perhaps it may be good for military men to be tyrannized over at home', as they must be so willing to go on foreign service'; and probably the Duke often agreed with Solomon', that "it is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop', than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is a well-known story, that when the Duke once hesitated to take some medicine prescribed for him', her Grace exclaimed, with extreme vehemence', "I'll consent to be hanged if it does not cure you!"—upon which Dr. Garth dryly added', "Then don't hesitate a moment longer, my lord'; for it must do good one way or other!"

LESSON CXVI.

CHARACTER OF PURITANISM.

THE benevolence of the early Puritans appears from other examples. Their thoughts were always fixed on posterity. Domestic discipline was highly valued'; but if the law was severe against the undutiful child', it was also severe against the faithless parent. The slave-trade was forbidden under penalty of death. The earliest laws, till 1654, did not permit any man's person to be kept in prison for debt', except when there was an appearance of some estate which the debtor would not produce.—Even the brute creation was not forgotten : and cruelty towards animals was a civil offence. The sympathies of the colonists were wide'; a regard for Protestant Germany is as old as emigration'; and, during the thirty years' war', the whole people of New England held fasts, and offered prayers', for the success of their Saxon brethren.

The first years of the residence of Puritans in America, were years of great hardship and affliction; it is an error to suppose that this short season of distress was not promptly followed by abundance and happiness. The people were full of affections, and the objects of love were around them. They struck root in the soil immediately. They enjoyed religion. They were, from the first, industrious and enterprising, and frugal; and affluence followed of course. When persecution ceased in England, there were already in New England "thousands who would not change their place for any other in the world;" and they were tempted, in vain, with invitations to the Bahama Isles, to Ireland, to Jamaica, to Trinidad. The purity of morals completes the picture of colonial felicity. "As Ireland will not brook venomous beasts, so will not that land vile livers." One might dwell there "from year to year, and not see a drunkard, or hear an oath, or meet a beggar." The consequence was universal health—one of the chief elements of public happiness. The average duration of life in New England, compared with Europe, was doubled; and the human race was so vigorous, that of all who were born into the world, more than two in ten, full four in nineteen, attained the age of seventy. Of those who lived beyond ninety, the proportion, as compared with European tables of longevity, was still more remarkable.

I have dwelt the longer on the character of the early Puritans of New England, for they are the parents of one third of the whole white population of the United States. In the first ten or twelve years,—and there was never afterwards any considerable increase from England,—we have seen that there came over twenty-one thousand two hundred persons, or four thousand families. Their descendants are now not far from four millions. Each family has multiplied, on the average, to one thousand souls. To New York and Ohio, where they constitute half the population, they have carried the Puritan system of free schools; and their example is spreading it through the civilized world.

Historians have loved to eulogize the manners and virtues, the glory and the benefits, of chivalry. Puritanism accomplished for mankind far more. If it had the sectarian crime of intolerance, chivalry had the vices of dissoluteness. The knights were brave from gallantry of spirit; the Puritans from the fear of God. The knights were proud of

loyalty'; the Puritans of liberty'. The knights did homage to monarchs, in whose smile they beheld honor', whose rebuke was the wound of disgrace'; the Puritans', disdaining ceremony', would not bow at the name of Jesus', nor bend the knee to the King of kings. Chivalry delighted in outward show', favored pleasure', multiplied amusements', and degraded the human race by an exclusive respect for the privileged classes'; Puritanism bridled the passions', commended the virtues of self-denial', and rescued the name of mán' from dishonor. The former valued courtesy'; the latter, justice'. The former adorned society by graceful refinements'; the latter founded national grandeur on universal education'. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight, and knowledge, and opulence of the industrious classes'; the Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty.

LESSON CXVII.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

OH, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
 The Power who pities man', has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears';
 And weary hours of wo and pain'
 Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night';
 And grief may bide', an evening guest',
 But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier',
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain',
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere',
 Will give him to thy arms again.

Not let the good man's trust depart,
 Though life its common gifts deny',
 Though, with a pierced and broken heart',
 And spurned of men', he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day',
 And numbered every secret tear',
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay.
 For all his children suffer here.

LESSON CXVIII.

HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

Our Father', to fields that are white',
 Rejoicing, the sickle we bear',
 In praises our voices unite
 To thee', who hast made them thy care.

The seed, that was dropped in the soil,
 We left, with a holy belief'
 In One, who, beholding the toil',
 Would crown it at length with the sheaf.

And ever our faith shall be firm'
 In thee, who hast nourished the root';
 Whose finger has led up the germ',
 And finished the blade and the fruit.

The heads, that are heavy with grain,
 Are bowing and asking to fall';
 Thy hand is on mountain and plain',
 Thou Maker and Giver of all!

Thy blessings shine bright from the hills;
 The valleys thy goodness repeat';
 And, Lord', 'tis thy bounty that fills'
 The arms of the reaper with wheat!

Oh! when, with the sickle in hand',
 The angel thy mandate receives',
 To come to the field with his band'
 To bind up, and bear off thy sheaves' —

May wē be as free from the blight',
 As ripe to be taken away',
 As full in the ear', to thy sight',
 As that which we gather to-day!

Our Father', the heart and the voice'
 Flow out', our fresh off'rings to yield
 The Reapers'! the Reapers, rejoice',
 And send up their songs from the field!

LESSON CXIX.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

Indian Air.

ALL that's bright must fade';
 The brightest' still the fleetest';
 All that's sweet was made'
 But to be lost when sweetest';

Stars that shine and fall',
 The flow'r that drops in springing',
 These', alas'! are types of all'
 To which our hearts are clinging.

Who would seek, or prize',
 Delights that end in aching'?
 Who would trust to ties
 That ev'ry hour are breaking'?

Better far to be
 In utter darkness lying',
 Than be blest with light', and see'
 That light forever flying.

LESSON CXX.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine';
My temple, Lord', that arch of thine':
My censer's breath' the mountain airs',
And silent thoughts' my only prayers'.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves',
When murmuring homeward to their caves',
Or when the stillness of the sea',
Even more than music', breathes of thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown',
All light and silence, like thy throne' !
And the pale stars shall be, at night',
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look',
Shall be my pure and shining book',
Where I shall read, in words of flame',
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack'
That clouds awhile the daybeam's track';
Thy mercy' in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness' breaking through !

'There's nothing bright, above, below',
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow',
But in its light my soul can see'
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above',
But in its gloom I trace thy love',
And meekly wait that moment, when'
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

LESSON CXXI.

THE FALCON'S ESCAPE.

Would it were mine, thou noble bird',
To set those pinions free';
Foul shame it is that galling chain
Hath ever fettered thee.

Fiercely thou strivest'—frantically'—
Thy freedom to regain';
And could I aid thee', thou should'st soon
Be on the wing again.

When first thy captor's arts secured
Their victim', I was nigh';
And rather than behold thee bound',
I wished to see thee die.

Oh! I have marked thee', day by day',
In weary thralldom pine';
And I have longed to rend the bonds
From off those limbs of thine.

Vainly their bribes are proffered thee';
Thou spurn'st them with disgust';
And when they would caress thee', shrink'st'
With loathing and distrust!

And still to heaven', most wistfully',
Thou turn'st thy proud dark eye';
For thou, midst cloudy cliffs, hadst hung
Thy eyrie* in the sky.

Ayè—thou hast had thy dwelling-place
Above all human ken';
Nor can thy untamed spirit brook
The hated haunts of men.

* *Eyrie*, *cyry*, the place where birds of prey build their nests; the nest itself, as here. Pronounced, *eye*.

Worlds could not bribe thy longer stay' :—
Were but those fetters riven',
How wouldst thou sweep, in glad career',
Back to thy native heaven !

Still art thou struggling, gallant bird',
Nor dost thou strive in vain :
Thy bonds, methinks, are yielding nōw ;—
Thou shalt be free again.

One brave, one powerful effort more',
And, henceforth', thou shalt be
Free as the winds of heaven. 'Tis donè !
The fetters burst' ! Thou'rt free !

Hail to thee, glad one' ! Cloud and storm
Thou mov'st unheeding by ;
And, in proud freedom rushing on',
Thou wheelest up the sky.

Still higher ! higher ! joyous bird' ;
Along the fields of light'
Spread thy free wings exulting by',
And heavenward speed thy flight !

So the freed spirit of the just
From death's dark portal springs ;
And mounts to immortality'
On faith's triumphant wings !

O that wē knew what most belongs
To our eternal peace ;
How quickly would our fond pursuit
Of earthly pleasures cease.

Then would our sluggish spirits strive
Heavenward', like thee', to rise ;
Since, like thine own', aspiring bird',
Oūr rest is in the skies !

LESSON CXXII.

THE SUN AN EXHIBITION OF THE GRANDEUR OF OMNIPOTENCE.

WHAT a glorious idea, then, does such an object as the sun present to us of the GRANDEUR of the Deity' and the ENERGIES of OMNIPOTENCE! There is no single object within the range of our knowledge that affords a more striking and august emblem of its Great Creator. In its luster, in its magnitude', in its energy', in its boundless influence', and its beneficial effects on this earth, and on surrounding worlds', there is a more bright display of Divine perfection than in any other material being with which we are acquainted :

"Great source of day', best image here below
Of thy Creator'—ever pouring wide',
From world to world', the vital ocean round'—
On Nature write, with every beam', his praise!"

Could such a magnificent orb have been produced by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms', and placed in its proper position to distribute light and attractive influence to the worlds which roll around it? Could chance have directed the distance at which it should be placed from the respective planets', or the size to which it should be expanded', in order to diffuse its energies to the remotest part of the system? Could chance have impressed upon it the laws requisite for sustaining in their courses all the bodies dependent on it', or have endowed it with a source of illumination which has been preserved in action from age to age? To affirm such positions would be to undermine and annihilate the principles of all our reasonings. The existence of the sun, proves the existence of an Eternal and Supreme Divinity', and at the same time demonstrates his omnipotent power', his uncontrollable agency', the depths of his wisdom', and the riches of his beneficence. If such a luminary be so glorious, and incomprehensible, what must its Great Creator be? If its splendor be so dazzling to our eyes, and its magnitude so overpowering to our imagination', what must He be who

lighted up that magnificent orb', and bade a retinue of worlds revolve around it? who "dwells in light inaccessible', to which no mortal eye can approach'?" If the sun is only one out of many myriads of similar globes dispersed throughout the illimitable tracts of creation', how great, how glorious, how far surpassing human comprehension', must be the plans and the attributes of the infinite and eternal Creator! "His greatness is unsearchable', and his ways past finding out." Could we thoroughly comprehend the depths of his perfections', or the grandeur of his empire', hē would cease to be God', or wē should cease to be limited and dependent beings. But, in presenting to our view such magnificent objects, it is evidently his intention that we should rise in our contemplations from the effect' to the cause', from the creature' to the Creator', from the visible splendors and magnificence of creation' to the invisible glories of Him who sits on the throne of the universe', "whose kingdom ruleth over all', and before whom all nations are counted as less than nothing and vanity."

LESSON CXXIII.

EVILS OF COVETOUSNESS.

THE records of history, as I have had occasion to notice, contain little else than disgusting details of the mischiefs and the miseries inflicted on the world, by the ambition and rapaciousness of mankind. The earth, which might long ago have been transformed into a scene of fertility and beauty', by the benevolent agency of human beings', has, in most of its regions, been turned into a scene of desolation by destroying armies', prowling over every country in quest of plunder. Such is the insatiable appetite of *avarice*, that, not contented with "devouring widow's houses," spoiling the weak and defenceless in her native land', she has aimed at enriching herself with the plunder of Empires. Like hell and the grave, "she has enlarged her desire, and opened her mouth without measure'; and the glory, the multitude and the pomp" of temples, cities, states, kingdoms and continents', have become a prey to her ever-craving appetitē, and been swallowed up and devoured. Yet, after all, she

is never satisfied', and the whole earth becomes too narrow a theater for her rapacity and ambition. Alexander, in the mad career of his conquests, subdued and plundered the greater part of the known world', and had the riches and splendor of its most magnificent cities at his command'; yet, when he had finished his course, he sat down and wept like a crocodilé, because he had access to no other world that might serve as a theater for warfare and plunder. Thus it is that avarice would never curb her boundless desires, till she had glutted herself not only with the spoils of this terrestrial region', but with the treasures of the universe'; yet, like hell and destruction', she would never be satisfied. Nor would ambition'—her kinsfellow, and companion'—ever cease its career', till it had subdued every order of intellectual existence', ascended the throne of the Most High', and seized the reins of universal government.

It would be needless to bring forward illustrations of this topic', or to attempt to show that the covetous and ambitious principle' has been the main cause of the wholesale destruction of mankind', and the wide spread of human misery', for almost the whole of the records of history' contain little else than a continued series of illustrations on this point'; and I have already, under the first head, selected a few examples', which might be multiplied a thousand fold.

But, I cannot help pausing a little to reflect on the numerous evils, and the incalculable misery which this unholy affection has produced in the world. Could we take only a bird's eye view of its operations and effects', beginning at the first apostasy of man', and tracing him down the stream of time to the present day'—and could we, at the same time, stretch our eyes over the globe, from north to south', and from east to west', and contemplate the miseries which have followed in its train in every land'—what an awful and revolting picture would be presented to the view! But there is no eye save that of Omniscience', which could take in the thousandth part of the widely-extended miseries and desolations which it has in every age produced. During the period which intervened from the fall of man to the deluge', this principle appears to have operated on an extensive scale', for we are told, that "the wickedness of man was great," and that "*the earth was filled with violence*,"—evidently implying that the strong and powerful' were continually engaged in seizing on the wealth and possessions of the weak and de-

fenceless', oppressing the poor', the widow', and the fatherless', plundering cities', desolating fields', and carrying bloodshed and ruin through every land'—till the state of society rose to such a pitch of depravity, as rendered it expedient that they should be swept at once', with an overflowing flood', from the face of creation.

After the deluge, it was not long before the lust of ambition began again to display itself', by an inordinate desire after wealth and aggrandizement'; and, hence, wars were recommenced among almost every tribe', and they have continued, in constant succession, throughout every generation', to the present day. Wherever we turn our eyes over the regions of the globe, whether to the civilized nations of Europe', the empires of Southern Asia', the frozen regions of Siberia', the sultry climes of Africa', the forests and wilds of America', or even to the most diminutive islands which are spread over the Pacific Ocean', we behold COVETOUSNESS, like an insatiable monster', devouring human happiness', and feasting on the sorrows and sufferings of mankind. But who can calculate the amount of misery which has thus been accumulated'? It is more than probable, that the eighth part of the human race has been slaughtered by the wars and commotions which ambition has created'; and, consequently', more than *twenty thousand millions* of mankind have become its victims'; that is', twenty-five times the number of human beings which compose the present population of the globe. Along with the destruction of such a number of rational beings', we have to take into account the millions of mangled wretches whose remaining existence was rendered miserable'; the numberless widows and orphans' who were left to mourn the loss of every thing dear to them'; the thousands of infants that have been murdered', and of females that have been violated'; the famine and pestilence', and the frightful desolations', which destroying armies have always left behind them. Many spots of the earth, which were beautiful as Eden', have been turned into a hideous wilderness. The most splendid and magnificent cities have been set on flames or razed to their foundations', and "their memorials have perished with them." Even the lower animals have been dragged into battles', and have become sufferers amidst the fury of combatants and the wreck of nations. Such are some of the hideous desolations', and the vast amount of human misery' which covetousness has created'; for to avarice,

leagued with ambition', is to be attributed all the wars, commotions, and devastations', which have ever visited the world.

Besides such wholesale robberies and murders', covetousness is accountable for numerous *public frauds, and mischiefs committed on a smaller scale*', by the public agents and others connected with the governments of every country. In the management of taxes', the collection of national revenues', in contracts for the supply of armies and navies', in claims for undefined perquisites', in the bestowment of places and pensions', in soliciting and receiving bribes', in the sale and purchase of government property',—in these and numerous other instances', frauds and impositions are so frequently committed', as to have become notorious, to a proverb. On such exuberant sources of wealth', multitudes are rapidly enriched'; and while nations are ground down under a load of taxation', and the industrious laborer and mechanic are groaning under the pressure of poverty', a comparatively few are rolling in the chariots of splendor', fattening on the sweat and blood of millions', and feasting on the sufferings of mankind.

It is amazing with what ease and apathy men, calling themselves Christians', will talk of the prospect of war', in the view of enriching themselves with such public plunder. Scarcely any thing is more common', and yet nothing is more diabolical. To wish for war that trade may revive and flourish', is to wish the destruction of ten thousands of our fellow-creatures that we may add a few pounds to our hoarded treasures', or have the prospect of embarking in a profitable speculation. Yet such wishes have been indulged a thousand times', by many who *profess* to be the followers of Christ.

LESSON CXXIV.

EFFECTS OF UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE.

WERE this divine principle in full operation among the intelligences that people our globe', this world would be transformed into a paradise', the moral desert would be changed into a fruitful field', and "blossom as the rose," and Eden

would again appear in all its beauty and delight. Fraud, deceit, and artifice', with all their concomitant train of evils, would no longer walk rampant in every land. Prosecutions, lawsuits', and all the innumerable vexatious litigations which now disturb the peace of society', would cease from among men. Every debt would be punctually paid'; every commodity sold at its just value'; every article of merchandise exhibited in its true character'; every promise faithfully performed'; every dispute amicably adjusted'; every man's character held in estimation'; every rogue and cheat banished from society'; and every jail, bridewell, and house of correction', would either be swept away', or transformed into the abodes of honesty', industry', and peace.

Injustice and oppression would no longer walk triumphant through the world', while the poor', the widow', and the fatherless', were groaning under the iron rod of those who had deprived them of every comfort. No longer would the captive be chained to a dungeon, and doomed to count, in sorrow and solitude, the many long days and years he had been banished from the light of day', and the society of his dearest friends. No longer should we see a hard-hearted creditor doom a poor unfortunate man', for the sake of a few shillings or pounds', to rot in a jail', while his family', deprived of his industry', were pining away in wretchedness and want. No longer should we hear the harsh creaking of iron doors', ponderous bolts', and the clanking of the chains of criminals'; nor the sighs and groans of the poor slave', fainting under the lash', and the reproaches of a cruel master. The bands of the oppressed would be loosed', the captives would be set at liberty', the iron fetters would be burst asunder', and a universal jubilee proclaimed throughout every land. The haunts of riot and debauchery would be forsaken', and their inmates hissed from the abodes of men. The victims of seduction would no longer crowd our streets at the dead hour of night', to entice the "simple ones" into the paths of vice and destruction'; but purity, righteousness, and peace', would "run down our streets like a river'," distributing safety, happiness', and repose.

The tongue of the slanderer, and the whisperings of the backbiter', would no longer be heard in their malicious attempts to sow the seeds of discord and contention among brethren. Falsehood, in all its ramifications', with the numerous train of evils which it now produces', would be

banished from the intercourses of society; nor would treachery prove the ruin of families and societies', and interrupt the harmony of the commercial and the moral world. No longer should we hear of the embezzling of property by unfaithful servants', nor of the blasted hopes, the cruel disappointments, and the ruin of credit and of reputation', now produced by the votaries of falsehood. "The lips of truth would be established forever," and the liar and deceiver would be hissed to the shades of hell. Our property would remain sacred and secure from the thief and the midnight robber', and our persons from the attacks of the murderer and the assassin. We should no longer hesitate to prosecute our journeys by day or by night', for fear of the footpad or the highwayman', but should recognize every passenger as a friend and protector. Plunder and devastation would cease from the earth; "violence would no more be heard in our land', nor wasting nor destruction in all our borders." Execrations and malicious insults would never harrow up the feelings of our fellow-men', nor would a single instance of revenge be heard of among all the inhabitants of the earth.

Pride, which now stalks about with stately steps and lofty looks', surveying surrounding intelligences with feelings of contempt', would be forever banished from the world. Ambition would no longer wade through slaughter to a throne', nor trample on the rights of an injured people. Wars would cease to the ends of the earth', and the instruments of human destruction would be beaten into ploughshares and pruning-hooks.

That scourge which has drenched the earth with human gore'—which has convulsed every nation under heaven'—which has produced tenfold more misery than all the destructive elements of nature', and which has swept from existence so many millions of mankind'—would be regarded as the eternal disgrace of the human character', and the most shocking display of depravity in the annals of our race. No longer should we hear "the sound of the trumpet' and the alarm of war'," the confused noise of "the horseman and the bowman'," and of mighty armies encamping around "the city of the innocent'," to hurl against its walls the instruments of destruction. No longer should we behold the fires blazing on the mountain tops', to spread the alarm of invading armies; nor the city, which was once full of inhabitants, "sitting solitary'," without a voice being heard

within its dwellings but the sighs of the disconsolate', and the groans of the dying. Human wolves, thirsting for the blood of nations', would cease to prowl among men. Nation would not lift up sword against nation', nor would they learn war any more. The instruments of cruelty', the stake, the rack', the knout', and the lash', would no longer lacerate and torture the wretched culprit; cannons, and guns, and swords, and darts', would be forged no more; but the influence of reason and affection would preserve order and harmony throughout every department of society.

The traveler, when landing on distant shores', and on the islands of the ocean', would no longer be assailed with stones, spears, arrows, and other instruments of death', and be obliged to flee from the haunts of his own species', to take refuge in the lion's den', or on the bosom of the deep', but would be welcomed as a friend', and a messenger of peace. The animosities which now prevail among religious bodies would cease; the nicknames by which the different sects of religionists have been distinguished', would be erased from the vocabulary of every language; Christians would feel ashamed of those jealousies and evil surmisings which they have so long manifested towards each other', and an affectionate and harmonious intercourse would be established among all the churches of the saints.

LESSON CXXV.

EFFECTS OF UNIVERSAL VERACITY.

WERE falsehood universally detested, and the love of truth universally cherished; were a single lie never more to be uttered by any inhabitant of this globe', what a mighty change would be effected in the condition of mankind', and what a glorious radiance would be diffused over all the movements of the intelligent system! The whole host of liars, perjurers, sharpers, seducers, slanderers, tale-bearers, quacks, thieves, swindlers, harpies, fraudulent dealers, false friends, flatterers, corrupt judges, despots, sophists, hypocrites, and religious impostors', with the countless multitude of frauds, treacheries, impositions, falsehoods, and distresses, which have followed in their train', would instantly disappear from among men. The beams of truth, penetrating through the

mists of ignorance, error, and perplexity', produced by sophists, sceptics, and deceivers, and which have so long enveloped the human mind', would diffuse a luster and a cheerfulness on the face of the moral world', like the mild radiance of the morning after a dark and tempestuous night. Confidence would be restored throughout every department of social life'; jealousy, suspicion, and distrust' would no longer rankle in the human breast'; and unfeigned affection, fidelity, and friendship', would unite the whole brotherhood of mankind.

With what a beautiful simplicity', and with what smoothness and harmony', would the world of trade move onward in all its transactions! How many cares and anxieties would vanish! how many perplexities would cease! and how many ruinous litigations would be prevented! For the violation of truth may be considered as the chief cause of all those disputes respecting property, which have plunged so many families into suspense and wretchedness. The tribunals of justice would be purified from every species of sophistry and deceit'; and the promises of kings, and the leagues of nations', would be held sacred and inviolate. Science would rapidly advance towards perfection'; for, as all its principles and doctrines are founded upon facts', when truth is universally held inviolable, the facts on which it is built will always be fairly represented. Every fact asserted by voyagers and travelers, in relation to the physical or the moral world', and every detail of experiments made by the chemist and the philosopher', would form a sure groundwork for the development of truth', and the detection of error', without the least suspicion arising in the mind' respecting the veracity of the persons on whose testimony we rely. For want of this confidence the mind has been perplexed and distracted by the jarring statements of travelers, naturalists, and historians'; false theories have been framed'; systems have been reared on the baseless fabric of a vision'; the foundations of science have been shaken'; its utility called in question', and its most sublime discoveries overlooked and disregarded.

In fine, the clouds which now obscure many of the sublime objects of religion', and the realities of a future world', would be dispelled, were falsehood unknown', and truth beheld in its native light'; and religion, purified from every mixture of error and delusion', would appear arrayed in its own heavenly

radiance', and attract the love and the admiration of men. When exhibited in its native grandeur and simplicity', all doubts respecting its divine origin would soon vanish from the mind'—the beauty and simplicity of its doctrines would be recognized as worthy of its Author'; and all its moral requisitions would be perceived to be "holy, just, and good," and calculated to promote the order, and the everlasting happiness of the intelligent universe. Divine truth irradiating every mind, and accompanied with the emanations of heavenly love', would dispel the gloom which now hangs over many sincere and pious minds'; would unite man to man', and man to God'; and the inhabitants of this world', freed from every doubt, error, and perplexity', would move forward in harmony and peace', to join "the innumerable company of angels', and the general assembly of the spirits of just men made perfect', whose names are written in heaven."

LESSON CXXVI.

NUMBERS SLAIN IN WAR.

SUCH is a bird's-eye view of the destruction of the human species, which war has produced in different periods. The instances which I have brought forward present only a few detached circumstances in the annals of warfare', and relate only to a few limited periods in the history of man': and yet, in the four instances above stated', we are presented with a scene of horror which includes the destruction of nearly 50 millions of human beings. What a vast and horrific picture, then, would be presented to the eye', could we take in, at one view, *all the scenes* of slaughter which have been realized in every period', in every nation', and among every tribe! If we take into consideration not only the number of those who have fallen in the field of battle', but of those who have perished through the natural consequences of war', by the famine and the pestilence', which war has produced'; by disease, fatigue, terror, and melancholy'; and by the oppression, injustice, and cruelty of savage conquerors',—it will not, perhaps, be overrating the destruction of human life', if we affirm that *one tenth* of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war. And if this estimate be admitted',

it will follow that more than *fourteen thousand millions* of human beings have been slaughtered in war, since the beginning of the world—which is about *eighteen times* the number of inhabitants which, at the present, exist on the globe; or, in other words, it is equivalent to the destruction of the inhabitants of eighteen worlds of the same population as ours.* That this conclusion is rather within than beyond the bounds of truth, will appear from what has been stated elsewhere respecting the destruction of the Goths, in the time of Justinian. In the course of 20 years, 15 millions of persons perished in the wars. Now, if the population of the countries of Europe, in which these wars took place, did not exceed 60 millions, the proportion of the slaughtered to the whole population was as *one to four*; and, if 20 years be reckoned as only half the period of a generation, the proportion was as *one to two*; in other words, at the rate of one half of a whole generation in the course of 40 years.

What a horrible and tremendous consideration!—to reflect, that 14,000,000,000 of beings, endowed with intellectual faculties, and furnished with bodies curiously organized by divine wisdom—that the inhabitants of *eighteen* worlds should have been massacred, mangled, and cut to pieces, by those who were partakers of the same common nature, as if they had been created merely for the work of destruction! Language is destitute of words sufficiently strong to express the emotions of the mind, when it seriously contemplates the horrible scene. And how melancholy is it to reflect, that in the present age, which boasts of its improvements in science, in civilization, and in religion, neither reason, nor benevolence, nor humanity, nor Christianity, has yet availed to arrest the progress of destroying armies, and to set a mark of ignominy on “the people who delight in war!”

* This calculation proceeds on the ground, that 145 thousand millions of men have existed since the Mosaic creation. See Christian Philosopher, 3d edit., Art. *Geography*.

LESSON CX.XVII.

THE GREAT REFINER.

"And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

'T is sweet to feel that hé, who tries
The silver', takes his seat'
Beside the fire that purifies';
Lest too intense a heat,
Raised to consume the base alloy',
The precious metal, too, destroy.

'T is good to think how well he knows'
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal to which it goes';
And that, with skill and care',
He'll take it from the fire, when fit'
For his own hand to polish it.

T 'is blessedness to know that he'
The piece he has begun'
Will not forsake', till he can see',
(To prove the work well done'),
An image, by its brightness shown',
The perfect likeness of his own.*

But ah! how much of earthly mold',
Dark relics of the mine',
Lost from the oré, must he behold'—
How long must he refiné—
Ere in the silver he can trace'
The first faint semblance to his face.

Thou great Refiner', sit thou by'
Thy promise to fulfill':
Moved by thy hand', beneath thine eyé,
And melted at thy will',
O, may thy work forever shiné,
Reflecting beauty pure as thine!

* Silver, undergoing the process of refining, suddenly assumes an appearance of great brilliancy, when purified, and reflects objects like a mirror.

LESSON CXXVIII.

PENITENCE OF MARY.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
 An offering worthy Heaven',
 When o'er the faults of former years'
 She wept—and was forgiven'?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
 Her day of luxury stor'd,
 She o'er her Savior's hallowed feet
 The precious perfume pour'd,—

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
 Where once the diamond shoné?
 Though now those gems of Grief were there
 Which shine for God alone.

Were not those sweets so humbly shed'—
 That hair'—those weeping eyes'—
 And the sunk heart, that inly bled'—
 Heav'n's noblest sacrifice'?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep',
 Oh'! would'st thou wake in heaven',
 Like Mary kneel', like Mary weep',
 "Love much',"* and be forgiven!

LESSON CXXIX.

PSALM XXXVII.

FRET not thyself because of evil-doers',
 Nor be thou envious against the workers of iniquity';
 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass',
 And wither as the green herb.

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." St. Luke, vii. 47.

Trust in the LORD and do good';
So shalt thou dwell in the land', and verily thou shalt be fed.
Delight thyself also in the LORD',
And he shall give thee the desires of thine heart
Commit thy way unto the LORD';
Trust also in him', and he shall bring it to pass',
And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light',
And thy judgment as the noonday.
Rest in the LORD', and wait patiently for him.

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way',
Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.
Cease from anger', and forsake wrath';
Fret not thyself, in any wise, to do evil',
For evil-doers shall be cut off';
But those that wait upon the LORD', they shall inherit the
earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be';
Yea', thou shalt diligently consider his placé, and it shall
not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth',
And shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.
The wicked plotteth against the just',
And gnasheth upon him with his teeth.
The LORD shall laugh at him',
For he seeth that his day is coming.
The wicked have drawn out the sword',
And have bent their bow',
'To cast down the poor and needy',
And to slay such as are of upright conversation.
Their sword shall enter into their own heart',
And their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath
Is better than the riches of many wicked',
For the arms of the wicked shall be broken',
But the LORD upholdeth the righteous.
The LORD knoweth the days of the upright',
And their inheritance shall be forever';
They shall not be ashamed in the evil time';
And in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.
But the wicked shall perish',
And the enemies of the LORD shall be as the fat of lambs';
They shall consume'; into smoke shall they consume away.

'The wicked borroweth', and payeth not again';
But the righteous showeth mercy', and giveth.
For such as are blessed of him' shall inherit the earth';
And they who are cursed of him', shall be cut off.
The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD',
And he delighteth in his way';
Though he fall', he shall not be utterly cast down',
For the LORD upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young', and now am old',
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken',
Nor his seed begging bread.
He is ever merciful, and lendeth',
And his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good',
And dwell for evermore';
For the LORD loveth judgment,
And forsaketh not his saints';
They are preserved forever':
But the seed of the wicked shall be cut off';
The righteous shall inherit the land',
And dwell therein forever.
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom',
And his tongue talketh of judgment';
The law of his God is in his heart';
None of his steps shall slide.
The wicked watcheth the righteous',
And seeketh to slay him.
The LORD will not leave him in his hand',
Nor condemn him when he is judged'.
Wait on the LORD, and keep his way',
And he shall exalt thee to inherit the land';
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.
I have seen the wicked in great power',
And spreading himself like a green bay-tree';
Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not';
Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright',
For the end of that man is peace';
But the transgressors shall be destroyed together,
The end of the wicked shall be cut off',
But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD';

He is their strength in the time of trouble';
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them';
He shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them',
Because they trust in him.

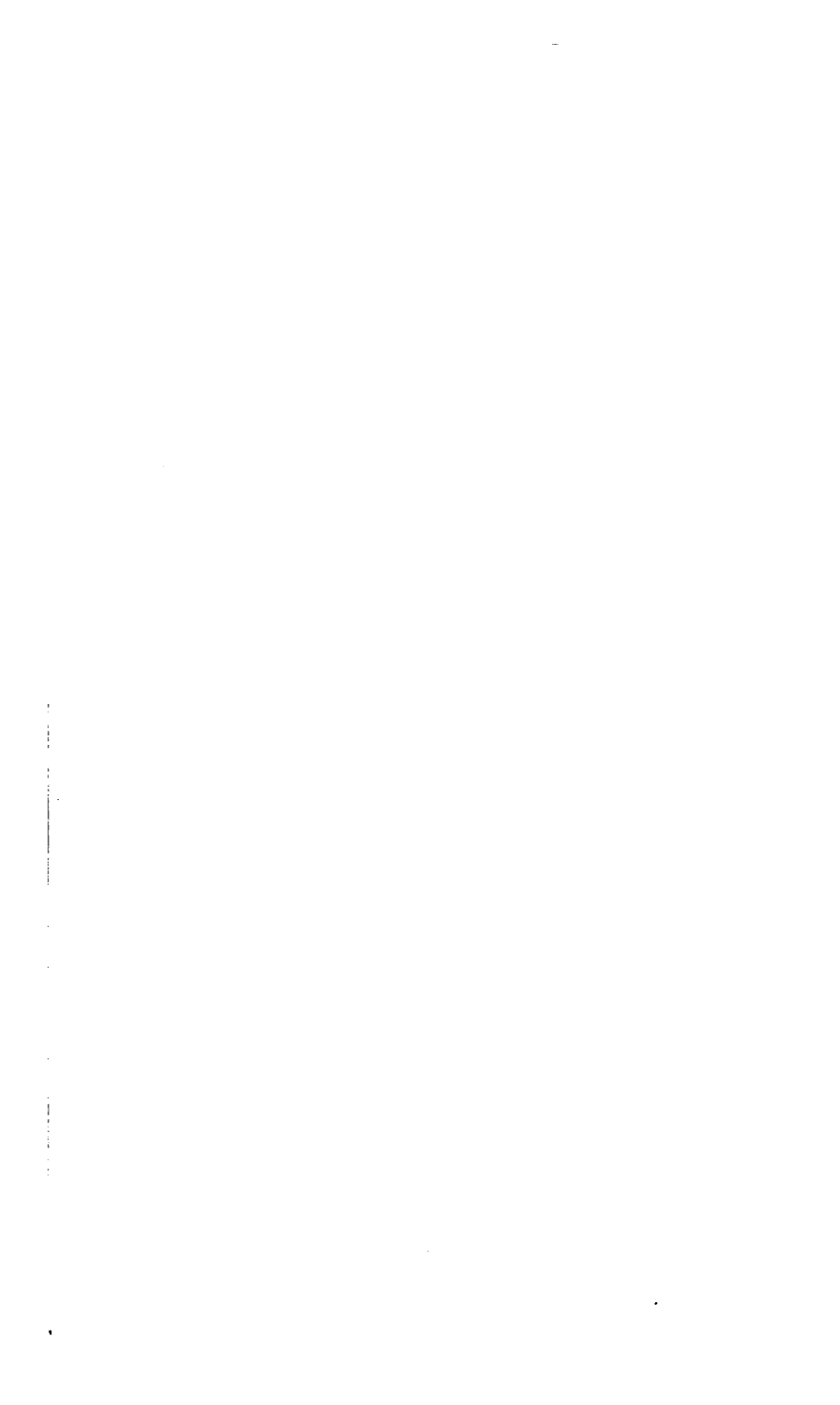
LESSON CXXX.

DAVID'S CELEBRATION OF GOD IN HIS WORKS.

He sung of God, the mighty source'
Of all things',—the stupendous force'
On which all things depend';
From whose right arm', beneath whose eyes',
All period, power, and enterprise',
Commence', and reign', and end.

The world', the clustering spheres', he made',
The glorious light', the soothing shade',
Dale', champaign', grove', and hill',—
The multitudinous abyss',
Where Secrecy remains in bliss',
And Wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I Am', Jehovah said'
To Moses', while Earth heard in dread';
And', smitten to the heart',
At once, above', beneath', around',
All nature', without voice or sound',
Replied', O Lord', Thou ART'!



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